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# *The Port folio*

Joseph Dennie, Asbury Dickins

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# THE PORT FOLIO.

## VOL. XVII.

## FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,

## 1824.

EDITED BY

*JOHN E. HALL, Esq.*

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL,
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1824.

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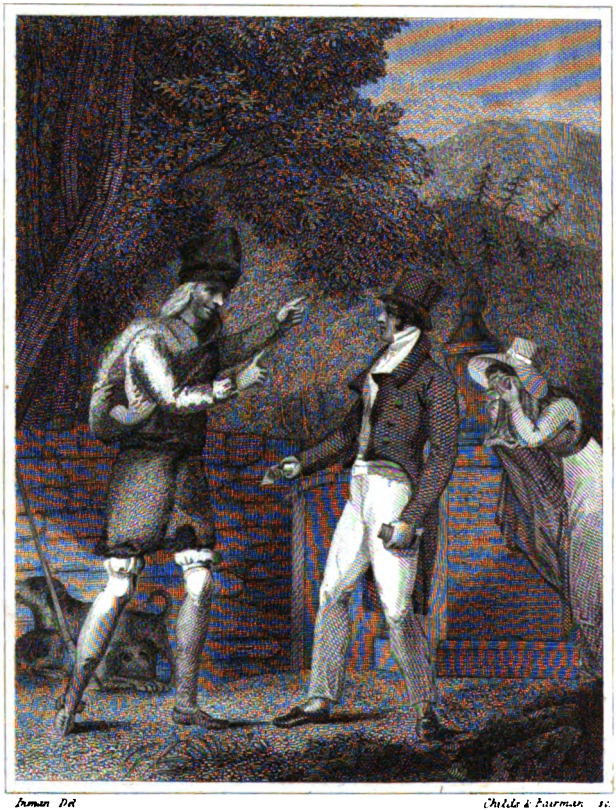

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Pioneers Vol. 2. P. 327

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which that institution long struggled for existence, had not prevented the trustees from performing what was not less a matter of inclination than

* We regret that our arrangements, respecting the embellishments for this work, prevent us from introducing this subject at present. We have several engravings ready for publication, which have often been promised; and as the public patronage does not justify the expense, which we have long incurred, of a single plate, every month, we cannot venture to increase the number.



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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## *Charles Nisbet, DD. First President of Dickinson College.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The monument, of which I have made the enclosed drawing for publication in your journal, has recently been erected over the grave of the late Doctor Charles Nisbet, in the English burial ground at Carlisle, by his only surviving son, the Honourable Charles Nisbet,* one of the Judges of the Criminal Court of Baltimore. The discharge of this tribute to the memory of the first President of Dickinson College, would not have been left to filial piety, if the pecuniary embarrassments with which that institution long struggled for existence, had not prevented the trustees from performing what was not less a matter of inclination than

* We regret that our arrangements, respecting the embellishments for this work, prevent us from introducing this subject at present. We have several engravings ready for publication, which have often been promised; and as the public patronage does not justify the expense, which we have long incurred, of a single plate, every month, we cannot venture to increase the number.



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of duty. The design of the monument is simple, but chaste; and I flatter myself an accurate engraving of it would be an agreeable embellishment of one of your Numbers. Besides the general interest of the subject, as connected with literature, there is a peculiar propriety in selecting the Port Folio as the medium of giving publicity to a mark of respect for the memory of a scholar who was so advantageously known to its original Editor, whose pages he enriched by his productions, and to the character of whose journal for genius and taste, he so largely contributed.

The Latin inscription, of which also I send you a copy, as a fine specimen of classical composition, is a modest but faithful delineation of the qualities of Dr. Nisbet's mind and the virtues of his heart. The life of a mere man of letters, is seldom rich in incident; yet a well written life of this gentleman would not be destitute of interest even in this respect: it would at least abound in literary anecdotes growing out of an intimate intercourse with the most distinguished scholars of Europe.

He was settled as a minister of the Church of Scotland, at Montrose, where he early became known to the literati of Great Britain, with many of whom, who were eminent for piety, learning and rank, he continued to the end of his life on terms of the closest friendship. He also received honorary degrees from most of the universities and learned societies on the continent. In the General Assembly of the Church, he was an active and efficient antagonist of Dr. Robertson, the historian, who, on the question of patronage which then agitated that body, and in the discussion of the annual address to the throne on the subject of the American war, was always found on the side of prerogative and the ministry; and who was in fact the leader of that party in the Church. As a debater, an instantaneous perception of the indefensible points of the opposite argument, a ludicrous combination of incongruities, apparently habitual, and a keenness of sarcasm almost without parallel, rendered Dr. Nisbet an adversary against whose attack no vigilance could guard. Imperfect sketches of the debates just alluded to, are to be found in the London Magazine for 1782. His attachment to the American cause, was expressed with so little caution, as, in the opinion of his friends, to hazard his personal safety. Preaching on the occasion of a fast ordained by the government, he dropped the King's Proclamation, which he had just read, in a manner so significant of disapprobation of its contents, as to be construed by the magistrates present into an affront of the royal authority. As they rose and retired, he pronounced the text; which every one present thought, and perhaps truly, was suddenly adopted to suit the occasion: "The wicked flee while no man pursueth; but the righteous man is bold as a lion."

In 1784 the Board of Trustees of Dickinson College just then founded, among whom were the late Governor Dickinson, Doctor Rush, and many others eminent for patriotism and learning, unanimously invited Dr. Nesbit to accept of the Presidency of the College; and he at once resolved to sacrifice ease, competency and early connexions to his love of the principles of our revolution; and to unite the fortunes of his family

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with the destinies of the young Republic. He arrived at Carlisle on the 4th of July 1785; and on the following day became a citizen of the United States by taking the oath of allegiance according to the laws then in force. From this time till his death he was exclusively occupied with the pursuits of literature and the duties of his office without taking any active part in the political divisions of this country which shortly began to appear. He however expressed his opinions with frankness, and freely censured the excesses of the actors in the French revolution, whose undulations were sensibly felt in this country; and the philosophy which they laboured to propagate. This gave rise to rumours, as unfounded in fact as they were disastrous in their results to the interests of the College, that he inculcated political doctrines which were hostile to republican government. On this subject the writer of this notice can pronounce with candour and accuracy, as he belongs to the party to which Dr. Nisbet is supposed to have been inimical, and was not only educated at Dickinson College during the period in question, but was also intimate in that gentleman's family; and he can assert with perfect truth that no man was a more sincere friend to rational liberty.

As a scholar he had no superior in America. Besides being master of the Hebrew language, he was perfectly familiar with the Greek and Latin Classics, particularly the Poets, most of whose works he could repeat by rote, and could speak or at least read, nearly all the modern languages of Europe: and being blessed with a remarkably retentive memory, his store of ancient and modern learning was almost without limit. His writings consist chiefly of the course of lectures which he delivered in the College; but these, having never been intended for the public eye, were left in a state so unfinished as almost to forbid a hope of their being published. His lectures on criticism and taste, are particularly admired by those who are competent to judge of their merit. As a preacher, there was nothing to strike the senses in the character of his eloquence: yet he never failed to fix the attention of those who could dispense with the graces of personal exterior, and be satisfied with a manly and fervent piety; with sound doctrine; with strong and original conceptions; and with a masterly arrangement of argument and matter delivered in a downright natural manner, and in a plain but polished style. But it was in the social circle of his friends that he shone with unrivalled lustre. Carlisle could at this time boast of one of those assemblages of men of wit, some of whom were second only to himself, which are sometimes, though rarely, found in a village. Among these he was the very soul of hilarity and good humour. Although he seemed to take the lead in conversation by common consent, yet he never engrossed it; for no man better knew the proper time to indulge his own humour or had a keener relish for that of others: but when he did speak the lightning of his quick black eye gave warning of the stroke that was to follow. He was peculiarly happy in repartee without being personal or even making an enemy. His anecdotes, of which he had always a store at command, depended for their effect, not on the manner of relating them, but on their originality and point, and on their direct application to the matter in hand. The same

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remark may justly be made in regard to his wit; in which there was nothing of mannerism, but all was sterling ore, drawn at the instant, from an inexhaustible imagination. In fact, wit with him, had grown into a habit, which gave a peculiar turn to his thoughts and a pointedness of expression, of which, even on a serious occasion, he could not entirely divest himself; and the writer of this notice could not affirm with truth, that he had not observed in his discourses from the pulpit, occasional corruscations half-repressed. The deference that was paid to his opinions, the veneration that was shown for his person and character, the sensibility that was evinced at his death by all who knew him, without distinction of rank or party, are the best testimonials of his worth as a citizen and a man. To those who were strangers to Dr. Nisbet this may seem a mere fancy sketch; but they who knew him and can appreciate him truly, will recognise the sober delineation of truth. A PUPIL.

Carlisle, 8th Jan. 1824.

*Inscription on the Monument to the memory of Dr. Nisbet.*

M. S.
CAROLI NISBET, S. S. T. D.
Qui unanimi hortatu
Curatorum Academiæ Dickinsoniensis,
Ut Primarii ejusdem munia susciperet,
Patria sua, Scotia, relicta,
Ad Carleolum venit A. D. 1785.
Ibique per novem decem annos
Summa cum laude
Muneri suo incubuit.
Viri, si quis alius, probi pŭque
Omni doctrina ornatissimi,
Lectione immensa, memoria fideli
Acumine vero ingenii facetiis salibusque
Plane miri, et undique clari.
Nemini vero mortalium nisi iis infensi,
Qui cum Philosophiæ prætextu sacris insultant.
Familiæ autem suæ amicisque
Ob mores suaves, benignos, hilares, comesque
Unice delecti.
Animam placide efflavit 14mo. Kal. Feb. 1804,
Anno ætatis 68vo.
Abiit noster: proh dolor!
Cui similem haud facile posthac visuri sumus!
At quem Terra amisit, lucrifecit Coelum,
Novo Splendore
Corporis rescuscitati, vitæque æterni
Cum Domino Jesu, omnibusque sanctis,
Ovantem rediturum.

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We avail ourselves of this opportunity to introduce a few words respecting an institution which is now highly deserving of the public confi-

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dence, whether we consider the zeal and prudence of the Trustees, or the ability and diligence of those to whom they have confided the business of instruction. After the death of Dr. Nisbet the college fell into decay. A load of debt, intestine discord, and every sort of misrule, brought its affairs to a crisis; and the Trustees were compelled to resort to the only measure which held out a chance of escape from absolute ruin: *viz.* a suspension of its operations. It has lately been revived under the auspices of one of our most distinguished scholars, assisted by professors who would not suffer by comparison with those of any other school in America; and it has already given earnest of its future usefulness. Nothing is now wanting to its complete success but a reasonable share of the public patronage. It has at present eighty students, sixty of whom are in commons; the rest, being the *elite* of the respective classes, as regards prudence and self-control, are at lodgings in the town, but their chambers receive the same domiciliary visits that are paid to the rooms in the College. Forty additional students might be conveniently taught, on the present establishment. There is a grammar school of about thirty scholars attached to the College and under the government of the faculty; but without forming a part of it. The price of boarding and tuition is put at its minimum; so that the annual expenses of a student, every thing included, is but one hundred and eighty dollars. The location of this school as regards health, morals, and cleanliness, is admirable. The discipline is rigid without being severe; so that the faculty govern a great deal without seeming to govern at all. A moderate, but firm application of authority has hitherto been found sufficient to destroy the germ of discord wherever it has appeared. The Trustees have published a plan of the course of education adopted by the faculty; the principal feature of which is, that teaching by means of lectures, is nearly if not quite abolished; and the student is obliged to get along by his own efforts, directed and assisted by the professors who watch over every step of his progress and see that he does not loiter behind. By this means whatever is learnt is thoroughly learnt. The popular science of political economy, so interesting in this country, is included in the course; particular attention is paid to the study of the English language, and to training the students to read with propriety as well as increasing them in the principles of English composition: matters not duly appreciated or sufficiently attended to elsewhere.

*Editor of the Port Folio.*

---

*For the Oracles of God, Four Orations. For Judgment to come, an Argument in Nine Parts.* By the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A., Minister of the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden. London. T. Hamilton. 1823. Pp. xii. and 548. Philadelphia, reprinted. J. Laval.

It is not our intention to give any thing like a distinct analysis of Mr. Irving's work. It may be expedient, however, to furnish our readers with an outline of his plan, and mode of treating his subject. The following paragraph developes his mode of discussing "The Oracles of God;" describing at once the manner in which he has divided the subject, and his reasons for adopting such a division.

"Before the Almighty made his appearance upon Sinai, there were awful precursors sent to prepare his way: while he abode in sight there were solemn ceremonies, and a strict ritual of attendance; when he departed, the whole camp set itself to conform unto his revealed will. Like-

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wise, before the Saviour appeared, with his better law, there was a noble procession of seers and prophets, who desired and warned the world of his coming: when he came, there were solemn announcements in the hearers and on the earth: he did not depart without due honours: and there followed on his departure, a succession of changes and alterations, which are still in progress, and shall continue in progress till the world end.—This may serve to teach us that a revelation of the Almighty's will makes demand for these three things on the part of those to whom it is revealed. A DUE PREPARATION FOR RECEIVING IT. A DILIGENT ATTENTION TO IT, WHILE IT IS DISCLOSING. A STRICT OBSERVANCE OF IT WHEN IT IS DELIVERED." (P. 7.)

Whether the analogy suggested in this passage be a just one, may be doubtful. To us it appears rather fanciful: but as to the proposed plan of discussion, we pronounce it, without hesitation, to be a good and judicious one, subserving, as it does, the various purposes of distinctness, perspicuity, and impressiveness. At first view, it may have appeared expedient that Mr. Irving should have laid down, as a preliminary subject of inquiry, the evidences, by which what purports to be "The Oracles of God," comes to us authenticated as a Divine revelation; and the absence of such an inquiry may, by some, be considered as a defect in the plan. But to this objection it may be fairly answered, that such an inquiry did not come within the scope of the subject which our author proposed to discuss. His object was, not to prove the Scriptures to be the Oracles of God, but, assuming them to be so, to describe the reception we ought to give them; a subject surely, of such importance, as to entitle it to a distinct and separate consideration.

The second part of the work, that entitled "Judgment to come," is examined under the following heads:

"1. The Plan of the Argument, with an Inquiry into Responsibility in general, and God's right to place the world under responsibility. 2 and 3. The Constitution under which it hath pleased God to place the World. 4. The good effects of the above Constitution, both upon the Individual and upon Political Society. 5. Preliminaries of the solemn Judgment.—6. The last Judgment. 7. The issues of the Judgment. 8. The only way to escape Condemnation and Wrath to come. 9. The review of the whole Argument, with an endeavour to bring it home to the sons of men." (P. iii.)

This part of the work comprises more than three-fourths of the volume; and as our author proceeds on the plan of "indulging without restraint in disquisitions and digressions," and, whatever order or method he may have proposed to himself in each of the discourses, furnishes no clue to his readers by which they may follow him in it, there is more of complexity and confusion, than ought to be found in an *Argument*, where every point should be distinctly laid down and plainly reasoned, and its connexion with other points, as well as its bearing on the conclusion, made to appear. So far from proceeding in this, the only legitimate course in an *Argument*, and discussing merely what his subject fairly brings before him, Mr. Irving has followed the example of some of the old worthies of his own country, who were accustomed to preach for several hours on a single text, and that often a text, which contained little or nothing in it. This they could do with great facility, because they

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drew the sermon, not *from* the text, but *to* the text. In like manner, our author in his "Judgment to come," has considered himself at liberty to marshal before him all the men and all the things, about which that judgment will be conversant; in consequence of which, amidst such a multiplicity of persons and subjects, the reader often finds himself perplexed and confused.

We shall now select a few detached passages from different parts of the volume, for the purpose of furnishing a specimen of Mr. Irving's manner of writing, and of showing at the same time, in what a striking light he is capable of presenting the subjects, which he wishes to illustrate.

Our first quotation relates to a fearfully prevalent evil, that of neglecting the Holy Scriptures.

"Oh! if books had but tongues to speak their wrongs, then might this book well exclaim, Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! I came from the love and embrace of God; and mute Nature, to whom I brought no boon, did me rightful homage. To man I came, and my words were to the children of men, I disclosed to you the mysteries of hereafter, and the secrets of the throne of God. I set open to you the gates of salvation, and the way of eternal life, heretofore unknown. Nothing in heaven did I withhold from your hope and ambition; and upon your earthly lot I poured the full horn of Divine providence and consolation. But ye requited me with no welcome; ye held no festivity on my arrival: ye sequester me from happiness and heroism, closeting me with sickness and infirmity; ye make not of me, nor use me for your guide to wisdom and prudence, but press me into your last of duties, and withdraw me to a mere corner of your time; and most of ye set me at naught, and utterly disregard me. I came, the fulness of the knowledge of God; angels delighted in my company, and desired to dive into my secrets. But ye mortals place masters over me, subjecting me to the discipline and dogmatism of men, and tutoring me in your schools of learning. I came, not to be silent in your dwellings, but to speak welfare to you and your children. I came to rule, and my throne to set up in the hearts of men. Mine ancient residence was the bosom of God; no residence will I have but the soul of an immortal; and if you had entertained me, I should have possessed you of the peace which I had with God, 'when I was with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Because I have called and you refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.—'Then shall they cry unto me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me.'" (Pp. 5, 6.)

In the following passage he sets forth the merciful procedure of Almighty God.

"Nay, the closer to bring you into fellowship, he hath dispatched from his highest sphere the image of himself, to act the Divine part among earthly scenes, and seeing we had fallen from his neighbourhood, and could not regain our last estate, hath he sent forth his own son, made of a woman, made under the law, down to our sphere, to bind the link between earth and heaven, which seemed for ever to have been broken. He clothes himself in the raiment of flesh, he puts on like passions and affections, and presents himself to be beheld, talked with, and handled of

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the sons of men. He opens up the heart of God, and shows it to be wonderfully tender to his fallen creatures. He opens up his own heart, and shows it devoted to death for their restoration. He stretches out his hand, and disease and death flee away. He opens his lips, and loving kindness drops upon the most sinful of men. He opens a school of discipline for heaven, and none is hindered. Whosoever comes, he cherishes with food, fetched from the storehouse of his creating word. The elements he stilleth over their heads, and maketh a calm. He brings hope from beyond the dark grave, where she lay shrouded in mortality. Peace he conjures from the troubles of the most guilty breast. The mourner he anoints with the oil of joy. The mourner in sackcloth and ashes he clothes with the garments of praise. He comforts all that mourn. And what more can we say? but that, if the knowledge of death averted from your heads be joy, and the knowledge of offences forgiven be contentment, and the knowledge reconciled be peace, and of heaven offered be glory, and the fountain of wisdom streaming forth be light, and strength ministered be life to the soul,—then verily this peace, contentment, honour, and life is yours, Christian believers, through the revelation of Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God."

The following is a forcible appeal.

"But, if you rather prefer the fortune of the brutes that perish, to look upon the light of the sun, and eat the provision of the day, to vegetate, like a plant, through the stages of life, and, like a plant, to drop, where ye grew, and perish from the memory of earth, having done nothing, desired nothing, expected nothing beyond; if this you prefer to the other, then have you heard what you lose in the present. Hear now, what you lose through eternity!

"You lose God's presence, in which all creation rejoiceth. You lose God's capacity to bless you with his manifold blessings, which the cherubim and seraphim can speak of better than a fallen man. You lose the peace and perfect blessedness of heaven, which from this earth we can hardly catch the vision of. Have you suffered spiritual oppression and drowning from fleshly appetites? Freedom from this you lose. Have you groaned under the general bondage of the creature, and called for deliverance? This deliverance you lose. Have you conceived pictures of quiet and peaceful enjoyment, amidst beautiful and refreshing scenes? The realities of these ye lose. Have you felt the ravishment of Divine communion, when the conscious soul breathes its raptures, but cannot utter them? The eternal enjoyment of these you lose. What Adam and Eve enjoyed within the unblemished paradise of Eden, with the presence of God, you lose. What Peter and John felt upon the Mount of Transfiguration, where they would have built tabernacles, and dwelt for ever, you lose. Can you, brethren, think of this world's fare with contentment? If you are wicked, how do your sins find you out, or overhang you with detection! If you are holy, how your desires outrun your performance, and your knowledge your power! How you fall, are faint, backsliding, are in darkness, are in doubt, are in dismay! You are not content with this world's fare, you long after something higher and better: hence the perpetual cheering of hope, and instigation of ambition, and thirst after novelty, and restlessness to better your condition. When man cometh to wish, to expect, to labour or care for, nothing higher or better than his present condition, he is supremely miserable. God hath left these witnesses within our breasts, out of whose mouths to convict us. He will say, "Ye strive after something happier. 'Twas the labour of your life to reach it. I let down heaven's glory to your eager eyes. You put it away. Therefore be it put away from your habitation for ever! O ye, who labour

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by toil and trouble to exalt your condition, will ye not exalt it far above the level of thrones, or principalities, or any name that is named upon the earth?" (Pp. 86—88)

On the subject of pardon through our Saviour Christ, we have the following striking remarks:

"If there had been any condition attached to this boon of forgiveness, we should have been in no better case than before. If it had been required that, anterior to any hope of pardon for past offences, we should be so far advanced in obedience, as to be of a reputable character for honesty, or charity, or truth, or to be doing our best to attain it, then verily things would have been marred at the very commencement. For it would have been left to self to determine the measure of attainment upon which we could found a claim to the benefit; and the question would have been perplexed anew with that uncertain element of self-adjudication, which we have already shewn is enough to shake the stability of any system. Besides, from the nature of man, which always founds a claim of right when a condition is present, it would have soon lost the character of a boon, and failed to make the impression of a free unmerited gift. But above all, it would have opened the door to self-esteem and partiality, and every kind of palliation, to juggle us into the conceit of having reached the mark at which all is safe. And being persuaded that we were there arrived, all inducement to further efforts would have been taken away when there was no further advantage to be gained." (Pp. 177, 178.)

Our author thus recommends Jesus Christ as the best teacher:

"Only one man, of the myriads who passed the darksome veil, returned; he passed into the obscure, in the obscure he tarried, and, like the rest, was given up for lost. But forth he came in the greatness of his strength, having conquered the powers beyond. He came not for his own sake, but for ours; to give us note and warning of what was doing upon the other side, and of what fare we were to expect for ever. And he hath laid down the simplest rules to guide us to happiness and honour, and the amplest warning to keep us from degradation and ruin. In the name of reason and consistency, then, to whom should we apply but unto him who knows so well, and was never known, in all he said, to deceive, in all he did, to injure?—To him, then, let us go for tuition! And most surely he is the kindest, most affectionate, most considerate teacher that ever breathed the breath of knowledge over helpless ignorance. Away then with our own conjectures, away with the conjectures of other men, however wise in this life! they know nothing of the life within the veil which shrouds us in. Up then, go to the Scriptures, which he uttered of himself, or by the inspiration of his Spirit; there let us be stripped of all our fancied knowledge of things which we know not in the least. Under them let us commence a new childhood, a new scholarship for eternity, and we shall arrive at length at that manhood of strength and knowledge, which shall never fall away into the dotage or scarness of age, and shall survive death, and convey us safe through the unknown, to the mansion of our heavenly Father, which our great forerunner hath gone to prepare for our reception." (Pp. 515, 516.)

Such impressive appeals as these deserve high praise. We record them to the honour of Mr. Irving. That they are addressed to crowded audiences, comprising many but little accustomed to such plain dealing on the subject of their best interests, affords us high gratification. What a pity that there should be any drawback where there is so much to commend, that such sterling excellence should be mixed up with so large a portion of alloy! We turn with reluctance and pain from this



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of passages, which show at once what decided scriptural truth the work contains, and how favourably it has impressed us, to the discharge of a duty no less important both to the reader and to the author, that of exposing some of its various defects and errors; defects and errors which affect not merely the style, structure, and subject matter of the work, but, in some degree also, the frame and temper of the author's mind.

We must commence this class of our remarks at the very title page of Mr. Irving's book. When we read the advertisement in the public papers, announcing "FOR THE ORACLES OF GOD; FOUR ORATIONS. FOR JUDGMENT TO COME; AN ARGUMENT IN NINE PARTS, we could not forbear a smile at the pedantic absurdity of such a title. But when we opened the book, and found that these "Four Orations," and this "Argument in Nine Parts," were neither more nor less than so many ordinary sermons, we felt real concern; because we were satisfied that if it had been the auther's object to cover himself and his work with ridicule, he could scarcely have devised a more apt expedient for the purpose.—What might be Mr. Irving's motives for choosing such a title, or what end he expected to answer by it, we are at a loss to conjecture. If, indeed, he designed that his book, on its annunciation, should be regarded as one of large pretensions, and that it should excite a corresponding lofty expectation, his title is not an unsuitable one for such a purpose. But, putting every thing like modesty out of the question, what, on this supposition, we may ask, had become of the gentleman's judgment and common sense? We had always understood that to be moderate in pretension and promise, even where we hope to be ample in performance, is not only the dictate of modesty but of discretion. But here, in a title of such magnificent promise, as scarcely any performance could justify, this wise principle is reversed. Perhaps, however, Mr. Irving only meant by the adoption of the high-sounding epithets, "Orations and argument," to procure more readers for his sermons, than they would be likely to have, if sent forth under their proper name. This may be considered by some as a justifiable Ruse de Guere. But, while we are bold to say, no such end has been answered by it, we must, for our own part, protest against every thing like puff or trick in what is connected with the Christian ministry. The office is degraded by it; and the mighty theme to be held forth disdains such aid.

We proceed from the title page to the preface, which opens with the following paragraph:

"It hath appeared to the Author of this book, from more than ten years' meditation on the subject, that the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth over the minds of men, is the want of its being properly presented to them. In this Christian country there are, perhaps, nine-tenths of every class, who know nothing at all about the applications and advantages of the single truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole: and what they do not know, they cannot be expected to reverence or obey.—This ignorance, in both the higher and the lower orders of Religion, as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is entrusted."

Of the three sentences, of which this paragraph consists, one only.

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the intermediate one, contains what is true. When Mr. Irving says, "In this Christian country, there are, perhaps, nine-tenths of every class who know nothing at all about the applications and advantages of the single truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole," we go with him in the assertion: but when he tells us, that after ten years' meditation on the subject, it appears to him that the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth over the minds of men, is the want of its being properly presented to them; we beg leave to assure him, that he has meditated, at least as it respects this subject, to very little purpose, Mark, it is of this "Christian country," in which every one has access to the Holy Scriptures, that Mr. Irving is speaking. Does he mean to assert, that divine truth is not properly presented in *them*? No, he can mean no such thing; because, in his orations, he has over and over again stated the contrary. But it has happened to Mr. Irving, as it almost uniformly does to those who dogmatize like him, he has asserted a great deal more than he himself intended. This rash assertion cannot therefore be too broadly contradicted. Divine truth, as Mr. Irving has himself admitted, is no where presented in so accurate, luminous, and affecting a manner, as in the Word of God. It is therefore properly presented to all who have access to that word. We must consequently look elsewhere for the chief obstacle to its progress over the minds of men. It is our author's mistake, as to this *chief obstacle* to the progress of divine truth, that we desire particularly to expose. The nature and magnitude of that mistake are rendered more apparent by the concluding sentence of this paragraph. "This ignorance, both in the higher and the lower orders, of religion, as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is entrusted." In these passages, Mr. Irving's assertion is two-fold; first, that to which we have already adverted, relative to the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth over the mind; and secondly, that the ignorance of men is not (as he awkwardly expresses it) so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as to the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry. Now what is the obvious state of things around us, as bearing on these assertions? Are men inquisitive, anxious and sedulous to examine into divine truth, as to its nature, import, evidences, bearings, and applications to their own case? No, they are not. Thousands and tens of thousands around us, live and die without ever exhibiting any anxiety or interest on the subject, nay, manifesting an utter repugnance to all such studies and inquiries; and when divine truth is forced on the attention, (as in the case of some, from various causes, it happens to be,) it immediately appears that the chief obstacle to its progress over their mind lies, not in the want of clearness and strength of statement, but in the very state, disposition, and tendency of the mind itself: it immediately appears that man is under the domineering influence of a principle, as opposite to divine truth, as darkness is to light, or as evil is to good. Exactly corresponding to this state of things, and satisfactorily explanatory of it, is the language of Scripture. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." Rom. viii. 7. "The natural man re-

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ceiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. ii. 14 "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness, rather than light, because their deeds were evil." John iii. 19. These passages of Scripture, and more especially the words of our Saviour in the last quoted text, distinctly aver that men are in darkness, while light and knowledge beam around them, from an inherent preference and love of that darkness, and that this sinister bias on the affections, is connected with and strengthened by the habitual evil course of the life. Mr. Irving's representation of the subject, besides being unscriptural and erroneous, is also highly pernicious. It furnishes men with an excuse for their ignorance. It teaches them to plead, "we are willing to hear, nay, inquisitive and anxious to be instructed. Only let truth be fairly presented to us, and its attractions will win their way to our hearts. That we are ignorant is our misfortune, and not our fault. The fault lies at the door of our teachers." The scriptural account of this matter, on the contrary, charges our ignorance on ourselves, as the result of our own choice, as constituting, therefore, a part of our guilt; and, unless dissipated by our speedily coming to the light, as leading to our inevitable condemnation.

Our author is aware that, in the paragraph which we have been examining, he has conveyed a reflection on the clerical order; and therefore in the following sentence he disclaims any intention of doing so. With what face he could pen this disclaimer we cannot understand; inasmuch as in various parts of his work (all of which, may of course be presumed to have been written before the Preface) he had assailed not only different classes of the clergy, but the clergy as a body; nay, in this very Preface he tells them (softening the matter, however, by including himself) that until they act on the principle which he lays down, they will be without excuse. As we may have occasion to advert to this subject again, we now proceed to the examination of the new rule or principle which Mr. Irving has prescribed, and which he has endeavoured to enforce and recommend by his own example. He lays it down in the following passage:

"——Until the servants and ministers of the living God do pass the limits of pulpit theology and pulpit exhortation, and take weapons in their hand, gathered out of every region in which the life of man or his faculties are interested, they shall never have religion triumph, and domineer in a country, as beseemeth her high original, her native majesty, and her eternity of freely-bestowed well-being. To this the ministers of religion should bear their attention to be called, for until they thus acquire the pass-word which is to convey them into every man's encampment, they speak to that man from a distance and at disadvantage. It is but a parley; it is no conference nor treaty, nor harmonious communication. To this end, they must discover new vehicles for conveying the truth as it is in Jesus into the minds of the people; poetical, historical, scientific, political, and sentimental vehicles. For in all these regions some of the population are domesticated with all their affections; who are as dear in God's sight as are others; and why they should not be come at, why means should not be taken to come at them, can any good reason be assigned? They prepare

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men for teaching gipsies, for teaching bargemen, for teaching miners; men who understand their ways of conceiving and estimating truth; why not train ourselves for teaching imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and medical men! and, having got the key to their several chambers of delusion and resistance, why not enter in and debate the matter with their souls! Then they shall be left without excuse; meanwhile, I think, we ministers are without excuse. Moved by these feelings, I have set the example of two new methods of handling religious truth—*the Oration*, and *the Argument*."—

If by all this Mr. Irving only meant that the ministers of religion should be careful to cultivate their minds, to acquire various knowledge and information, to exert their talents and industry, to study the state of mind of their hearers, and apply with ardour to the high duties of their profession,—his exhortation would be unexceptionable, nay highly important, and such as those concerned would do well to attend to. But it is obvious that this is not what he means. All this is old and hackneyed; and no man of common sense could think of presenting himself with all the airs of one who had made a discovery, and then hold up this to us as a novelty. Our author's expressions show that he intends something beside and beyond all this. "The limits of pulpit theology and pulpit exhortation," he says, "must be passed, and weapons taken, gathered out of every region in which the life of man or his faculties are interested." The clergy are "to train themselves for teaching imaginative, political, legal, and medical men:" and thus are they to be prepared for imitating the example which Mr. Irving has set in his "two new methods of handling religious truth." Now, while it is evident that our author intends to inculcate something quite new both in the training of ministers, and in the mode of their ministrations, we must confess that we are unable to find out exactly wherein this novelty is to consist. But, so far as we do understand this new rule, we deprecate the introduction of it; and we warn the ministers of religion against it. Mr. Irving is himself, we presume, an example of one formed on his own rule. No doubt he has trained himself, as he conceives, for teaching imaginative, political, legal, and medical men. He has our best wishes for his success in this course. No class of persons require more to be imbued with that kind of religious knowledge which is connected with feeling, than those professional men; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Irving's efforts may have the effect of impressing the Christian character on many of them. But sure we are that he will never do this, by abandoning his own proper region and going into theirs. Sure we are that if any imaginative man be made a real Christian by Mr. Irving's preaching, it will not be by his poetical criticisms, or by his wild flights of imagination: and we are no less sure that the cause of religion will not be advanced among judicious, political, and legal men, by idle vapourings about liberty and the puritans, or an unmeaning panegyric on Mr. Jeremy Bentham, as "the shrewdest jurisconsult of the day."

We should therefore condemn this new principle, even though we had no other test, by which to try it, than its working and effects on Mr. Irv-

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ing himself. But we have a still more serious objection to it; one which, we should hope, will have weight with our author himself, and lead him to regard it with less partiality, if not entirely to abandon it. It appears to us directly opposed to the rule authoritatively laid down by St. Paul, and recommended by his example and success. We are presented with that rule, and with the example of this great apostle, in his own account of his preaching and doctrine, in the Epistle to the Corinthians. We refer particularly to the First Epistle, from the 17th verse of the 1st chapter, to the 7th verse of the 2d chapter. Now let us take Mr. Irving's words as we have quoted them, and place them in juxta-position with those of the apostle, and they will present, if not a complete contrast, at least two things with great and striking differences between them. And here let it be noted, that the apostle's ministry was exercised among various classes of persons, differing in religious profession, rank of life, mental attainments, disposition, and conduct; and yet he employed one and the same means with all those various classes; *viz.* the preaching of "Christ crucified;" or in other words, as he explains it elsewhere, the doctrine that Christ died for our sins, and was raised again for our justification; by which resurrection from the dead, he was "declared to be the Son of God with power." Whether he addressed the barbarian or the polished citizen of Corinth, the bondman or the freeman, the Jew or the Gentile, the philosopher or the ruler, this was his theme. Nay, this was his theme, to the exclusion of every other, not involved in, and connected with, it. "I determined," says he, "to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." He marshals before him the *professional* men of his day: "Where," says he, "is the wise, where is the scribe, where is the disputer of this world?" and he tells them—that God has made foolish all their wisdom—that his preaching to them should not be on the topics which their wisdom would approve, nor in the words which their wisdom taught. He knew what they approved and sought after. "The Jews," says he, "require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom." But he mentions these things only to renounce them. "We preach," says this faithful servant of the cross, "Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness;" and that, "not in the enticing words of man's wisdom." Is there, we ask, in all this, any thing of an example for the ministers of religion to imitate? Is there here any thing authoritative and binding? Was it by this simple, but mighty and overpowering doctrine of the cross, that St. Paul, and the other servants of Christ, in that and the following age, subdued all opposition, and "turned the world upside down?" Was it, on the contrary, by a departure from this simplicity of doctrine and preaching, and by an admixture of the philosophy of the day, and by affecting the eloquence, and imitating the arts of the teachers of that philosophy,—that, in a succeeding age, Christianity was corrupted and debased into a mere secular system? Let these questions be weighed and answered. Let the apostle's language and example be seriously meditated on; and then let the conscientious minister of religion decide whether he can adopt Mr. Irving's "new method of handling religious truth."

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The ambition of novelty, if we may so express it, has been a snare to Mr. Irving, throughout the whole of his work. We may trace to it many of the blots and errors of his production. It has led him, for example, to find fault with that in others, which, immediately after, only in different words, he inculcates himself; to condemn things which good men have been accustomed to approve and recommend; and also to refine in such a way upon some of the plainest subjects, as to render his statements concerning them unintelligible, and, not unfrequently, even ridiculous. We shall furnish a few instances of this.

In his first oration, he says:

"Having no taste whatever for the mean estimates which are made, and the coarse invectives that are vented against human nature, which though true in the main, are often in the manner so unfeeling and triumphant, as to reveal hot zeal, rather than tender and deep sorrow, we will not give into this popular strain."

Now whatever may be our views of human nature, we have no more taste for coarse invective than Mr. Irving himself; and we agree with him, that it is with tender and deep sorrow, and, we will add, with deep humility also, that the corruptions and evils of human nature should be exposed. But now let us hear Mr. Irving himself in the very next sentence.

"It is a truth by experience revealed, that though there be in man most noble faculties, and a nature restless after the knowledge and truth of things—there are, towards God and his revealed will, an indisposition and a regardlessness. It is most true, that nature is unwilling to the subject of the Scriptures. The soul is previously possessed with adverse interests: the world hath laid an embargo on her faculties, and monopolized them to herself; old habit hath perhaps added his almost incurable callousness: and the enemy of God and man is skilful to defend what he hath already won. So circumstanced, and every man is so circumstanced, we come to the audience of the word of God, and listen in worse tune than a wanton to a sermon, or a hardened knave to a judicial address."

Now it is rather with a bad grace that the writer of all this finds fault with others for making a mean estimate of human nature; and it strikes us that there is something very like coarseness here, in Mr. Irving's own language.

Again, in his oration "on the manner of consulting the oracles of God," he says:

"Holding of the same superstition, is the practice of drawing nigh to the word, in sickness, affliction, and approaching dissolution, as if a charm against the present evil, or an invocation of the future good."—"And for studying his will, it is of no importance, save to perform it in the face of all opposition from within and without; therefore, of all seasons, sickness and affliction—when we are disabled from action, and in part also from thought—is, it seems to me, the season least proper for the perusal of the word."

In our former quotation we found our author throwing out a disparaging insinuation against his brethren in the ministry, for doing what he proceeds himself to do in the very next sentence, *i. e.* making a mean estimate of human nature. In the passage before us he condemns what good

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men have united in recommending, *viz.* drawing nigh to the word of God, in affliction, and sickness, and approaching dissolution. No doubt they are deeply criminal who draw nigh to it only at such seasons, that is, who neglect it at other times; so are they also who read it at those times, as if it were "a charm against present evil, or an invocation of the future good." But the reading at any time with such a feeling in view, is no less bad, than in sickness or affliction: and to say, that of all seasons, sickness and affliction is the one least proper for the perusal of it, is to make an assertion in the very teeth of all experience, as well as directly contradictory of the word of God itself. We stop not to prove this: but we hasten to ask Mr. Irving how he should act if summoned to the house of mourning, or to the bed of sickness or death to visit an anxious but ignorant fellow-sinner? Would he refuse to attend? or if he gave his attendance, we should be glad to know, for what purpose it would be? Would it be to tell the inquiring, dying sinner, to shut up his Bible, inasmuch as that, "of all seasons, was the least proper one for examining it?" Would it be to tell him that "his concern about the name and word of God was a symptom only of his weakness?" No: we are persuaded, that in such awful, trying circumstances, he would act a better part: he would turn his back on his unscriptural theory, and in his practice identify himself with his brethren, the ministers of good tidings and peace.

We subjoin the following curious specimen of the uncommon phraseology which our author sometimes employs, as well as of the nice distinctions and subtle refinements by which he too often obscures his subject:

"You will be alarmed, when we carry our censure against the common spirit of dealing with it (*i. e.* the Word of God, as a duty. Not that but it is a duty to peruse the Word of God, but that it is something infinitely higher. Duty means a verdict of conscience in its behalf. Now conscience is not an independent power, at the bidding of which the word abides to be opened, and at its forbidding to continue sealed; but the word, let conscience bid or forbid, stands forth dressed in its own awful sanctions—Believe and live—Believe not and die. If conscience have added her voice also, that is another sanction, but a sanction which is not needful to be superadded."

Again, he says:

"To bind this tie (*i. e.* the relation between the Creator and the creature) nothing will suffice but strong and stubborn necessity. Duty, in truth, is the very lowest conception of it—privilege is a higher—honour higher, happiness and delight a higher still. But duty may be suspended by more pressing duty—privileges may be foregone and honour forgot, and the sense of happiness grow dull; but this of listening to his voice who plants the sense of duty, bestows privilege, honour, and happiness, and our every other faculty, is before all these, and is equalled by nothing but the stubbornest necessity. We should hear his voice as the sun and stars do in their courses, as the restful element of earth doth in its settled habitation. His voice is our law, which it is sacrilege, worse than rebellion, to disobey. He keeps the bands of our being together. His voice is the charter of our existence, which being disobeyed, we should run to annihilation, as our great father would have done, had not God in mercy given us a second chance, by erecting the platform of our being upon the new condition of probation, different from that of all known existences."

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In conclusion, he adds:

"Necessity, therefore, I say, strong and eternal necessity, is that which joins the link between the creature and the Creator, and makes man incumbent to the voice of God."

Perhaps it would be difficult to find, in the same compass, in any author, more of what is absurd and ridiculous, than Mr. Irving has contrived to crowd into these few sentences. He commences by levelling his censure against dealing with the Word of God as a duty. He then acknowledges that it is a duty to read it; but admonishes us that we are not to read it on account of its being a duty. Duty means, he tells us, a verdict of conscience in its behalf. If so, we might conclude, that if this verdict be in behalf of the Word, we should read it. But this, it seems, would be an erroneous conclusion; because conscience is not an independent power, and the Word does not "abide to be opened at its bidding, nor at its forbidding, to continue sealed; but the word, let conscience bid or forbid, stands forth, dressed in its own awful sanction—Believe and live—Believe not and die." Now this means, if it mean any thing at all, that we are to read the word, whether it be our duty to read it or not. Next comes the binding of the tie between our Creator and us; for which, we are told, nothing will suffice but strong and stubborn necessity. "Then we should hear his voice, as the sun and stars do in their courses—as the restful element of earth doth in its settled habitation." How is that, do we ask? Our author throws no light on the subject; but hastens to inform us, that "His voice is our charter;" that he has given us "a second chance, that we may escape running into annihilation;" and that he has done this, "by erecting the platform of our being, upon the condition of our probation;" and subjoins the following luminous and very consolatory assurance of the whole matter; "Necessity, therefore, I say, strong and eternal necessity is that which joins the link between the creature and the Creator, and makes man incumbent to the voice of God." Unquestionably Mr. Irving deserves the praise of originality in all this, as well as that of being faithful to his own principle, that of "passing the limits of pulpit theology and pulpit exhortation." But we are disposed to think that a large portion of his readers will be of opinion with us, that, in this instance at least, it would have been better if he had "abided" within them.

That part of Mr. Irving's argument on judgment to come, entitled, "Preliminaries to solemn Judgment," requires special notice. It opens by stating the fact, that

"God has appointed a day in which he will call an account of the good and the evil, and make a grand and notable decision between those who regarded him, and those who regarded him not."

Of this solemn account he remarks—

"That though it be a subject of pure revelation, it is one which may be handled with great deference to human reason, and to our natural sentiments of justice; and therefore he solicits from his readers a lively exercise of all his faculties, and a ready proposal of all his doubts; his object being, not to overawe him with terrific descriptions of things unseen, in which imagination may at liberty disport, but to convince him how



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consonant things revealed are to the best sentiments and interests of mankind."

That things revealed are consonant to what ought to be the sentiments, and to what actually are the best interests of mankind, is unquestionable. But it occurs, that Mr. Irving set himself a very difficult and trying, as well as unnecessary task, when he undertook to handle this subject of "pure revelation" with "great deference to human reason, and to our natural sentiments of justice." In a matter of pure revelation, the province of human reason, after having ascertained that it is really a revelation, lies simply in investigating its true and proper meaning, bearing, and application. When it has done this, nothing more remains, than implicitly and cordially to acquiesce in it, as what is wisest and best. There is no point of divine revelation in which it is of more consequence to keep this principle constantly in view, than in that of a judgment to come. Unhappily our author has frequently lost sight of it in the course of this chapter. It contains, however, some things which are excellent and striking, which it will be a grateful office to render prominent, before we enter on the disagreeable task of exposing what is erroneous and mischievous. The manner in which he proposes to treat the subject is explained as follows:

"In order, therefore, to carry the reason of men along with us into this solemn subject of judgment to come, we shall consider the doubts and difficulties which the mind hath in meditating the transactions of the great day, and endeavour to render the best resolution of them in our power, before entering upon the very article of the judgment, and the principle upon which it proceeds. These preliminary doubts and hesitations are of two classes; one arising from the difficulties of conception, and the other arising from our apprehensions, lest justice should be violated."—(P. 269.)

Of the first class of doubts he says:

"They spring from ruminating upon the magnitude of the work to be performed, and the incredible multitude to be judged. When we would grapple with the subject, conception is stunned, and calculation confounded, and a most unpleasant incertitude induced upon the mind. Our slow moving faculties cannot reckon the countless multitudes, and our subdivisions of time cannot find moments for the execution of the mighty work. The details of each case reaching to the inmost thought, the discrimination of their various merit and demerit, with the proportionate award of justice to each, seem a weary work, for which infinite time, as well as Almighty faculties are required. Taking advantage of this confusion of the faculties of conception, many evil suggestions enter into the mind, and destroy the great effect which the revelation of judgment to come is designed to produce. One thinks he will pass muster in such a crowd, and that he need not take the matter to heart; another, that he will find a sort of countenance in the multitudes that are worse than he; a third, that if he be condemned, it will be in the company of those whose company he preferred on earth, and will continue to prefer, so long as he continues to be himself: and thus the whole power of the revelation is laid prostrate." (Pp. 270, 271.)

Our author obviates all objections of this kind, in the usual and only proper way of doing it, by a reference to the infinite intelligence and almighty power of God; showing at the same time, that similar objections may be urged against almost every other part of divine revelation, if we

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attempt to dive into the method by which they are to be carried into effect; and "thus out of all the good which there is in the revelation of creation and providence, it were easy to escape." Thus, for example, as it respects creation. It is stated in Scripture that God created man of the dust of the earth, and that he formed Eve of a rib from Adam's side. This, he justly remarks, as it stands in the divine word, is a sublime lesson of God's power and our humble origin, and of the common incorporate nature of man and woman; but if we come to task our powers of comprehension, we are punished for our presumption by the avid scepticism and barrenness of heart which comes over us. In like manner it happens, he shows, that out of the comforts of Providence, the wisest of men have been beguiled by the nicety and importunateness of their research.

"They have reasoned of the multitude of God's avocations throughout the peopled universe, in every star imagining the centre of some revolving system, in every system the dwelling place of various tribes of beings, until they had the Almighty so occupied as neither to have time nor care for our paltry earth. And with respect to the earth itself, they are overwhelmed by the consideration of the myriads who dwell therein, and their own insignificant place among so many; and thus they escape into a heartless indifference and a wreckless independence towards their Creator."

All this he truly observes,

"Ariseth from their subdividing, by active calculation, the great work which God hath to do, without, at the same time, multiplying the power of the Almighty, to discharge it all, untroubled and undisturbed."

And he adds,

"That equally fatal results are wrought by the same unrestrained appetite for speculation in the great work of redemption."

He treats next of the forms with which Judgment is presented to us in Scripture, *viz.*

"The ushering in of the solemn day, by the archangel and the trump of God; the white throne of judgment, with the Judge that sitteth thereon; the glorious company of angels; the opening of the books; in which stands recorded every man's account of good and ill; the solemn separation to the right and to the left, of the two great divisions of men, and their separate verdicts of blessing and cursing."

Of these, he says,

"They are no more to be understood by the letter, than others of the works of God, but to be taken as an image or device of the transactions, done with the best similitude that the earth contains. It were, therefore, he intimates, a vain thing to puzzle imagination, and perplex conception with the details thereof, with the array of a human assize, or the bustle of a judgment-seat, where all the world was to appear, and to be taken successively under cognizance of the judge; for, instantly, immensity overwhelms the thought, and stupifies the feeling, the crowd forms a shelter to the fears, and the company, the innumerable companions of our fate, gives a cheer to the misgiving heart. We throw ourselves loose, therefore, he says, from the details of the ritual, and aim at nothing but to preserve the spirit of the transaction; not but that these details are highly useful, and in the very best keeping with the majesty and terror of the scene, serving to convey ideas and imaginations of the great event, and to embody it to the mind."

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He then gives his view of the Judgment in the following words;

"If I were to venture an opinion, it would be this: that the action will take place, not by a successive summons of each individual, and a successive inquisition of his case, but by an instantaneous separation of the classes, the one from the other. Nor do I fancy to myself the bodily presence of any judge, or the utterance by his lips of vocal sounds, although it be so written, any more than I fancy a loud voice to have been uttered by the Eternal for the light to come forth, or any other part of the material universe to arise into being. But I rather think it to be more congenial to the other works of God, when it is imagined that these souls, and the bodies created for their use, will be planted, without knowing how, each class in the abodes prepared for them; and that they will not be consulted about the equity of the measure. God will leave them to find out the rectitude of the proceeding, as he left us to find out the rectitude of his proceeding at the fall."

Now this is a mode of treating the plain statements of Scripture, to which we have a decided objection. We perceive no difficulty in conducting the last judgment on the precise plan laid down in the sacred volume, taking into account whose power is to be employed in that great transaction. If Mr. Irving be allowed to exercise his fancy on the events of the creation, and of the judgment, we see no reason why a similar liberty should not be granted with respect to the fall of our first parents, and the events with which it is connected. We have been accustomed, in common with those who regard the Bible as a book which is not to be trifled with, to reprobate that system which represents the account of Adam's transgression and its consequences, as a figure or allegory. But, if the account of creation, (connected as it is with that transgression,) and of judgment, (resulting as it does from that transgression,) be clothed in figure, we cannot understand how the idea of figure can be excluded from the fall. We have, besides this, another objection to Mr. Irving's mode of interpretation, grounded on a principle of his own. He regards the description of Judgment in the Scriptures, as a form of expression, used to meet the various faculties of human nature; as fancy, fear, hope, pain, or pleasure. Now this would be a good reason for leaving such form of expression just as we find it: but it is certainly a very bad reason for endeavouring to set it aside, or to detract from its force and meaning. On Mr. Irving's own showing, Almighty God designed, by a certain form of speech, to convey to the human mind, and to impress deeply upon it, certain truths which could not be so effectually imparted in any other way. Surely, then, he rather injures than serves the cause of religion, who would substitute his own glosses and conjectures, instead of that expressive language which it seemed best to the Divine wisdom to adopt.

Our author proceeds, in the next place, to remark, that there still remain two previous questions for examination; one, as to "God's ability to have in mind all that every creature has thought, said, and done, so as to divide destiny with such dexterous arbitration among them all;" (by the way, it is by no means from admiration of this phraseology, that we quote it,) the other, as to our satisfaction with, and acquiescence in, the verdict.

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As to the first of these questions, that which respects God's ability, we are utterly at a loss how Mr. Irving could make any question about it; or think it necessary to enter into any explanation or proof of it. It is a thing involved in the very idea of God; so completely so, that omniscience has been uniformly regarded as an essential attribute of Deity, by all those who have acknowledged that there is "one living and true God." We cannot, therefore, but consider our author's disquisition on this point, as so many words thrown away, or as a mere trifling; but it becomes more than trifling, when he proceeds gravely to move the question, as to whether the Divine Being "can ever forget!!" Passing over, however, his elaborate proof that "God can never forget," we come to his second preliminary question, which he states thus;

"How we ourselves shall be conscious of the justice of the decision, which God hath the knowledge and the wisdom to discern?"

To this question we should, without hesitation, give the following plain and obvious answer: we should say, that when we enter into that state, where the mists of ignorance shall be cleared away, where interest, prejudice, and passion, shall no longer exert their darkening and perverting influence, where we shall "see even as we are seen, and know even as we are known," every thing will appear to us in its naked truth and reality. What we have done, what we have been, what we are, will all at once flash on our minds, with an overwhelming conviction. The excuses, palliations, pleas, and justifications, with which we now impose on each other, and, alas! too often on ourselves, will no longer be thought of, except as constituting a part of our guilt. Such is, we conceive, the rational, as well as scriptural answer to Mr. Irving's second preliminary question. His answer to it is of a very different kind. Before we proceed to examine it, we must apply ourselves to the following extraordinary principle which he lays down, in order to evince the importance of his question:

"It is of the essence of justice, that the various offences of which one is accused, should be brought home to his consciousness and conviction, before he can be fairly condemned."

We should be curious to know, from what "shrewd jurisconsult," Mr. Irving learned this notion, about "the essence of justice." Wherever he got it, we suspect its soundness; we doubt that it would work well; and we invite him to bring it to the test of the following matter of fact. It happened to us to have witnessed the last moments of a highly-talented,* and, in many respects, amiable young man; who, though gifted with various advantages of education, fortune, and station, engaged in treasonable practices, headed an insurrection, in which the murder of a high and venerated judicial character, and many other enormities, were perpetrated; and, in consequence, was arrested, tried, and, on the clearest evidence, convicted, and condemned to die. To the last moment (while he unfeignedly deplored the murder, which he represented as unpremedi-

* A word of recent coinage, which might do very well for the flippant pages of Lady Morgan, or the fustian declamations of Mr. Phillips. O. O.

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tated, and contingent,) he justified the treason, gloried in his principles and design, and, regarding himself a martyr in the cause of liberty, died with a mild composure and fortitude, which drew tears from many an eye. Now, according to our author's principle, this young man was neither more nor less than murdered; for, that which is of the essence of justice was wanting in his case: his crime was never brought home to his consciousness and conviction, and therefore he could not be fairly condemned. It matters not that every one else was satisfied of his guilt; that which is "of the essence of justice," was wanting in his case. Mr. Irving is possessed of less acuteness than we give him credit for, or, after trying his principle by some such test as the above, he will be disposed to give it back to the shrewd jurisconsult, from whom he learned it.

We come now to our author's direct statements, in answer to this his second preliminary question.

"It is a nice question," he says, "requiring a nice solution;" and he adds, "Into this difficult inquiry I enter, not without hopes of casting light upon a subject hitherto dark and intricate, which will need no small investigation, and will reward it with most impressive results, most necessary to the understanding of the issues after death."

His first position is, that there must pass upon the soul when disembodied, various changes, of which it is not impossible, though difficult, to discern the nature and the effects; for, though none have returned to tell, we all suffer partial deaths, from the effect of which it is possible to reason as to the effect of dissolution itself.

"The first thing," he says, "I perceive in death, is the great change that it will make in enhancing the past and future over the present. I think it will go hard to annihilate the present altogether. In our present condition, things that are past are spoken of as dead or out of existence, and things that are to come are spoken of as unborn, and things present alone as being in real existence.—Present things hit the sense, and our senses carry such a weight in the empire of the mind, being its five great intelligencers with the outward world, that they have deluded her into the notion that they are the five elements of her existence. Now that she hath an existence independent of them, is manifested by her occupation in silence and solitude, when she will close her senses, and have a glad or gloomy season of active cogitation; nay, she will grow into such absorption with her inward being, as to lose the consciousness of things passing around; she will sit in bustling places, yet hear no noise: move along the crowded streets, yet behold no spectacles; consume her meals, yet taste no savours; and though you surround the body with discomforts, and sting the senses with acutest pain, the soul which hath past heroism or virtue to reflect on, or future triumphs to anticipate, will smile in the midst of torture, and grow insensible to torment.—In all which cases, the life of the past and future, is triumphant over the life of the present."

Now we venture to affirm that much of this is quite new to our readers. We question, for instance, whether any of them have happened to light upon the description of person for which this picture has been drawn;—a gentleman in his "glad or gloomy season of active cogitation;" so lost to the consciousness of things passing around him, that he can sit in bustling places, the Stock Exchange, for example, but hear no noise; or moving along Cheapside, yet behold no spectacles; or eat

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his dinner without tasting the savour of it.—In a word, so absorbed in heroism, virtue, and triumphs, as to continue quite insensible, though you were to give him a good horsewhipping, or duck him in a horse-pond. For our part, it has never been our good fortune to meet any one in such a "gay or glad season of active cogitation," with the single exception of one gentleman on his way to Bethlem hospital, and therefore we hope to be excused from building much on the theory which this description is adduced to support.

But our author presents us with still more curious matter about past, present, and future.

"In truth," he says, "the present, both for its briefness, and the briefness of all its sentiments, is incomparably the least significant part of human existence, and it approximates a man to the lower animals according as his affections are set thereon. With a true man, the present is prizable only as it cometh out of the womb of past anticipation, bringing things hoped for to hand, and as it may be wrought up into the issue of our schemes for well developing the future. Seeing, therefore, that the present would fall altogether out of sight, were it not for this constant conversation which the soul is forced by the senses to maintain with outward things, and even by that necessity scarcely keeps its ground in wise and enlightened spirits; it is manifest that when that necessity ceaseth, as it doth at death, the past and the future will come to all in all to man. In proof of which, behold the existence of one who is immured in a solitary dungeon, and shut in from the invasion of the outward world—his present existence is nothing, his past is all; he goeth over and over the days of his life, the accidents and actions of which come forth as out of twilight. He remembers, and recalls, and recovers from the wastes of oblivion, until he wonders at the strength of his memory. Set open to him a hope of deliverance, and consuming the gloomy days and weary months between, he already lives with the future yet unborn. And the present is used only to consume his food, which he almost nauseated, and he notches upon his tally or makes upon the wall one solitary mark, its only memorial."

This also is new, and passing strange. We have been taught, and hitherto we have been simple enough to remember the lesson, that the present is, of all other periods, the most important. The past, we have been told, though it is gone for ever, has left behind its errors and its evils, the cure for which the present is to supply; and, as for the future, it is the present which is to give to it a form and a complexion, either of happiness or misery. Accordingly, "*Carpe diem*," is the maxim of a shrewd heathen poet, and "Redeeming the time," is the exhortation of an inspired apostle. Mr. Irving, on the contrary, tells us that "the present is incomparably the least significant part of human existence;" so much so, that "it scarcely keeps its ground in wise and enlightened spirits." And he has given us a proof or illustration of this. He has presented us with a prisoner, immured in a solitary dungeon. Unhappy mortal! some one is ready to exclaim,—In what slow and lingering wretchedness does he count the tedious moments as they pass! In the misery of the present, all that was joyous in the past is forgotten; while the future is overspread with blackness and night! Surely the iron hath entered into his soul! Stop, gentle reader, you are wasting your compassion. This solitary prisoner in his dungeon feels nothing of iron or

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woe. "The present is nothing to him. The past is all; and he runs over its accidents and actions with wonder at the strength of his memory." Nay, the past is not all to him: for already he lives with the future yet unborn: and between the joys of the past, and the bright visions of the future, he can scarcely snatch a moment of the present to scratch a mark on his tally or his wall.

"Now," says our author, with an air of becoming triumph, "Now you are prepared to understand how it will be with man, when he is disembodied. We shall proceed to give the substance of his information on the subject, as nearly as possible in his own words.

"The body, which contained the senses, lies mouldering in the grave. The link is broken or wasted away, which joined the soul to the enjoyments or troubles of the present world. No new material investments are given to her, whereby to move again amidst these material things. 'Till the resurrection she shall be disunited; and then, being rejoined by her former companion, they shall be submitted to material scenes, again to suffer or enjoy. What is there now to occupy the soul? There are no sensations nor pursuits to take her off from self-knowledge and self-examination. Now seeing it is the fact, that when the soul is delivered from surrounding and disturbing objects, and occupying sensations, she recovereth with wonderful rapidity the lost impressions of the past, and ascertaineth with much judgment her present condition, it is not to be doubted, that when she hath suffered her great separation, she will be busily occupied with recovering from the past all her experience, and observing all her condition. Indeed I can see no other occupation to which she can devote herself in her purely spiritual existence, save of this of revoking from oblivion all the past, and calling up from the future all things dreaded or hoped for. Therefore she will doat and dream over her condition, live all the past over again, and float away into the future. One thing is certain, that whatever she doth recover will stand out before her in a light altogether new, and that she will pass upon herself other judgments than those with which she is at present content. Witness when you are laid on a bed of sickness, how you ruminate, and reflect, and turn the eye inward, upon the state of your soul; how offended conscience raiseth up her voice, and future fears come trooping up, like spirits from the realms of night. What then shall be the nature of our reflections, when we are disembodied in very truth, and the world is escaped into the land of visions? Then I truly ween there will be a scrutiny and a self-arraignment more severe than hath ever passed in monkish cell or hermit's cave. The soul will unfold the leaves of her experience, which since they were engraven, had never before been turned out to her inspection. The glorious colours which illumine them are gone; the pomp, the vanity, the applause the sensual joy, and there is nothing left but the blank and bare engraving upon the tablet; and conscience is its severe interpreter, not worldly interest, ambition, or folly; and there is no companionship of fellows or masters in wickedness to keep us in heart; and there is no hope of amendment to chase self-accusation, no voice of consolation, no preaching of recovery, no sound of salvation; all is blank solitude, spiritual nakedness, stark necessity, and changeless fate. The soul must have an irksome time of it, if so be that it hath lent no ear to the admonitions of its better part, and to the counsels of God which sustaineth these. It affrights me while I write to think of it. Such is the light upon this difficult subject of the wicked soul's condition, till judgment, which I can derive from the simple consideration of her being separated from her former companion, and driven upon her spiritual resources of reflection and hope. But as this is

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an inquiry which concerns an important portion of human destiny, and decides the question of the soul's preparation for and acquiescence in the judgment, I count it worth the while to push this inquiry into the change brought about by death, as far as our faculties can go with clear discernment." (Pp. 292, 293, 294, &c.)

It would have been well for our Author's character and usefulness as a religious teacher, had he checked his inquiries at the point where "clear discernment" failed him. Unhappily he has pushed them far beyond the utmost stretch of the "human faculties;" and thus has brought discredit on himself, and, which is worse, on that cause which we really believe it is his main object to advance. We shall not follow him in his reveries; but that our readers may have some idea of what he is aiming at, in this long disquisition, we subjoin the conclusion of it in his own words.

"In short (for we wander without bounds in this sea of discourse) from all these considerations which have been mentioned, and many more, it seemeth to me that death hath no sooner planted his pale signet upon the cold brow of our body, than a first initiatory judgment hath us in its hold; a first paradise, or a first hell instantly ensueth. All the past comes floating down, and all the future comes bearing up; they near us, they possess us, and the soul is engirdled, as it were, in a ring of events touching her on every side, and communicating each one a stound of pain or a relish of joy." (P. 310.)

Again,

"During the long intervals, therefore, from the stroke of death, till the trump of God shall ring in death's astonished ear, the soul is, as it were, by the necessity of her existence, forced to engage herself with the work of self-examination and self-trial, according to the best standard which during life she knew. If she was enlightened upon the divine constitution, then, according to the rule thereof, she will examine herself, and soon ascertain whether she held it in reverence, and took the appointed measures to obey it, or whether she cast it behind her back or trod it under foot. If, again, she had no revelation of God, but had to depend on the light of nature alone, then she will try herself according to that light, and discover whether she made virtue or vice her delight, good or evil her God."

In fine, as far as we can discover our Author's meaning in this chapter, amidst the heap of words and figures with which it is overspread, it is this, that the soul at death is cast into some solitary place, where it dwells alone, and is set hard at work to discover whether it has been good or wicked, while united with the body, and thus to prepare itself for the sentence which the judge will pronounce upon it at the resurrection; during which process, it seems, it will work itself into intolerable torture, or unspeakable delight, according as its state may have been while in the body. Nay, this is not all, for from a hint thrown out, that in this state, "some perception of a Saviour may possibly be revealed to the virtuous of other communions," (*i. e.* we presume, to the heathen to whom a Saviour had not in this life been unfolded) a very important and arduous piece of work is reserved for the soul to engage in immediately after death, which will afford it abundant occupation till the judgment, if, even then, it shall be completed.



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All this is very absurd, and it is deeply to be deplored that a man of Mr. Irving's powers and good intentions, should preach and publish it. But it is infinitely worse that he should have the hardihood, after telling us, in the outset, that this is a discovery of his own, that it is a "casting of light upon a subject hitherto dark and untreated," to attempt at last to impose it as a thing taught and sanctioned by the Bible. Our readers will scarcely believe that Mr. Irving has found authority for all this preparative purgatorial process which the soul is to undergo after death, in "the parable of Lazarus and the rich man, the promise to the penitent thief on the cross, the entrancing of St. Paul, the visions of St. John, and the constant allusions in the New Testament to the judgment and coming of Christ, as immediately at hand."

The necessity of bringing this article to an immediate close, in consequence of the length to which it has run, prevents our noticing several other parts of the work to which we had intended to advert. We cannot conclude, however, without a word or two on Mr. Irving's style, which, in common with most of his readers, we consider as superlatively, and in many places, ridiculously, unnatural and affected. There is scarcely a single sentence in the volume simply and naturally expressed. He would do well, if he means to appear again as an author, to take the same pains to get rid of his style, which it must have cost him to acquire it. Frequently have we been ready to exclaim, as we toiled through his heavy sentences, what labour has been bestowed in fabricating this cumbrous and unnatural mass.

We had intended to animadvert on the self-sufficiency and arrogance which Mr. Irving betrays in too many parts of his work; and also on his attack on a certain class of the established clergy. But on the first of these subjects, we feel disposed, on further consideration, to exercise lenity. Considering the infirmity of human nature, it is not surprising, that our Author's success as a preacher should have the effect of making him forget himself. And, in this respect, we confidently look for amendment. On the other point it appears to us, on mature reflection, that the merits of the party attacked must be very questionable indeed, if that attack can injure them. Their religious sentiments and their character are before the public. The judicious part of that public will decide for themselves.

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FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

## LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TICKLER, ESQ. TO EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS.

### *To Thomas Campbell, Esq. Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.*

Dear Tom,—It is now about twenty years since you and I turned into Johnny Dowie's, to wash the dust out of our throats with a pint of Gile's ale, if I remember right, though perhaps it might have been with a crown bowl of punch. You were then a young man of high reputation

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—deservedly high, for you had published the Pleasures of Hope. Your fancied schemes of future life were brilliant; and no wonder. Scott had scarcely appeared in our literature; Byron was a boy at Harrow; Wordsworth a butt of derision to the shallow creatures who exercised the art critical in those days; Coleridge was dreaming as at present; Southey had not published his great poems, and was under a sort of cloud; Darwin was gradually getting voted a bore of the first magnitude; this Magazine was among the things uncreated—nay, I may say, unhoped for or unconceived; and, positively, you were alone, the rising star of our poetical world. We freely discussed your prospects. Though at that date Time had not thinned my flowing hair, as he has done since, and be hanged to him, nor bent me in his iron hand, as he has vainly attempted to do, still I was so much your senior as to entitle me to give advice even to a man of your surprising talents. Like St. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, the docter of laws, you listened to the voice of my instructions, while in social conversation we sluiced over our ivories the ever-to-be-honoured extract of Sir John Barley-corn. With a mild suavity, I pointed out a path of glory to you; and the beaming of your intelligent eye, and the heartfelt pressure which you occasionalty gave my hand, showed that you appreciated my intentions.

We have never met since. You went to London, and I fixed permanently in Southside. You dwelt in the throng and bustle of men, amid the intercourse of wits and sages, in the noise and tumult of civilization —I, in the silent hills, in the heart of the glories of nature, in the company of the simple and unrefined. But think not that I was an incurious spectator of your progress. I rejoiced in the estimation in which you were held. I shall never be ashamed of the national feeling which makes us Scotchmen proud of one another's success throughout the world, and ready to promote it. It is a higher feather in our cap than the grand name of "the nation of gentlemen," or "the modern Athens," or "the dwellers under the pillars of the Parthenon." You did not, indeed, do as much as I expected; but what you did was of the first order. I forgave the un-nationality of the spirit which directed your choice of such subjects for your elegant muse as "Gertrude of Wyoming," and the "Exile of Erin," because I knew you were a Whig, and compelled, *ex-officio*, to chant the praises of rebellion, successful or unsuccessful, "all over the world;" particularly when, as in the Irish case, it is marked with unmitigated ferocity of murder and conflagration. I forgave it, I say, for the sake of "the Mariners of England," "the Battle of the Baltic," and "Our Countrymen in Flanders." It would be absurd were I at this time of day to compliment you on "Lochiel," and "O'Connor's Child," when every body has them by heart. I own I did not like to see you at task-work for the booksellers; but I remembered that those who lived to please, should please to live. Above all, I did not approve of your new connexion with Colburn's Magazine. There is something nasty and plagiary in the very name; and, little as I value Sir Pythagoras,* I sympathized with his indignation against this

[* The nickname of Sir Richard Philips, who eats no meat. O. O.]

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robbery of his title. I was sorry, besides, to see you put yourself at the head of such capons as cackle for that periodical—making yourself Bashaw of a band of Balaamites, Commander-in-Chief of a Company of crestless Cockatoos. (There, by the by, is a fine specimen of apt alliteration's artful aid.) But that is your look-out, not mine; I hope you find your account in it.

It is concerning a passage in your Magazine for September that I am now addressing you. Let me again revert to the last evening I had the pleasure of meeting you at Johnny Dowie's. You may remember we had been sitting in one of the tiniest of the tiny cribs of that celebrated man, who is now gathered to his fathers, employed as I have already mentioned. Why do I dwell on such trifles? Simply because I never have thought of that evening without pleasure. On leaving the house, the morning-sun was illuminating the lofty tenements of the old town. "Good night," said I, "Thomas, or rather, good morning. God bless you through life, and make you an honour to the land of your birth. You are, I perceive, Thomas, a Whig—endeavour, notwithstanding, to be an honest man. Be, if possible a gentleman. I know that it is a hard task I am imposing; but do, Thomas, Whig as you are, try to be a gentleman throughout life." To do you justice, you have kept to my advice, and are, I am happy to say, a gentleman in all members absolute, "in entrails, heart, and head, liver and reins." On you Whiggery has not wrought all its usual effect. There are some constitutions which resist the most mortal poisons; and as I know that there have been bibbers of laudanum, and swallowers of corrosive sublimate, so I can admit that in some rare instances I have heard of Whigs being gentlemen, and am happy to say, for old acquaintance' sake, that you are one of that infinitisimally small body. If I did not think you were, I should not waste this pretty sheet of foolscap upon you.

Such a tribute, however, I cannot pay to your employers. Some of them are merely asses; but others have not even that excuse. Let me ask you, Mr. Thomes Campbell, why you permit Mr. William Hazlitt, the modern Pygmalion, to fill your pages with gross, scurrilous, and low-lived abuse of people, whom such a man should not be permitted to name. Jeffrey, we all know, he called "the Prince of Critics, and the King of Men;" and Agamemnon the Second was so tickled by the compliment, so bamboozled by the blarney, that, without further inquiry, he let him loose in the Edinburgh Review, in an article which, I flatter myself, I utterly demolished in my last letter to North.* But I do not remember that you have been daubed over by the dirty butter of his applause, so that you cannot make even that miserable apology. Were I speaking merely as a Magaziner, as a friend to my dear friend Christopher, I should rejoice in your infatuation, in the injury inflicted on a rival establishment; but both Kit and I are above that feeling. You may be sure it would please us more to hear of what would redound to your honour and advantage, than what could lower you, or any thing with which you

* [Christopher North, the nominal editor of Blackwood's Magazine. O. O.]

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have thought proper to connect yourself, in the estimation of the public. That Hazlitt's being even suspected of writing in your pay must do this, is too clear, too axiomatic, for me to say a word on the subject. But that you should hire him to vent personal abuse on men of genius, is going too far; and, as a friend, I must shortly expostulate with you on the subject.

You have, no doubt, heard people sometimes complain of what it pleases them to call the scurrilities of Kit's Magazine. You have seen Jeffrey, afraid to say it, keep hinting at the accusation. You have read the lamentations of this very Hazlitt about it; and if you take up the Liberal, which of course you do professionally, you will hear the vermin yelping to the same tune. Now, all the fraternity know that they are lying. We might be as scurrilous as a Billingsgate basket-woman, or as "legal Brougham, the moral chimney-sweeper," (as Byron calls him,) had we been Whigs, without exciting reprehension, or, had we been *stupid* Tories, without being clamoured against. But Tories we are, and, still worse, clever Tories; and, worst of all, Tories employed in demolishing Whiggery. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence the squeaking of the base creatures crouching under us. Any lie that could tend to annoy us, was a fair weapon; and the best they could think of, was this charge of personal scurrility. We beg leave to deny it; but suppose it for a moment true, will you, Mr. Thomas, have the goodness to find any thing in our pages which can, in personality, compare with this character of Mr. Fuseli, which *you* have printed, Mr. Thomas, and which *you* have paid for. The vermin who wrote it, has, it appears, suffered some slight from that great man, and accordingly we are told, that

"His (Fuseli's) ideas are gnarled, hard, and distorted like—HIS FEATURES; his theories, stalking and straddle-legged like—HIS GAIT; his projects, aspiring and gigantic like—HIS GESTURES; his performance, uncouth and dwarfish like—HIS PERSON. His pictures are also *like himself*, WITH EYE BALLS OF STONE STUCK IN RIMS OF TIN, AND MUSCLES TWISTED TOGETHER LIKE ROPES OR WIRES."—*New Monthly Magazine*, No. XXXIII. p. 214.

Yes, Mr. Campbell, that is the language *you* have used towards Mr. Fuseli. I say *you* have used, for the fellow who wrote it is below even contempt. Fuseli would be degraded if he horse-whipped *him;* he might order his footman to kick him, perhaps, but he would in that case owe an apology to the flunky for employing him in such dirty work. I say it is to you he is to look for redress for this brutal attack, which is about the vilest thing I have seen for a long time, even among the vilenesses of Whiggery. What, sir! do you think, that because Mr. Fuseli is a great painter, you are to take indecent liberties with his person? Do you think yourself entitled to abuse the outward configuration given him by his Creator, which neither you nor he could alter? Do you think it just and gentlemanlike criticism on his works to fling ribald jests on his *features*, his *gait*, his *gestures*, his *person*, his *eye-balls*, and his *muscles*? If you do, Mr. Campbell, you are sadly altered for the worse.

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Misery, they say, brings a man in contact with strange bed-fellows; so, it would appear, does editing. Had any man, three years ago, told me, that Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," of "Gertrude," of "O'Connor's Child," of the "Mariners of England," would be guilty of such filth, I am pretty sure the answer would be to pull him by the nose. What the motive of the fellow, whose pen traced the words, was, I, of course, cannot tell—perhaps Fuseli discharged him from the situation of colour-grinder, a post to which he might aspire through vanity; but, that you, Mr. Campbell, should, in cold blood, have sent such a piece of offal to the press, does both astonish and grieve me. I hope we shall have an ample apology to Fuseli in your next number; if we have not, I shall only conclude, that he despises the quarter from which the attack has come—and just think of that! Fuseli the painter, despising Campbell the poet!

You may, perhaps, remember what an outcry was raised here, in Edinburgh, I mean, against Hogg's incomparable *jeu-d'esprit*, the Chaldee MS. Even yet the things about the Scotsman keep carping at it. There was some cant mixed up with the cry, such as "insult offered to scriptural language," "parody on Ezekiel," &c.; but that, you know, was not the *real* ground of offence. It was complained that it was personal, and reflected on bodily defect or misfortune. A long time after it was published, this complaint was renewed with all the bitterness of envious hate, by an infatuated editor of a Magazine, in that brutal series of attacks on us which produced such lamentable results.

Now, if a verse or two of this Manuscript did transgress in this sort, much may be said in its excuse, for the people who gathered about Constable's periodical, were so utterly obscure, poor gazetteers, and other such third-rate Grub-street folk, that there was no way of describing them without alluding to their appearance. They had *done* nothing by which they could be known—they were merely good-for-nothing hacks, who had banded themselves together to put down, in obedience to their employers' tradesmen-like views, a rival magazine. How then could Hogg avoid describing their persons, if he thought fit to mention them at all? The Chaldee was, moreover, meant for any thing rather than for malignity, and, as the Shepherd says in his Life, all that was looked for was "a retort courteous" or uncourteous, of the same kind. It was, in fact, a mere local joke; and if it be read or relished beyond Newington or Stockbridge, it is only on account of its internal humour and merit, just as we now read, with all the freshness of the original fun—Dean Swift's papers on Partridge, Curl, Norris, and fifty others, of whom we know little, and care less. But take the very worst verses of it, and compare them with this attack on the person of a man of fervid and original genius, a foreigner too, who has domiciled among us, and you will be ashamed of yourself if you ever condescended to join in the clamour of your Whig associates against the *scurrilities* of this Magazine.

We were also most roundly rated because Z. or Ochlenschlaeger, or some other of our friends, cracked a joke on this scribe of yours, Hazlitt, for being "pimpled." None of us knows any thing of his person-

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al appearance—how could we?—But what designation could be more apt to mark the scurvy, verrucose, uneven, fully-heated, disordered, and repulsive style of the man? He interpreted us *au pied du lettre*, and took much pains to convict us of slander. For any thing I know to the contrary, he got a horse-collar, and took his stand at Smithfield, to grin through it, and exclaim to the drovers, "O ye judges of sound flesh! bear witness that I am unpimpled, and Blackwood's Magazine is a scurrilous publication." He certainly did things almost as absurd. But suppose it was meant in its most offensive signification, will you accuse us of personality, and then permit your own pages to be the vehicles of abuse against a man so infinitely the superior of the vermin we worried—to call him distorted in feature, straddle-legged in gait, gigantic in gesture, dwarfish in person, hideous in eyeballs, and furnished with rope-twisted muscles? For shame, Thomas, for shame! If you do, whether you have won gold by your connexion with Henry Colburn or not, it will be evident you have improved in brass.

I am, Dear Tom,
Yours, however, for auld langsyne,
TIMOTHY TICKLER.

*Southside, Sept.* 9. 1823.

## THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

A FAERY TALE.

I've heard it said that flowers have music in them,
With which they lull the truant bee to sleep,
And so preserve their sweets. *Anon.*

THE Day had closed his languid eyes,
And Evening sent her lucid star
To herald through the silent skies
The coming of her roseate car.
The winds were resting in their caves,
The birds reposed on every tree;
And sea-fowl on the glassy waves
Were slumbering in security:
And golden hues o'erspread the rills,
And tinged the valley's robe of green;
While, far above the giant hills,
The moon sat gazing o'er the scene.
And Night, that ever-changeful maid,
Seem'd lingering in her own dark bower,
With all her storms, as if afraid
To mar the beauty of that hour;—
When Florestine roam'd sadly on,
And thought of one, with speechless pain,
Who to the distant wars had gone,
And never might return again.

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She thought of him, and, in a vale,
Where Nature in her beauty smiled,
The maid reclined—serene, but pale
As Sorrow's gentlest, saddest child.
She turn'd her eyes, with mourning dim,
Towards the moon that shone above,
As if her light could tell of him
For whom she felt both grief and love.
Then bending to the earth her gaze,
And weeping o'er her hapless lot,
She saw, illumed by Evening's rays,
A simple, sweet "Forget-me-not."
At other times—in other mood—
The little flower perhaps were slighted,
But in the dreary solitude
Of parted love, and pleasures blighted,
Her mind on that alone could muse—
Her eye on that alone could rest.—
Was it that pearl'd and shining dews
Lay glittering on its azure breast?
Was it that other flowers, adorn'd
With hues the brightest heaven could print,
Rose proudly round, as if they scorn'd
Its faint and unobtrusive tint?
Or was't the *name* that so enthrall'd,
And bound her, as with magic spell;
And, without voice or language, call'd
The hermit, Thought, from Memory's cell?

"Poor flower? (she said) that liv'st apart,
And shrink'st before the noon-day sun,
No tongue could whisper to my heart
More feelingly than thou hast done.
For though, to share thy humble state,
No flower, akin to thee, appears,
Thou droop'st not o'er thy lonely fate,
But smilest through twilight's crystal tears.
Oh! thou, in hours of grief and care,
My voiceless monitor shalt be,
And I will shun the fiend, Despair,
And resignation learn—from thee."

She sigh'd no more—and ceased to weep—
And bow'd her head in meekness lowly:
The floweret seem'd to wake from sleep,
And ope its little blue eyes slowly.
The leaves expanded, and a sound
Came breathing from them, like a sigh
That mingles with the air around,
And as it mingles seems to die.

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And these the accents that were heard
To issue from that azure cave,
In tones as sweet as ever bird
Gave to the woods or listening wave.

.....

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me,
In thy gloom of heart and thy misery;
And never yet, or in spring-time's bloom,
Or summer-months laden with rich perfume,
Or Autumn's sun-shine, or Winter's rain.
Did the wretched-one hasten to me in vain.

"I am the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell:
But when brother spirits to me resort,
In the roomy tulip I hold my court:
And when bells of the lily ring loud in the air,
The sylphs from each floweret are revelling there.

"Thou hast come to me—thou hast come to me—
In thy gloom of heart and thy misery:
And thou shalt find that the dews I meet,
In my world of flowers, are choice and sweet
As bee ever rifled, or summer-winds stole
From the violet's cup or the rose's bowl

"Linger here 'till the eve has faded,
And the sky's dark hair with stars is braided:
Linger here 'till the night is o'er thee,
And the hills and the valleys lie dark before thee;
And when three bright stars shall fall from above,
Turn to the west and thou'l't see thy love.

"Thou wilt hear a voice through the stillness creeping,
Thou wilt mark an eye through the green leaves peeping;
By a gentle step shall the earth be press'd,
And thy head shall lie on thy Reginald's breast:
Then thou'lt think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell.

"Maiden, farewell!—Maiden, farewell!
Think of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell."

.....

The voice's gentle murmur pass'd,
The floweret's leaves in silence closed,
And Night and all her stars at last
In the blue fields of heaven reposed.



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The maiden watch'd till midnight came,
Still gazing on the spangled sky,
And saw three brilliant stars of flame
Shoot from their radiant spheres on high.

She heard a voice through the stillness creeping,
She mark'd an eye through the green leaves peeping,
The earth by a gentle step was press'd,
Her head reclined on her Reginald's breast:
And she thought of the spirit that loves to dwell
Within the "Forget-me-not's" fairy cell. V. D.

## JANE OGILVIE—AN IRISH TALE.

———"She was not made,
Through years or moons, the inner weight to bear
Which colder hearts endure, till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful;—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny."——

TOWARDS the close of a fine day, in the Spring of 1797, a stranger, mounted upon a stout hack, or road-horse, entered a well-sized village in the North of Ireland. He was a middle-aged, and a middle-sized man, dressed not better than, but somewhat differently from, a respectable farmer. His low-crowned and broad-brimmed hat denoted an appearance somewhat clerical, which was not, however, well-supported by the formidable display of two large horse-pistols stuck in a pair of old-fashioned holsters, which rose nearly two feet above his saddle-bow. His great coat, too, was not of frieze, or drab, but dark brown cloth, and as he wore it unbuttoned, a blue spencer—a favourite garment of itinerant preachers,—was visible, covering the upper part of his black coat. His "Church militant" appearance was not at that time extraordinary. The extreme zeal of the Methodist,—or, as they are vulgarly called in Ireland, the "*swaddling*" Preachers, frequently induced them to travel for miles in a country, remote from friends even in faith; not content with which, they would sometimes erect a cask, or table, and harangue an audience not containing a single Protestant. Thus they were often placed in situations of great personal jeopardy, and the sturdier portion were accustomed to carry fire-arms, of whose actual use, however, whether properly or improperly, I do not recollect an instance. He rode on, scrutinized with no friendly eyes by the inhabitants, to the Inn; or, to speak more truly, the *sheebeen-house*, where his appearance caused no slight disturbance. The *Potyeen*-cask was removed to the potato-garden, ready to be buried if necessary, while the bottle of "*Parliament*," with its accompaniments, was ostentatiously exhibited on the dresser. His first address, however, "Peace be unto this dwelling! can I have some refreshment for myself and horse?" set at rest all fears of the Exciseman. A ragged boy took

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down a sieve, which hung from one of the wooden pins of the rafters, and half filling it with oats from a sack which stood in one of the corners, opened the back-door, always placed for this purpose exactly opposite the front one, and busily commenced the operation of separating the chaff from the corn. When he had sufficiently effected this, he threw it into an old tub, which was stationary at the door, took off the horse's bridle, and returned to his seat in the chimney-corner. In the mean-time oat-cakes, milk, butter, and eggs, flanked by the whiskey-bottle, were set before the stranger, by a well-looking girl, whose clean and neat appearance, and courteous manners, ill-accorded with the situation in which she was met, or the persons by whom she was surrounded. Beside the boy before mentioned, there were also two men lounging on some corn-sacks; and an old decrepit woman seated on a stool at the fire. "This, I believe, my friends" said the stranger, endeavouring to remove the restraint which evidently existed; "is likely to be a favourable season to the husbandman. The fruits of the earth, which the lord sends to his people to satisfy their worldly wants, have been given with a lavish hand, and are likely to ripen to a plentiful maturity."—"Yes, for those that have them we have none,—neither fruits nor land," said one of the men. "You forget, Lawrence, the half-rood of *Conacre*,* and the *praties* we set in it last month. They'll be a fine crop yet;" said the other. This was accompanied by a satirical smile, and was answered by an Irish oath, consigning Conacres, and their proprietors, to that place which, on poetical authority, we are unwilling to mention to "ears polite." The stranger found he had stumbled on a subject not likely to promote much harmony of opinion, and changed it by asking the nearest way to the village of L——. Both men started up at once; and the eldest, after a moment's pause, accosted him. "May I make bold to ask the nature of your calling, and your business?"—"Yes, Friend, willingly, I am one of those who endeavour to work out their task in life not entirely in earthly vanity. Who would raise up a burning light amid the spiritual darkness of man, and, by sowing the seeds of the Gospel in the hearts of the wicked, strive to bring to man salvation, and to God glory. I am an humble preacher of the Gospel of the Lord."—"We want no preachers at L—— then, and, if you take my advice, you'll keep out of the mountains at present."—"Although, in prosecution of the duty to which my Master hath enjoined me, I know not worldly fear, yet is my zeal tempered with discretion. My mission, at present, is not a spiritual one. I have private business with one residing in the village; and if, as I may collect from your speech, you reside there, do me the friendly office of putting me into the shortest and safest road."—"I am going to L—— myself to-night, but I go across the bog and mountain. The road is ten

* Next to Tithes, Conacres are the most fruitful sources of litigation in Ireland. By this word is meant a portion of ground "*in heart*" let out for the purpose of planting potatoes. Twenty or thirty persons, perhaps, divide an acre between them, for which they pay an enormous price; and before they are allowed to dig the crop, they are obliged to give promissory notes, which are rarely, indeed, paid without a "*process*."

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miles round, and at last you must turn off it, and travel two miles of as bad ground as any in the parish, before you get to the village. If you'll come our way it is not half the distance"—"Is the path safe for my horse?"—"It is, with any body who knows it."—"Then I will take advantage of thy company and protection."—"Perhaps, sir," said the girl who had attended him, advancing, "you would rather rest to-night, and seek the mountain with the morning's light. We have no accommodation here, but I can get you a comfortable bed at a neighbour's. The night will be dark, the way is bad, and these are far from quiet times on the mountains."—"I thank thee. The words of kindness sound still better from the lips of an innocent maiden, but I must on to my journey's end to-night.—Had we not better depart?" said he, addressing the men; to which the reply was, "we are ready, sir."

The stranger then proceeded to mount his horse, and with one of the men on each side, passed on through the village. When they had left it about half a mile behind, they turned into a species of path, extending through a large bog, which, by the faint light that remained, appeared to be several miles in length. The track which they were on, was marked by a succession of large stones and flags, placed like stepping-stones, with the interstices filled up with furze bushes and loose gravel. On such a road they were obliged to proceed but slowly; and when both men suddenly seized the bridle of his horse, he thought it was to assist him through some more dangerous part. He was, however, very quickly undeceived. "We go no farther," said the eldest, "before we know what brings you to L—— to night. What is your business, and with whom? We want no spies there; and if you are one, you had better have blown your brains out, and died quietly, than come to intermeddle with us."—"I come not as a spy, but a friend. '*The faith of the Cross must prosper. The hills shall be higher than the valleys, when the Eagle finds his nest again*!' "* In a moment hands were grappled, the signs and marks of brotherhood were interchanged, and the Preacher was metamorphosed into a staunch and sturdy rebel. It had now become completely dark. A few faint stars alone were visible, yet they trod their dangerous path with as much confidence and celerity as in the broad day-light. The Stranger, or, as he now avowed himself, Manus Boyle, the illegitimate son of a man of high rank, and the most active and useful of the travelling agents of sedition, asked many questions respecting the zeal and forwardness in preparation of the insurgents of the surrounding mountains; the answers to which were by no means calculated to please him. He was a determined, and intelligent, but also a prudent man. He had devoted all his energies to the cause. He had "set his life upon a cast," and, like Gloucester, was willing to "stand the hazard of the die!" but he was also willing to use every means to ensure success. Here, as into every other part of the kingdom in which he had travelled, he was mortified to find

* This prophecy was peculiar to the north, and arose from the singular separation of the country between the Presbyterians, or Scots' settlers, and the Catholics, or native Irish. The former possessing the valleys, and the latter the mountains, almost exclusively.

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that courage, and hatred of the Loyalists, were the traitors' only revolutionary qualifications; and, even then, he plainly perceived that while national separation, and an independent government, were the objects of the few leading men who had planned the insurrection, the great body of the people had views only extending to relief from the pressure of rent and tithes, or to an unrestrained privilege to murder, rob, and plunder. "Is young Fitzgerald at home?" said he after a pause. "I think he's at the Hall."—"With Colonel Ogilvie?"—"No, with the Colonel's daughter; I met them riding together to-day. He spends most of his time there now; and some among us think he might spend it better. There's no trusting mixed blood after all!" There's no trusting a man when he has got a girl in his head, thought Boyle, as he rode on in silence. They had now passed the bog, and entered a narrow lane, climbing in various directions along the base and sides of an extended chain of hills. This led the travellers through many straggling villages, whose silence gave them the appearance of almost complete desertion. As they approached the one they sought, which was situated on the highest of the range, they entered a broad level valley, where, by the light of several large fires of turf and wood, they perceived the collected inhabitants of the country for ten or twelve miles round. The men arranged in detached parties, learning military movements from the few among them who had spent part of their lives in the army; and the women and children in groups around the fires, singing the rebellious ballads, or reading and repeating the prophecies, which were at that time largely distributed through the country, by persons who were hired to assume the appearance of pedlars. As they passed on, a young man mounted on a spirited hunter galloped towards them, "That's young Fitzgerald himself!" said the man who had been spokesman during their journey. "Well met, sir," said the stranger, as they approached. He paused for a moment, "Is it you, Manus? you are welcome to the mountains:—but I can perceive you have got news for me."—"Yes, but not to be told here."—"We'll go to the Lodge immediately;—wait for an instant, I have but to finish a bargain for some pikes, and will be with you in a moment." He galloped off as he spoke, and as Manus thought of his ardent and generous spirit, a degree of compunction arose for the share which he had in initiating him into the desperate designs of desperate men; but as the idea became oppressive he threw it off. "The blame is not mine," said he, "I did but as I was ordered by greater and wiser men."

Young Fitzgerald soon returned, and passing to the other side of the valley they entered an avenue which led directly to the Lodge at the foot of the mountain. As they passed along, the moon arose; but with no placid beam, her pallid hue and undefined edge mingling with the iris-coloured circle which surrounded her, were seen by the Mountain-Shepherd with fear. Dark, and abruptly edged clouds floated along the horizon, and the wind, as if arising among the thistles and heath of the mountain, at intervals rushed down it's side, and spent its force across the valley. Half an hour brought them to the Lodge, and as soon as

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the servant, who came with refreshments, had departed, Fitzgerald bolted the door. "I can wait no longer, Manus; what is the news?"—"You must go to France. There are your credentials, and here is a letter from the General."—"What should I do in France? I have neither taste nor talent for intrigue, and he knows it. I will not go!" said he, as he broke the seal of the letter, but his determination was broken ere he had finished its perusal. The delicate flattery of his great and talented relation; the importance of the mission with which he found himself entrusted; and, above all, a half-formed idea that it would be a good opportunity to ask Jane Ogilvie to share his journey, influenced an immediate change in his resolution. His companion then related all the late proceedings of the disaffected, both in Ireland and on the Continent; and in arguing the propriety of some plans, and the possibility of others, the night passed rapidly away. In the mean time the storm had risen in all its fury. The long, loud howling of the winds pent in the narrow valleys, mingled with the thunder, reverberating from hill to hill, at intervals deepened the roar of the blast; while the lightning, now shooting in long arrowy gushes, and again blazing in sheeted flame athwart the firmament, scarcely surpassed the brilliancy of the glimpses of moonlight, momentarily escaping from the riven masses of black clouds which deepened all around. As Fitzgerald was employed watching the effects of the storm, he was startled by a loud knocking at the Hall-door. It was in a moment repeated. His domestics had retired to rest, and followed by Manus he proceeded to open it himself. As soon as he did so, two men rushed in, whom he immediately knew to be domestics of his neighbour, Colonel Ogilvie. "What's the matter, James?" said he hurriedly. "My master's killed, and the house robbed, and I suppose burned, by this time, sir. The Rebels have come down upon us at last."—"And Miss Ogilvie!—where is Miss Ogilvie?" The men looked at each other, as if ashamed of having deserted her. "Ruffians!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, almost maddened by passion, "tell me what has become of her or——?"—"Indeed we know not, sir. When we saw our master fall, we thought all was over, and ran hither immediately."—"Manus will you accompany us?" said Fitzgerald, as he hastened towards the stable. "Certainly, go in for pistols, while I saddle the horses." In a few minutes they were on their way to the Hall, which lay still lower down the valley, towards the neighbouring post-town. The carriage way was three miles round; but a narrow path ran through Fitzgerald's ground into the Colonel's, and was not more than half the distance: a shallow mountain stream only dividing the two estates. This, which in general was hardly deep enough to wet the horses' knees, now presented a very different appearance; and the banks, on each side, for some distance, were evidently overflowed; while the impetuous waters still came down with the violence of a torrent. "Is there no bridge?" said Manus, as they approached. "None, until you come to the road-bridge, ride along the bank and you will find it."—"Come on then!" But as he turned his horse, he heard a plunge into the water; and on looking round, in a few minutes perceived Fitzgerald emerging through spray and foam on the

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opposite side. He shook himself, waved his hand, and galloped off in the direction of the Hall. In a few minutes he approached it sufficiently close to be certain that it had not been set on fire. At the farm-yard he dismounted, and sought the front entrance; where he too soon perceived the devastation which had been committed. Tables, couches, and pier-glasses, were mingled with young evergreens, which had been cut and used as the readiest implements of destruction. The court-yard-gate had been torn down, and in the court itself, every article of use or ornament which the house contained was indiscriminately scattered. He rushed hastily to the door, but there was no one left to resist him. In the Hall he called aloud, but echo alone returned an answer. He searched every room in the house, as well as the wavering gleams of lightning and moonlight would permit him, but it appeared deserted. He returned to the Hall, and was about again to renew his search, when he heard a gentle breathing near him, and as a more vivid flash illuminated the court-yard, he saw Jane Ogilvie seated on one side of the lowest step leading to the door. She held her dead father in her arms; his head lay upon her breast; and the blood from his wounds had streamed over her to the ground. Of this, as of every thing else, she appeared unconscious. Her whole attention and strength seemed directed to support her Parent; and it was indeed a dreadful sight. Life gone from one, and reason from the other; and the same blood which crimsoned the grey hairs of the venerable old man, staining also the soft cheek of youth and beauty. It was a strange sight too; amid the roar of the elements, and the wreck of her Father's mansion, to see her unconscious of wind, or storm, or desolation, to mark how a thing so young and fragile shrank not from the fierce contention of the elements. The rain, which now began to fall in sudden gusts, almost bent her to the earth, but with one hand she wrung it from her long black hair, as composedly as if seated in her dressing-room. Yet did not her face entirely lose its intellectual character. Her beauty was of that description which we are accustomed to call high and commanding; and raven hair and eyes, and a singularly large and fair forehead, gave an expression of something like intrepidity to a face, whose other features were formed in the softest mould of feminine gracefulness; and even now, its expression, although vacant, was not imbecile. Fitzgerald approached her unknown, almost unperceived. He attempted to take the body from her. At first she only resisted him gently, trying with her thin weak fingers to undo his grasp. But as she found him succeeding in getting possession of the corpse, she clung to it with violence; and when by a sudden effort he disengaged it from her embrace, she struggled violently in his arms. Her self-possession seemed partially restored: she knew Fitzgerald, and the objects around her, and shrieking, called wildly on her Father. "I know he is dead!" said she, "I saw them murder him! but I would not lose him yet." Mares and the servants had by this time arrived at the house; and a chaise was procured from the neighbouring town, in which Miss Ogilvie was conveyed to the Lodge. The Hall was taken possession of by the military;

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Magistrates were summoned in all directions; and immediately commenced their examination into a transaction which affected each personally; for neither knew whose turn would come next. But notwithstanding the utmost diligence was used, there were few of the real facts discovered. The two male servants, who slept in the house, knew little, Alarmed by the noise they had run down into the hall; had seen a man thrust his pike through their master's breast; and several immediately afterwards discharged their pieces into his body: all whom escaped. The female servants were confined and guarded in one of the rooms until all was over, therefore knew nothing; and a mechanic of the town, who journeying home saw several hundred persons pass him in a species of military array, completed the sum of information. That it was the work of persons influenced by the rebellious feeling, which was known to be abroad, they believed, but the numbers who participated in the deed rendered the discovery of the actual perpetrators almost impossible; and to proceed without some positive intelligence, would have been worse than absurd.

"This were enough to make a man cross the water and sit down for life among the Yankees, if he thought only of himself," said Manus Boyle, the following morning to Fitzgerald, "the last curse of slavery is on us! We have not only lost our liberties; but we do not deserve to regain them. Do you think this was determined on suddenly after we left them last night?"—"No, I observed a man extremely active, whose brother the Colonel arrested at a fair, some time since, and——. But you perceive I cannot now proceed on this journey, even my personal safety requires me to remain. I have sent for a maiden Aunt of Miss Ogilvie's who lives near us, and who will probably remain with her here, and of the future we will speak hereafter."—"Farewell then, but get rid of the girl as soon as possible,—I proceed for Dublin!"

Jane Ogilvie had recovered from the temporary delirium of the night. The native strength of her mind was restored, yet was her grief excessive. Her Father had been most indulgent; she was an only child; the child of his old age; his last stake in existence, and the sole means of perpetuating his blood and his name. He was a man too worthy of being regretted by a stranger. He possessed all the useful virtues of humanity;—above all, a native cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit, which made him apparently as young at seventy as fifty. She had never seen him young, and never marked any change. She had grown up in the exercise of those feminine attentions, which the age of a Father requires, almost without a perceptibility of their cause, and the approach of his decease had been as little thought of as her own. The mode of his death too was dreadful. Midnight murder is what all shrink even from the mention of. She had seen it all too, no wonder she grieved, yet she was calm and composed. On one subject alone she was obstinate. On the following night the body was to be placed in the coffin, before which she determined to see it once again. All arguments and entreaties were useless. "I do not wish to trouble my friends," said she, "neither do I

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wish to give them reason to accuse me of affectation; but our last parting was sudden, and I must see him again. I would cut off a lock of his hair myself, and kiss his lips once more, although they are cold. Do not fear any clamorous grief. In the first moment of despair and agony, I shrieked and prayed. I prayed to God to save him, as the pike was forced through his body; and I can now pray that his murderer may be pardoned! I will not even shed a tear if I can help it, but I *must* see him again."

On the following evening, accompanied by her Aunt, she proceeded to the Hall; and as the carriage entered the court-yard surrounded by a crowd of tenants and neighbours, a sealed paper directed "To miss Ogilvie," was thrown in at one of the windows. She immediately took it up, but before she could peruse it, the door opened, and Fitzgerald came to assist her to alight. She still retained it in her hand: and walking steadily through the Hall, paused not until she came to her Father's door. "Is there no one within?" said she to Fitzgerald, who had followed her. He answered in the negative, and she entered. The door had scarcely closed on her, when she shrank back, "Can this be my Father's room?" exclaimed she, as she glanced round the apartment. It had suffered principally on the night of the murder. Every article of furniture had been destroyed; even the walls were partially torn down. A half-broken rack over the fire-place drew her attention. It was accustomed to contain his fire-arms, of whose number and beauty the old man was particularly proud,—it was now empty. "Let them go," said she, "they were useless when they were most wanted; and the hand that might have grasped them, and the heart that might have impelled that hand, are now equally powerless." She approached the bed upon which the body lay, steadily drew back the curtains, and pulled towards it a small table upon which the candles were placed. There was nothing in the face to shock her; all the expression there, was mild and placid. You might tell death had been there, but he had wrought no violent change. He had "set his seal," but not effaced the likeness. She viewed it fixedly and intently; as if one long look was her only object. She neither wept, nor trembled, but agony was in her soul; and long after she had sunk powerless on the bed, her eyes continued fixed upon her Father's corse. "I must be more firm," she exclaimed, as she stooped to select a lock from the hair which hung over his forehead. The touch shocked her. The icy thrill of death seemed circling through her own frame. The earth appeared to open, the grave to yawn for her! She pressed her hands before her eyes, and fell senseless on the floor! But this state of exhaustion did not long continue. Tears speedily forced their way and relieved her. Then by a strong exertion she obtained the lock; kissed her father's lifeless lips, and was about to leave the room, when the paper which had been thrown into the carriage attracted her attention. She opened it, and with much difficulty perused the following almost illegible letter:—



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"miss Ogilvie;—you Think Young fitzgerald yr. Friend, but there are them That knows better. He is the leader of the men that kilt your Father,—he Was not There himself; but he is their captain, and I saw him myself at the Meeting of the white boys The same night. They say you Are to marry him and it is but rite he shude have the Land he sold His soul For. but if you have The nature of a child in you he won't, Dont be doubting this, Because i cant cum to prove it to his face. The whole country wud be up In a day, and all The satisfaction wud be to be murdered ourselves. so no more At present from a friend."

"It is false!" said she aloud, as if to convince herself, but the words had scarcely left her lips, when she recollected some late conversations, whose tenor was calculated to prove at least one part of the awful charge. "I will be convinced," cried she, "and this moment: here in the chamber of death, in the presence of his victim, will I confront him; and if he be guilty, may God forgive him, for he has killed me too!" There was a wild velocity in her movements as she proceeded to the door; and when she had reached it, she again suddenly rushed back to the bed. The sheets had been folded round the neck of the body; she hastily pulled them down and uncovered the gaping wound in his chest. She then opened the door. A number of persons were standing outside, but she singled out Fitzgerald. "I wish to speak with you alone," said she, as she motioned him to enter. She then grasped him firmly by the arm, and led him to the bed-side, silently pointing to the wound, from which he turned away his eyes in horror. "Look at it," said she,—"look at it firmly, as I do, and yet I was his daughter!" As she spoke, her eyes flashed fire; she drew herself up to more than her usual height; and there was an energetic sternness in her manner, which at once awed and alarmed him. "Sorrow and fear have disturbed you, Jane; let me lead you from this dreadful scene, and you will be better."—"You are right, sorrow and fear *have* disturbed, almost distracted me, not for *him*, but for *you*. I thought to see guilt, or innocence, in the slightest movement of your face, but my eyes fail, and I cannot now even look at you. Read that, and tell me is it true or false? say but one word,—yet how can I know *that* word to be the truth." "It is false? false as the villain who wrote it is to his oath and his country."—"Is *all* false then?" said she while an expression of joy and triumph brightened on her face.—"All that would implicate me in your Father's death!"—"Fitzgerald!" returned she wildly, "speak the word at once. Are you a rebel? A leader of murderers? Were you at the meeting last night?"—"On these subjects, Jane, I must not speak truth:—I will not speak falshood."—"Then my Father's murder shall be avenged,—yet no!—you shall not die by *me*. We should not murder those we have loved. But touch me not, come not near me," shrieked she, as he approached to support her as she fell. Her friends who were outside now hastily entered. Miss Ogilvie was carried to another room; yet it was long ere she manifested any sign of sensation. When recovered she spoke little, except to ex-

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press her determination to remain at the Hall. Remonstrance was useless, and apartments were quickly prepared for her. Fitzgerald retired amid the confusion; and the following morning left the Lodge for Dublin, on his way to France.

A month passed away, and the friends of Miss Ogilvie became seriously alarmed. She never complained of illness, but her frame was daily becoming weaker. There had never been much colour on her cheeks, but the hue of health was now exchanged for that transparent glassy paleness, so characteristic of premature decay. Change of scene was recommended, and she tacitly acquiesced in a proposal for a removal to Dublin. There the dying, heart-sick girl was dragged about to every spectacle, and scene of amusement it contained; and the flushing hectic of midnight dissipation was mistaken for the returning glow of health. One evening at the Theatre she frequently found herself steadily and anxiously gazed at by a female in the upper boxes; whom, her dress and the part of the house she occupied, denoted to be the child of sin and of misfortune. In spite of repeated resolutions, she often looked up involuntarily, and still perceived the same piercing eyes scrutinizing her, but with an expression of compassion; and in descending the stairs she found herself getting weak, and requested the gentleman who accompanied her to get a glass of water. "Go on with her to the hall, and I will bring it to you," said a voice near her. She turned quickly round, and perceived that it came from the same individual. On arriving in the saloon she fainted; and the first object which met her eyes on her recovery was the same female still intently gazing at her. When observed, however, she quickly left the hall; and Miss Ogilvie proceeded home. On the following morning she received a letter, which immediately upon breaking the seal she recognized to be in the same hand-writing as that of the paper so mysteriously conveyed to her on the fatal evening, when she had last seen Fitzgerald. This latter she had preserved in spite of the many reasons which influenced her to destroy it, and she now rapidly compared them. They were in all things alike, except that the style of the present one was less illiterate. After many and repeated attempts she succeeded in perusing it, and at the close sank upon her knees, and thanked God aloud that the man she loved was not the murderer of her Father.

The letter chiefly bore that its writer, Mary Morris, was the daughter of a gentleman's gardener, who resided near Dublin; where her beauty had attracted the notice of Fitzgerald, when on a visit to her father's master, seduced by his promises never to wed another, she had consented to live with him, and was the mother of two children: the removal of which, and his subsequent addresses to Miss Ogilvie, had urged her to this revenge. The letter then concluded:—"In the bitterness of despair I swore to destroy his happiness as he had ruined mine. It was not long before I had an opportunity of keeping my oath, and I did keep it. He often sent persons to offer me money, but I refused it. I left the country and came to Dublin, and you have seen how I live now. I have

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no more to say but to ask you to kneel down and say one prayer for my poor children. You are innocent and so are they. As for me I do not ask forgiveness,—I dare not ask it of a merciful God, and I cannot expect it from you."

Whatever might have been its effect upon the mind of Miss Ogilvie, this letter did not in any degree seem to retard her rapid approach to "that bourne from which no traveller returns." She employed a benevolent clergyman to discover the wretched woman who wrote it, and offer her the means of competence in retirement. She was easily found, but for a long time refused all solicitation; and it was singular that, while she acknowledged the wretchedness of her present state, she appeared resolved to continue in it. At length a violent fever created a complete change in her mind; she became penitent in earnest, and gratefully accepted of the proposed arrangement. In a short time her friends placed Jane Ogilvie by the side of her father. Her spirit passed away almost imperceptibly. There was no struggle, and apparently no regret. The high unchecked decision of mind, and erring pride of intellect, that had induced a state of feeling, which in the days of human vanity, would break, but knew not how to bend, had departed long ere her dissolution. She regretted the violence of the passions which had destroyed her, and shuddered to observe to what crimes one woman was led by violence of character, and unbounded love. Her last hours were calm, pious, and resigned, and as she closed her eyes on one world, she felt confident of opening them in bliss in another. Among her papers was found the following letter addressed to Fitzgerald, which was forwarded to him at Paris:—

"Before I leave a world, in which although I have had much of joy, I have also had much of sorrow, I once again address you. Justice requires it, and if it did not, there is even yet a stronger feeling. Even in my days of pleasure and happiness, you will acquit me of affectation. In the pride of health and gaiety I acknowledged that I loved you,—I am not now ashamed to own that you will have a part in my last thoughts, and my last prayers. But you must not expect flattery from one hovering on the boundaries of existence;—my grave-clothes must not be soiled with the dust of human vanity.—Fitzgerald, listen to me! I must speak *wisely*, for there is no earthly passion remaining to warp the voice of truth;—I must speak *sincerely*, for in mind I am already where evil thoughts cannot enter. I did you a hasty injustice, and I thought so long before I was convinced of your innocence. I *have* been convinced; and I now ask you to forgive the distress which I have caused you. If you knew the rapture with which I thanked my God that you had not the crime of murder on your soul, you would—but you *have* forgiven me before this, for I will acknowledge that I believe you loved me ardently, honourably, and sincerely. To tell you thus much has been the object with which I commenced this letter, but I cannot pause here. I cannot see you plunge into crime and error, without raising a warning voice even from the verge of the tomb; without trying, before the heart

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that loved you is cold, and the mind, whose dictates you were accustomed to listen to, is fled, to stop you in the career of sin which *may* end in a shameful death, and *must* end in misery and disgrace. You are leagued with evil men, whose wish is to disturb and destroy; who would make a bloodier sacrifice to ambition than ever Pagan did to the false God of his idolatry; with whom the lives of their ignorant and ill-fated tools are as clay under their feet, to be raised as a rampart to defend them, or trodden on, and spurned, as may suit their wants and their wishes. Whose best enjoyment would be the heart-rending miseries of civil war; the indiscriminate slaughter of old age and infancy; the hoary grandsire, the fond mother, and the innocent child! Are you *fit*, Fitzgerald, to consort with such men? Were you made to doom thousands of your fellow creatures to destruction? If you were, go on your course of blood,—send thousands of shrieking witnesses to the throne of Heaven to confront and blast you before the judgment seat of your God!—but if, as I hope and believe, you are not,—if you cannot look upon murder with an unshrinking eye, and would shudder at the desolation of a distracted country, separate yourself from this cause, and its upholders. Tread not farther in the bloody path;—give up fortune, friends, home, country, every thing; but save the consciousness of innocence. Then alone, Fitzgerald, will your death-bed be peaceful and happy; I am now on mine, and my testimony may be believed. It is true that amid the bustle of the business and pleasures of life, 'the still small voice' may be unheard, or unheeded; but when age arrives, and when death comes; when our thoughts must be on what we *have* been, then would we, at the price of all the enjoyment which a life of sin has given, wipe out the smallest, the most trivial error in its course.

"I have now done. As these are the *last* words, so are they the *best* with which I have ever addressed you. Farewell! I shall not die in vain they save him I loved.

"JANE OGILVIE."

"You have two children,—I have left them a sufficient competency. They will want it, for I have heard you can never expect to possess your own property again."

This letter arrived at a time calculated to aid all its desired effect upon Fitzgerald. Distracted, and disgusted by the deceptions of court intrigue, he had retired from the situation of Insurgent Ambassador. Jane Ogilvie, from the first moment he knew her, had possessed an overwhelming influence over his mind. Her intellectual superiority was sufficient even to sway a man not in love; great indeed was its power over one who more than adored her. In his connexion with the rebels he had never been more than the agent of others. Connected by relationship with the man of greatest rank in the kingdom, who had been implicated, he had deemed it a species of duty to obey him; but now the chain was broken,—and so was his spirit. Having arranged his affairs, he retired dejected

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and sorrowing to America. He lived on calm and contented, but never again mixed in the pleasures of life. Of his latter years, we are enabled to say, that if he erred, he also suffered; and that he did not suffer in vain.

## THE MARRIAGE ACT OF OLYMPUS.

1.

In those remote, forgotten times
We never hear of but at college,
Yclept the golden age in rhymes,
Because of gold it had no knowledge;

2.

When laws were few and lawyers none,
To give to simple words a sly sense,
A law there was—a solemn one,
No marriage without Cupid's license.

3.

How happy then was human life,
How worthy of a poet's blessing;
When all the days of man and wife
Were spent in loving and caressing!

4.

And yet in time complaints were made,
For mortals ever will be grumbling;
"Brothers beware," a croaker said,
"The social edifice is tumbling;

5.

"For marriage here so rare is grown,
"We can't keep up our population."
Malthus' book was then unknown,
So no one thought of refutation.

6.

Indeed the counsel was well-meant,
Nor quite untrue—the world grew vicious,—
And Cupid never gave consent
To join the old and avaricious.

7.

Then Jupiter, good easy God,
Framed a new Marriage Act to suit us;
And gave, by his celestial nod,
Joint powers of licensing to Plutus.

8.

But Love swore men should rue the day
They first shook off his sweet dominion:

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Now Love could do as well as say,
Nor spared his bow, nor flagg'd his pinion.

9.

To prove Sir Cupid kept his word,
Needs not, alas! my tedious rhyming;
Flames of all sorts are now preferr'd
To that which comes from torch of Hymen.

10.

Ah! hapless days of human life,
Ah! days of wretchedness and fury!
When the *de facto* man and wife
Differ so much from the *de jure*.

11.

Would we might olden times restore,
And call past ages with a wish up,—
Marriage should flourish as of yore,
And Cupid be the sole Archbishop! HANNIBAL.

## SHAKSPEARE'S FEMALES.

——— All made of sighs and tears;
——— All made of faith and service;
——— All made of fantasy;
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and obedience;
All humbleness, and patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE opinion which prevailed until within the last half century, that Shakspeare had failed in his delineations of female character, is a striking and decisive proof of the general ignorance respecting the real merits of the immortal bard. The common cant which condemned Shakspeare's females, infected not merely the ignorant and uninformed, but extended to writers of taste and genius, who were content to take up with the current opinion, without examining its truth. Thus Collins, who had much of Shakspeare in his mind and genius, after doing ample justice to Fletcher's females, ventures to add:—

"But stronger Shakspeare felt for Man alone."

In truth, Shakspeare's female characters are creations of a very different stamp from those which have been immediately popular in histrionic records. They are not mere ranting Tragedy Queens, every line of their speech is not a clap trap, they are not talking statues, and their only business is not to walk on with a handkerchief in their hands, and a confidanté holding up their trains. They are women, "very women!"

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their business is,—if our Readers will allow us a school-boy illustration, "to be,—to do,—and to suffer." Their sorrows are not obstreperous and theatrical; but—

"The still sad music of humanity,"—

as Wadsworth hath finely phrased it,—is heard throughout all their history. Shakspeare's description of a Lover, which we have placed at the head of this paper, will apply as well to his delineations of Women in the abstract, as opposed to the vulgar heard of stage heroines. Sighs, tears, passion, trial, and humility, are the componant parts of her character; and however the dramatic writer may endeavour to "elevate and surprise,"—as Bayes has it,—by pursuing a different course, these are the materials with which Nature will furnish him, and if he wishes to follow her, "to this complexion he must come at last."

The elevation and surprise which Mr. Bayes deemed so essential in writing, has been achieved by Shakspeare, but not at the expense of Nature. He places his female characters in situations which Critics of the French school would shudder at; and yet, when on an enchanted island, like *Miranda*,—or wandering through the wilds of Wales, in man's attire, like *Imogen*,—or becoming the wooer instead of the wooed, like *Helen*,—they are infinitely more natural, more feminine, and more probable than *Marcia*, though she never leaves her father's hall; and the heroine in the "*Cid*," though she shows the most decorous attention to ceremony, even when she hears of the destruction of all whom she holds dear. Shakspeare reconciled Poetry and Nature; he made,—our Readers will pardon a colloquial expression,—both ends meet; he borrowed her wildest wing of Romance, and yet stooped to the severest discipline of Truth; he revelled in the impossible, without violating the probable; he preserved the unity of character, while he spurned the unities of time, place, and action; and combined propriety, nature, truth, and feeling, with wildness, extravagance, and an unbounded license of imagination.

The general cast of character in Shakspeare's females is, as we have already said, tenderness and pathos, but this is not because our Author was unable to depict women in her more dignified and commanding, though less ordinary, attitude. Thus, there is nothing more majestic, and, we may say, awful, on the Stage, than *Katherine* defending herself against the malice and hypocrisy of *Henry;* and nothing more fearful and appalling than the whole character of *Lady Macbeth*, from the first scene in which her ambition is awakened, by the perusal of her husband's letter, to the last, in which we discover its bitter fruits, in treason, murder, and insanity. Then there is the *Lady Constance*, who is a fine mixture of suffering and of grandeur; a woman, a mother, and a princess, seen in all the fearful vicissitudes of human life: hoping, exulting, blessing, fearing, weeping, despairing, and at last, dying. Shall we add the *Weird Sisters*? We feel that we are travelling a little out of our subject, and as we mean, besides, on some future occasion, to intrude on our Readers

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a few observations on Shakspeare's Supernatural Beings, we shall therefore content ourselves with saying, that *Lady Macbeth* seems to be a sort of connecting link between those. "foul anomalies," those malevolent beings, in whom all that is malignant and base in the female character is exaggerated to an unearthly stature, and those gentler beings, such as *Juliet* and *Desdemona*, who, with frailties and imperfections which ally them to earth, yet approximate to those superior and benevolent spirits of whom we have such an exquisite picture in *Ariel*, and the *Fairies* in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream.*" *Cleopatra* and *Isabella*, are further instances of Shakspeare's power of exhibiting the loftier and stronger traits of the female character; and how strange is the neglect with which the play, in which the former character occurs, is treated! It is certainly, altogether, one of Shakspeare's most magnificent productions. Above all, his picture of the fascinating Egyptian Queen is a master-piece. In perusing it, we feel no longer astonished that crowns and empires were sacrificed for her. "The soft Triumvir's fault" is easily "forgiven." We no longer wonder at,—we scarcely pity him,—so splendid is the prize for which he is content to—

> "Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
> Of the ranged empire fall!"

The Reader,—for this is not on the list of acting plays,—is himself caught in the golden snare. The play is occupied with battles and treaties, with wars and commotions, with the quarrels of monarchs and the destinies of the world, yet all are forgotten when *Cleopatra* is on the scene. We have many and splendid descriptions of her personal charms, but it is her mind, the strength of her passion, the fervour and fury of her love, the bitterness of her hatred, and the desperation of her death, which take so strong a hold upon the imagination. We follow her, admire her, sympathize with her, through all, and after the Asp has done its fatal work, who does not exclaim with *Charmion*?—

> "Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
> A lass unparallel'd!"

How different a being from this, is the ill-fated fair who slumbers in "the tomb of all the Capulets." She is all gentleness and mildness, all hidden passion, and silent suffering; but her love is as ardent, her sorrows are as overwhelming, and her death as melancholy. "The gentle lady wedded to the Moor" is another sweet, still picture, which we contemplate with admiration, until death drops his curtain over it. *Imogen* and *Miranda*, *Perdita* and *Ophelia*, *Cordelia*, *Helen* and *Viola*, need only be mentioned to recal to the mind the most fascinating pictures of female character which have ever been delineated. The last is a mere sketch, but it is a most charming one. It seems to be a kind of *study*,—if we may borrow an expression from the technicalities of the sister art,—which the Author intended to have worked up into a more elaborate portrait. Her early misfortunes, her romantic love, her extraordinary and



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embarrassing situation as *Orsino's* ambassador to *Olivia*,—but we need not describe her further.

Our remarks have hitherto been confined to Shakspeare's Tragedies, but it is fair to retort upon those who deny his power of pourtraying the female character, by pointing to the exquisite specimens with which his Comedies abound. It will be sufficient to adduce two,—*Rosalind* and *Beatrice*. What a fascinating creature is the first! what an admirable compound of wit, gaiety, and good humour, blended, at the same time, with deep and strong passion, with courage and resolution, as evinced in her departure from her Uncle's court, with unshaken affection to her father, and constant and fervent love for *Orlando*. How extraordinary and romantic is the character of *Rosalind*, if we contemplate it in the abstract, yet how beautiful and true to nature if we examine it in all Shakspeare's details. *Beatrice* is a character of a very different stamp from *Rosalind*, although resembling her in some particulars. She has all her wit, but, it must be confessed, without her good humour. Her arrows are not merely piercing, but poisoned. *Rosalind's* is cheerful raillery,—*Beatrice's* satirical bitterness,—*Rosalind* is not only afraid to strike, but unwilling to wound. *Beatrice* is, at least, careless of the effect of her wit, if she can but find an opportunity to utter it. But Shakspeare has no *heartless* characters in his dramas, he has no mere "intellectual gladiators," as Dr. Johnson has well styled the Actors in the witty scenes of Congreve. *Beatrice* has strong and easily excited feelings. Love is called into action by the stratagem of the garden scene; and rage, indignation, and revenge, by the slanders cast upon her cousin. We have heard the character called inconsistent, but what is human nature but a tissue of inconsistencies? or rather, are not our hopes, fears, affections, and passions, linked together by a thread so fine, that only the gifted eye of such a poet as Shakspeare can discover it? The changes of purpose and passion, as developed by him in the mind of *Beatrice*, strike us as being any thing but inconsistencies; abrupt and surprising they certainly are, but they are accounted for by motives of extraordinary weight, and feelings of singular susceptibility.

Before we close this subject, however, we would say a few words upon the neglected play entitled "*Pericles*," first, because it contains a very sweet and interesting female character,—that of *Marina*, the heroine,—and, secondly, because its authenticity,—strangely enough, in our opinion,—has been questioned by the commentators. To begin with the last mentioned topic, it appears clearly to us to be a production of Shakspeare's although certainly a production of his earlier years. The inconsistency and confusion of the plot, and the inartificial manner in which many of the events are brought about, prove it to be the work of a Tyro in the art; but the delicate touches of Nature, the beautiful delineations of character, the sweet flow of its verse, and the rich vein of poetry and imagination, which pervades the whole, betray the master's hand, and entitle it, *in our opinion*, to a high rank among the works of Shakspeare. How fine, for instance, is the following soliloquy of *Pericles*, on a ship at sea:—

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"Thou God of the great vast! rebuke these surges
Which wash both Heaven and Hell; and Thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! Oh! still thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders, gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphureous flashes! Thou storm, thou, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself? *The seaman's whistle*
*Is as a whisper in the ears of death,*
*Unheard.*"

The description of the recovery of *Thaisa* from a state of suspended animation, is also most powerfully eloquent:—

"Nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
She is alive: behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich."

But it is with *Marina* with whom our present subject has to do, who is born at sea, during a storm. Our Author, in this Play, as in the "*Winter's Tale*," leaps over the intervening years, and shows *Marina*, in the fourth Act, "on the eve of womanhood;" and her first speech, on the death of her Nurse, is sweetly plaintive and poetical:—

"No,—no;—I will rob Tellus of her weed
To strew thy grave with flowers; the yellows, blues,
Shall as a chaplet hang upon thy grave
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends."

The pathos and eloquence with which she pleads for her life, with the ruffian who is hired to murder her, reminds us of the scene between *Arthur* and *Hubert*:—

*Leonine.* Come, say your prayers speedily.
*Mar.* What mean you?
*Leo.* If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
*Mar.* Why will you kill me?
*Leo.* To satisfy my Lady.
*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature; believe me, la!
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,

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But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

*Leo.* My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope;
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me the weaker."

She is rescued from the hands of the Assassin by Pirates, and afterwards undergoes a variety of adventures, in all of which the mingled gentleness and dignity of her character is most admirably developed. The interview with her father, in the fifth Act, is, indeed, one of the most powerful and affecting passages in the whole range of the British Drama; but we hope we have said enough to induce such of our Readers as are unacquainted with this play, to peruse it immediately; and judge for themselves, whether the mighty hand of Shakspeare is not visible throughout.

We think the preceding observations have sufficiently shown, not only the great power and skill of Shakspeare in his delineation of the female character, but also that he exhibits as great resources, and as much fertility of genius in them, as in any of the other characters of his Dramas. The Champions who have broken a lance in favour of Shakspeares Females, have usually confined their observations to the gracefulness and gentleness of such characters as *Juliet*, and *Imogen*, and *Desdemona*, but when we remember that the same pencil has painted *Isabella*, *Constance*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Cleopatra*, *Katherine*, *Beatrice*, and *Rosalind*, then we say, that if Shakspeare had never given us a single masculine portrait, still he would have shown a powerful and original genius, which, in fecundity and versatility, as well as in elegance and gracefulness, has never, perhaps, been equalled, and has certainly never been surpassed.

## THE LAST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The personal Narrative of an Excursion up the Mountain during the explosion of February 24th, 1822.—Printed by permission from the original MS. Letter from Naples.

"*Saturday, Feb. 23d.*—I have just seen a most magnificent sight, one which I have often dreamed of, often longed to behold, and having beheld, never shall forget:—Mount Vesuvius is at this moment blazing like a huge furnace, throwing up every minute, or half minute, columns of fire and red hot stones, which fall in showers and bound down the side

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of the mountain. On the opposite side, the East, there are two distinct streams of lava descending, which glow with almost a white heat, and every burst of flame is accompanied by a noise resembling cannon at a great distance. I can hardly write, my mind is so overflowing with astonishment, admiration, and sublime pleasure: what a scene as I looked out on the Bay from the Chiata mountain! On one side, the evening star and the thread-like crescent of the new moon were sitting close together over Pausilippo, and were reflected in lines of silver radiance on the blue sea: on the other, the broad train of fierce red light glared upon the water with a fitful splendour, as the explosions were more or less violent: before me all was so soft, so lovely, so tranquil, while I had only to turn my head to be awe-struck by the convulsions of fighting elements.

"I remember, that at our first arrival at Naples, I was disappointed because Vesuvius did not smoke so much as I had been led to expect from the pictures and descriptions I had seen and heard. The smoke then lay like a scarcely perceptible cloud on the highest point, or rose in a slender white column; but to-day, and yesterday, it has rolled from the crater in black volumes, mixing with the clouds above and darkening the sky.

"*Half-past Twelve.*—I have walked out again,—the blaze from the crater is less vivid; but there are now four streams of lava issuing from it, which have united in two broad currents, one of which extends below the Hermitage. It is probable that by to-morrow night it will have reached the lower part of the mountain.

"*Sunday, 24th, Five o'clock.*—I have just been driving along the Margellina, whence we had a fine view of Vesuvius. There are tremendous bursts of smoke from the crater. At one time, the whole mountain, down to the very base, was almost enveloped, and the atmosphere around it loaded with the vapour, which seemed to issue in volumes half as large as the mountain itself. If horses are to be had we go up to-night.

"*Monday Night, 25th.*—I am not in a humour to describe, or give way to any poetical flight, but I must endeavour to give a faithful, sober, and circumstantial account of our last night's expedition, while its impressions are yet fresh on my mind; though there is, I think, little danger of my forgetting. We got horses, which, from the number of persons proceeding on the same errand with ourselves, was a matter of some difficulty. We set off at seven, in an open carriage, and almost the whole way we had the mountain before us, spouting fire to a prodigious height. The road was crowded with groups of people who had come out from the city and environs to take a nearer view of the magnificent spectacle, and numbers were hurrying to and fro in those little flying *fiacres** which are peculiar to Naples. As we approached, the explosions became more and more vivid, and at every tremendous burst of fire my companion jumped half off his seat, making most loud and characteristic exclamations,—'By Jove! a magnificent fellow! now for

* *Corribili* is the name of these singular machines.

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it, whizz! there he goes, sky high, by George!' while I sat quiet from absolute inability to express what I felt. I was almost breathless with wonder, and excitement, and impatience to be nearer the scene of action. While my eyes were fixed on the mountain, my attention was, from time to time, excited by regular rows, from six to ten together, of small shining lights, creeping, as it seemed, along the edge of the stream of lava; and, when contrasted with the red blaze which rose behind, and the gigantic black back-ground, looking like a procession of glow-worms.—These were the torches of travellers ascending the mountain, and I longed to be one of them. We reached Resina a little before nine; and here we alighted from the carriage, for here the ascent begins; and the road is so rugged and dangerous, that asses and mules accustomed to it alone are used. Two only were in waiting at the moment we arrived, which C. immediately secured for me and himself, and though reluctant to proceed without the rest of the party, we were compelled to go on before, that we might not lose time or hazard the loss of our donkeys. For me, I was determined to do as I was bid. We set off then, each with a man to lead our animals and a torch-bearer. The road, as we ascended, became more and more steep at every step; and being over an old stream of lava, intermixed with stones and ashes, the darkness added to the difficulty. On each side I observed aloes, of an immense size, growing from the lava; which wild-looking, gigantic plants were quite in keeping with all the other objects of their neighbourhood. But how shall I give you a description of the scene and the people who surrounded us? whose shrill shouts and strange dresses, and wild jargon, and striking features, and dark eyes flashing in the gleam of the torches, which they flung round their heads to prevent their being extinguished, formed a scene so new, so extraordinary, so like romance, that my attention was frequently drawn from the mountain, now blazing in all its tumultuous magnificence. The explosions succeeded each other with terrific rapidity about two in every three minutes; and the noise I can only compare to the roaring and hissing of ten thousand imprisoned winds, mingled at times with a rumbling sound like artillery, or distant thunder. It frequently happened that the guides, in dashing their torches against the ground, set fire to the dried thorns and withered grass, and the blaze ran along the earth like wild-fire, to the great alarm of my friend C. who saw in every burning bush a stream of lava rushing to overwhelm us. We met two ladies coming down, one of whom smiled in a very encouraging manner as she passed me.

"A little before eleven we reached the Hermitage situated between Vesuvius and the Somma, and the highest habitation on the mountain. A great number of men were assembled within, and guides, lazzaroni, servants, and soldiers were lounging round. I alighted, for I was benumbed and tired, but did not like to go among those people, and it was proposed that we should wait for the rest of our party a little further on. We accordingly left our donkeys and walked forward upon a kind of high ridge which serves to fortify the Hermitage and its environs against the lava. From this, as we slowly ascended, we had a glorious view of

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the eruption, and the whole scene around us, in its strange romantic interest and terrible magnificence mocked all power of description. There were, at this time, five distinct torrents of lava rolling down like streams of molten lead; one of which extended above two miles below us in another direction. The showers of red hot stones flew up like thousands of sky rockets, and many falling outside the crater bounded down the side of the mountain with a velocity which would have distanced a horse at full speed. These stones were of every size, from two to ten or twelve feet in diameter. My ears were now wearied and stunned by the unceasing roaring and hissing of the flames, while my eyes were dazzled by the glare of the red, fierce light. Now and then I turned them for relief to other features of the picture, to the black shadowy masses of the landscape stretched beneath us, and speckled with little shining lights, which showed how many were up and watching that night,—and often to the calm vaulted sky above our heads, where thousands of stars,—not twinkling, as through our hazy or frosty atmosphere, but shining out of 'Heaven's profoundest azure,' with that soft steady brilliance peculiar to a highly rarified medium,—looked down upon this frightful turmoil in all their bright and placid loveliness. Nor should I forget one other feature of the scene, on which I looked with a painter's eye,—great numbers of the Austrian forces, now occupying Naples, were on the mountain, assembled in groupes, some standing, some sitting, some stretched on the ground and wrapped in their cloaks, in various attitudes of amazement and admiration: and as the shadowy glare fell on their tall martial figures and glittering accoutrements, I thought I had never beheld any thing so wildly picturesque.

"The remainder of our party not yet appearing, we sent back for our donkeys and guides, and determined to proceed. About half a mile beyond our companions came up, and here a division took place; some agreeing to go forward, the rest turning back to wait at the Hermitage. I was, as you may suppose, one of those who advanced. My spirits were now raised, and the grand object of all this daring and anxiety was to get near enough to a stream of lava in order to have some idea of its consistency, and the manner in which it flowed, or trickled down. The difficulties of our road now increased,—'if road that might be called which road was none,'—black loose ashes, and masses of scoria and lava heaped in ridges, or broken into hollows in a manner not to be described. Even my animal, though used to the path, felt his footing at every step, and if the torch was, by accident, extinguished, he stopped, and nothing could make him move. My guide, Andrea, was very vigilant and attentive, and, in the few words of Italian he knew, encouraged me, and assured me there was no dangers. I had, however, no fear: in fact, I was infinitely too much interested to have been alive to danger, had it really existed. Salvador, well known to all who have visited Mount Vesuvius, had been engaged by Mr. R. He is the principal Cicerone on the mountain. It is his business to despatch to the King, every three hours, a regular account of the height of the eruption, the progress, extent, and direction of the lava, and, in short, the most minute particulars. He

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also corresponds, he told me, with Sir Humphrey Davy;* and is employed to inform him of every interesting phenomenon which takes place on the mountain. This man has resided at the foot of it, and been principal guide for 33 years, and knows every inch of its territory.

"As the lava had overflowed the usual footpath leading to that conical eminence which forms the summit of the mountain and the exterior of the crater, we were obliged to alight from our sagacious steeds; and, trusting to our feet, walked over the ashes for about half a quarter of a mile. The path, or the ground rather, for there was no path, was now dangerous to the inexperienced foot; and Salvador, seeing me alone, told the gentlemen he would take care of me. He led me on before the rest, and I followed with confidence. Our object was to reach the edge of a stream of lava, formed of two currents united in a point. It was glowing with an intense heat; and flowing, not with such rapidity as to alarm us, but rather slowly, and by fits and starts. *Trickling*, in short, is the word which best expresses its motion, if you can fancy it applied to any object on so large a scale. At this time the eruption was at its extreme height. The column of fire was from a quarter to the third of a mile high: and the stones were thrown up to the height of a mile and a quarter. I passed close to a stone about four feet in diameter, which had rolled down some time before. It was still red hot, and I stopped to warm my hands at it. A short distance above it lay another stone or rock, also red hot, but six times the size. I walked on first with Salvador, till we were within a few yards of the lava. At this moment a prodigious stone, followed by two or three smaller ones, came rolling down upon us with terrific velocity. The gentlemen and guides all ran; my first impulse was to run too; but Salvador cried to me to stop tosee what direction the stone would take. I saw the reason of his advice and stopped. In less than a second he seized my arm and hurried back five or six yards. I heard the sound of the stone as it rushed down behind me. A little farther it met with an impediment, against which it bolted with such force, that it flew up into the air to a great height, and fell in a shower of red hot fragments. All this passed in a moment. I have shuddered since when I have thought of that moment; but at the time, I saw the danger without the slightest sensation of terror. I remember the ridiculous figures of the men, as they scrambled over the ridges of the scoria; and was struck by Salvador's exclamation, who cried in a tone which would have become Cæsar himself,—'che tima Sono Salvador.†

"We did not attempt to turn back again, which I should have done without hesitation if any one had proposed it. To have come thus far, and to be so near the object I had in view, and then to run away at the first alarm! it was a little provoking. The road ws extremely danger-

* Was the letter addressed 'Alla Sua Excellenza *Scromfidevi*,' which caused so much perplexity at the Post-Office and British Museum, and exercised the acumen of a Minister of State,—from Salvador to his illustrious correspondent?

† Quid times? &c.

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ous in the descent. I was obliged to walk, as the guides advised us, and but for Salvador, and the interesting information he gave me, from time to time, I think I should have been overpowered, not by fatigue only, but,—*pauca verba*,—there are things I do not like to discuss, even to myself. To return to Salvador; he amused and fixed my attention: he frequently made me stop and look back; and here I should observe that our guides seemed as proud of the performances of the mountain, and as anxious to show it off to the best advantage, as the keeper of a Menagerie is of the tricks of his dancing bear, or the proprietor of 'Solomon in all his glory' of his Raree Show. Their enthusiastic shouts and exclamations would have kept up my interest had it flagged. 'O Veda, Signora! O bella! O stupenda!' But every thing, as Lady Morgan humorously observes, is *stupendous* in Italy, from the trimming of a bonnet to an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The last great burst of fire was accompanied by a fresh overflow of lava, which issued from the crater, on the west side, in two broad streams, and united a few hundred feet below, taking the direction of Torre del Greco. After this explosion the eruption subsided, and the mountain seemed to repose; now and then showers of stones flew up, but to no great height, and unaccompanied by any vivid flames. There was a dull red light over the mouth of the crater, round which the smoke rolled in dense tumultuous volumes, and then blew off towards the south-west.

"After a slow and difficult descent we reached the Hermitage. I was so exhausted that I was glad to rest for a few minutes. My good friend Salvador, brought me a glass of *Lacrima Christi* and the leg of a chicken; and with recruited spirits we mounted our animals and again started. The descent was infinitely more slow and difficult than the ascent, as it was past three when we reached Resina, and nearly five when we got home: but I rose this morning at my usual hour, and do not feel much fatigued. About twelve to-day I saw Mount Vesuvius, looking as quiet and placid as the first time I viewed it. There was little smoke, and neither the glowing lava nor the flames were visible in the glare of the sunshine.—The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and as I gazed, almost misdoubting my senses, I could scarcely believe in the reality of the awful, the tremendous scene I had witnessed but a few hours before.

"Here endeth my faithful, unsophisticated, but *most egotistical* narrative. Doubtless I might, at little expense of time or trouble, have sent you something much more grand and learned. I might have looked into the Philosophical Transactions, or the Encyclopædia for the names and causes of the phenomena, which, in my ignorance, I could only contemplate with wonder and admiration. And I might have sent you half a dozen sheets of second-hand explanations, quotations, calculations, and meteorological and geological observations: but there are so many others to do this, that I send you only my own little personal narrative, written on the very spot, and at the time:—too delightfully conscious to whom I address myself to think of apologizing for being the heroine of my own tale. Aa.



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## PARISIAN SKETCHES.

*Six months before and six months after October, 1814.*

"On ne peut jamais contenter tout le monde, et son pere."
*La Fontaine.*

The year 1814 was made memorable by the battle of Leipsic, the actual death blow of the "Napoleon dynasty." The day that saw the French army driven from that field, saw the setting of the imperial sun. Other battles followed, bloody and disastrous, but they were the blows given to a champion already on the ground. From the 19th of October, Napoleon contemplated resignation, and all France was prepared for the inroad and final victory of the enemy. I had a habit of passing the autumn in the country. In 1814 my visit was to the Chateau de Belrive, of which the recent proprietor, although grown wealthy, has not grown into forgetfulness of an old friend. At that time he had assembled around him a number of his relatives, who were all in the greatest consternation on account of the *times*. Crossed in their interests, wounded in their feelings, all these different personages cast forth fire and flame against the Head of the Government, blaming all his operations, recalling with bitterness the various misfortunes his ambition had drawn down on France, and praying that Heaven would at last occupy itself with the affairs of this earth that it appeared so long to have abandoned.

Among the most exasperated, was a Monsieur Segri, from whom the formation of the guard of honour had carried off the last of his sons. Father of four children, he had seen them successively depart for the army, whence they never returned. The one fell a lieutenant in Egypt; the second, a captain in Spain, and the third, Chef de Battaillon, in the prisons of Kalonga.—Nothing could exceed the grief of this unfortunate father, who had now, as he said himself, bade a last farewell to his last son, and we had all the pains in the world *to try and diminish* his regrets a little, by endeavouring to instil into him hopes which we had not ourselves. Less afflicted than Monsieur de Segri, but loudly joining him in invectives against the system of aggrandisement adopted by the Emperor, Madame de Germancy—his cousin, looked with terror to the moment of establishing her niece None of the parties which presented themselves, might satisfy the anxious tenderness of this good aunt. She feared equally the chances of war and commerce. She could no more determine to select for her nephew—an officer who might get gloriously killed in the second month of his nuptials—than a merchant, who might become bankrupt in the first year of his marriage. "From the rapidity with which they carry off our young men, there will remain no husbands for our young women," repeated Madame de Germancy, with an air of melancholy, which frequentl ymade her neice blush, and her auditors smile.

A fat man who amused his leisure by a little stock-jobbing—Monsieur Clement, cousin to the owner of Belrive, never ceased deploring the stagnation of trade, and complaining of the few opportunities of impro-

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ving capital. The war had paralysed all his speculations; and he declaimed against the war with an indignation which announced a great love of peace.

Every evening the company assembled in the large saloon, where each threw into the common stock the slight contingent of news he had carefully collected during the day; and it may be easily supposed, that it was not generally of a nature to diminish their discontent, or ameliorate the hatred they bore in secret to the Emperor. It was with him, as with those tyrants of the drama, who frighten every one by their entrance—are abused aside, and menaced as soon as they disappear. One person alone courageously took the part of the government—it was the owner of the Chateau, whose nephew had just been made general of division.—According to Monsieur Duperre, necessity justified all the operations of the Emperor. He called the occupation of Spain a grand political measure; the campaign of Russia, a hardy conception; and the return from Moscow, a skilful retreat. Certainly his opinions appeared to me to be rather singular, but who dare tell him so? Indeed, so enthusiastic was his admiration, that it was impossible to offer the slightest check to it—the man being, as one might say, evidently destined to die in his original sin.

Such were the various dispositions at the Chateau when I quitted it for Paris. The public events which soon afterwards succeeded each other with such extraordinary rapidity, produced, in less than a year, changes unexampled in the annals of the world. A Bourbon returned, after an interval of 20 years, to resume that crown so long worn by his ancestors. Peace, so often repulsed from the bosom of Europe, hastened to seat herself with him on the throne of France; and the sovereigns of a world united together to put a term to the differences of princes, the agitations of their people, and the mourning of nations.

It was with no slight pleasure, that I once more hailed the return of that period in which I had been accustomed to undertake my pilgrimage, and I promised myself this year to console my poor friend Duperre, even though I should rejoice with his friends.

On the first of September, then, I set off for Belrive.

As soon as Monsieur Duperre caught a glimpse of me, he hastened to me, and, with a countenance full of joy, seized me by the arm, and begged me to take a turn with him in the garden, before I made my appearance in the Chateau. Surprised to find him so gay, when I feared to see him so sad, I could but think that my friend had perhaps received some disagreeable news from the Sovereign of the Isle of Elba, *i. e.* disagreeable for France. "Well," said I, hesitatingly, "your Hero has justified your admiration. Napoleon"—"Don't mention his name," replied he, hastily; "he is a tyrant, whom I always abhorred."—"But I thought I had heard you admire"—"His audacity."—"You considered his successes"—"As so many crimes."—"His elevation"—"As a punishment from Heaven."—"Nay, but, my dear Duperre, I assure you, that in the September of last year, you painted the affair of Spain"—"As a perfidy."—"The war of the North"—"As an extravagance"—"The retreat from Moscow"—"As the first chastisement of the grand criminal.

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It is not that, *au fond*, I have not here and there recognized some peculiar qualities in this man; he had a certain tact in discovering and recompensing merit; he granted the cross of honour to my son, who, however, could not endure him. Natural enough, he had imbibed the sentiments of his father; and as to me, I have never had reason to thank him. He sent me the order of *Re-union*, I confess; but he was forced to that by the public voice: and, besides, it was more for his own credit than mine. He conducted himself shamefully towards my nephew—Would you believe it, that, by abdicating, he deprived him of half of all that he had bestowed on him. I never could have spoken favourably of such a man to you. I may have been careful in my expressions, because, under him, the nets of the police extended far and near, but, in reality, no one thought worse of him than I did."—"What a pity, that one cannot read *au fond des cœurs!*"—"Yes, doubtless—but enough of this at present. I am charmed to see you again—I want you to preach peace in my family—which is far from sharing my principles"—"How!"—"True, your old friends are all here; but, will you believe it, my dear friend, they actually regret his reign"—"Impossible"—"The human heart is full of such contradictions. M. de Segri has received a letter from his son, who is not put on half pay, and will be here immediately—he is quite in despair about it."—"In despair at seeing his son! he who suffered such grief at his departure?"—"My cousin, who sighed so for peace, is *au desespoir* that the war is over."—"You jest."—"Madam de Germancy regrets the days when she might have married her niece to an officer, who would probably have left her a widow before she was a mother—these people distract me." As he thus spoke, M. Duperre led me towards the Chateau. At the moment of our entrance, M. de Segri still held his son's letter in his hand—I felicitated him on his return.—"No, sir," replied he,—"on the contrary, condole with me. I no longer know what to do with this youth—there is his profession gone."—"But was it not against both your and his own inclination, that he was obliged to enter it?"—"Certainly; but when the thing was done, it was done, and I hoped that through my friends and his own merits, he might have made his way as well as another: did not one of his brothers die Chef de Bataillon?"—"The very reason to rejoice that he has escaped a similar misfortune."—"Ay, say as you will, but show me the man who is sorry to see a general officer among his family."

"Very true," exclaimed Madame de Germancy, hastily; "and there is my niece deprived of any such happiness. Formerly we might look to marry generals, colonels, counsellors of state, and, above all, auditors. I don't say that happiness is always the wedding gift on these occasions, but the title, the rank, flatter us, and this is a gratification such as we women do not disdain.

"Besides, even though one did begin by marrying only a captain, there was no telling but that from widowhood to widowhood we might at last arrive at a general of division. These changes undoubtedly had their advantages; at present, one must pass life with the first spouse.—Ah!"

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said madam, with a sigh, " the career of ambition is for ever closed to women."

It was in vain that in her system of elevation, her ladies could be promoted only at the expense of their husbands. She persisted not the less in considering the thing as very natural, and deploring the *disagremens* of a century, where a wife might die without ever having been a widow. Her niece did not seem to me to be of her opinion. I thought I overheard her murmur—" At least, I may now choose, which is always a great pleasure to a female."

" Yet, what signify honours, in comparison with fortune?" said M. Clement, rising from his arm-chair. " Under the seventeen or eighteen governments we have had here, I have made and unmade mine five or six times, with a facility I shall never again experience. Great misfortunes lead to great sacrifices! The land-owners, the merchants, have recourse to us in speculations which often swallow up their property, but bring us from fifteen to twenty per cent. Alas! this is now over, the beaten path is open to all; and, turn ever so little out of it, law stares you in the face. No, commerce is no longer the road to riches—there is nothing to be gained now."

" All true, master," said M. Duperre's gardener, twisting his hat in his fingers as he entered to ask for orders—" there is nothing to be gained now in truth—and we poor folks are going to ruin as fast as we can. " To ruin!" exclaimed M. De Segri, with vivacity.—" Just so, in truth, my good master—this abolition of the conscription has knocked me up." —" What, Jacques! this that constitutes the happiness of ten millions of families"—" Makes the misfortune of mine."—" Explain yourself." —" You know, monsieur, that I had the good luck to sell my eldest boy for two thousand crowns to the son of monsieur the mayor; and I may honestly say, it was going for nothing, for he was a proud fine youth. I gave the second to monsieur your nephew, for a dozen sacs of a thousand francs—cheap enough—butathen he was a neighbour. Well, just at the moment that the last sac began to grow light, and that I had still three comely lads, well fed, and well taught, that I had brought up with all the care in the world, away goes the conscription—I have my trouble for my pains—and three great boys on my hands to provide for. Boys, that, under the Emperor, would have brought me at least 15,000 francs, a-piece. Now this is what I call a hard case, my good monsieur.

The observations of Jacques made on all present a more sudden and profound impression, than could all my arguments; each mentally blushed at having regretted a government, under which demorilization had reached the point of a father's rearing his sons for sale.

The young De Segri, who arrived next day, was received with open arms—and Madame de Germancy promised her niece that she should choose her own husband; which choice I could discover, from certain glances between the fair Eliza and the animated young lieutenant, was already decided.

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## *A Ball at the Opera-House.*

**"Chacun le decrie—chacun y va."**

I HAD passed the evening with a rich literary amateur, who had assembled round him a crowd of persons, under the pretext of a party of pleasure, and who had occupied the entire time in the reading of a five-act tragedy of his own, with which he had been threatening the managers of the *Francais* these last seven years. The reading of the work, and the pompous eulogies lavished on it, over an immense bowl of the most delicious punch, prodigally dispensed round by the young wife of our tragic author, had contributed to heighten the gaiety of my humour. Fearing to dull it, I stole off at the moment that the author's gratified vanity was attempting to waive the praises he was so sure of having merited, and modestly soliciting useless criticisms and superfluous advice. Some lamps, placed at the corner of the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, and the long pile of carriages which embarrassed the Rue de Richelieu, informed me that there was a ball at the Opera-house. They are singular enough those Opera balls. This impost levied on slumber is but seldom worth the repose it deprives us of. Few are amused there—numbers are annoyed there; and yet every body goes there. Like the rest, I must pay my tribute to custom; and, stimulated by the desire of observing *en philosophe* the various amusements to be enjoyed in it, I crossed the threshold of this Temple of Arts—where they dance now, as they sung formerly. On entering the vestibule, I saw a young man, whom I immediately recognized as one of the company at the reading party. Probably he had not noticed me, but I had remarked him from the circumstance of a long whispering conversation with the mistress of the mansion, in the very deepest part of the tragedy, when the husband's eyes were fixed on the book, and from his having adroitly slipped away before the wearisome conclusion.

He was now precipitately moving backwards and forwards, drawing out his watch at each instant, and at intervals slightly striking his foot against the ground, as one impatient of waiting. At the arrival of every carriage, he softly approached the door, glanced anxiously at the people who descended from it, followed with his eyes each white domino that appeared, and, after two or three useless turns, sorrowfully resumed his post. This little *manege* had continued somewhere near a quarter of an hour, when I observed two masks enter; one of which, after looking at me for an instant, took flight with the terror of one fearing to be recognized; while the other, placing a finger on her lips, and leaning towards the ear of the young man, drew him away to the opposite side, while inviting him to silence and discretion. The little mask who had so rapidly flown off, appeared to me to be charming. The figure, the gracefulness, a slight motion of the head which was familiar to her, induced me to believe that I recognized the pretty whisperer of the evening—the youthful wife of the elderly tragic poet. There was but one thing to destroy this idea—that they had spoken of these opera balls in the earlier part

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of the night, and that Madam de G—— had been loudest in her disapprobation of them. Indeed, to take her word for it, nothing less than an assignation could induce any woman, of a certain rank, to visit such a scene; and she had given up an acquaintance for vaunting that she never missed one of them.

After so decided a declaration, so severe an opinion, it was impossible to imagine that Madame de G—— would dare the dangers of a *Bal d' Opera*—particularly in the moment of triumph for her husband's success. Occupied with this little adventure, I slowly mounted the stairs. The ball was but commencing.

In the anti-room, several masks, tranquilly seated before the two fireplaces, whispered to each other, pointing out mysteriously some personages, who, already yawning widely, promised themselves a gay night. The *Salle* was almost a desert. The orchestra, placed at the extremity of the stage, was occupied by a band of old musicians, disguised as Spanish gallants. This masquerade struck me as the most diverting of the whole. By degrees the masks thicken—the salle begins to fill. An insupportable babble succeeds the wearying silence—men, women—masked and unmasked—all speak at once. This general conversation naturally recals to mind the epoch of the construction of Babel.

Every mask had its occupation. This to commence an intrigue—that, to terminate one. Here, a rich banker was agreeably tormented by two opera-dancers, who astonished him by their *esprit*—there, a *musquetaire* anxiously pursued a mask; who, laughing as she flew, seemed better pleased to be captured, than earnest to escape. Farther on, a young provincial, newly arrived, stood utterly confounded by the wonderful things related by a droll domino; whom, a little later, he discovers to be an aunt who had reared him. I stopped for a moment to listen to the rather animated conversation of two spouses, who had recognized each other unwittingly enough, when a fairy figure, seizing me by the arm, as she whispered my name, gaily proposed to me to *m'ennuyer en compagnie*. The offer was at least humble, and seemed to guarantee to me the contrary. I accepted it with gratitude.

A glance at her elegant foot—the ensemble of her person—the tone of her voice—the vivacity of her eyes, which were very fine, and of which she took good care to give a full view, through the aid of an opening she had artfully enlarged in her mask—all concurred to persuade me that I should have cause to felicitate myself on this unexpected rencounter.

In a few minutes I perceived that my companion must be much in the world—for she knew, at least by name, a prodigious number of persons of distinction. She painted each in a single expression, with an originality which was amazingly piquant—scarcely a single mask escaped her recognition. The more *bizarre* the degrees, the more interesting the scrutiny; and it never was long at fault. After witnessing several instances of her skill, all truly surprising in their way, I expressed a wish to learn the names of some individuals whom I pointed out to her, and who, for

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the last hour, had been promenading through the rooms in all the audacity of a strict incognito.

That fat man, said she, who sports a livery, is a grand seigneur, who has *served* in his youth, and who, from the habit of changing, has at last contrived to manage without them.—He is the flower of modern gentlemen—His father was a nobody, who scarcely suspected that he should one day have chateaus and titles in his family. I must, however, do our incognito the justice to say, that he has refused to do some dirty work, which brought no profit, and has never disgraced himself *gratis*. He is considered rich, and it is astonishing what service this reputation has done him among his friends.

That automaton, who parades about so apothetically, and whose pale domino contrasts so pleasantly with the group of black ones which torment him, in the vain hope of exciting his curiosity—that domino is the worthy personage, who, after a six years' slumber in his senator's chair, awoke one fine day, to his own surprise, peer of France. He enjoyed this dignity for six months, like one who tried to render himself worthy of it; but unluckily the last three months undid all that the first six had done; and he has been obliged to cede his arm-chair to one who unfortunatety does *not* slumber in it.

This man, with three faces, whom some take for a magistrate—some for a courtier—others for an old noble—others for a new, is one of those who, like the cameleon, changes his hue according to the ray he basks in. Having literally none of his own, he is no worse than thousands. That person, who is in such perpetual motion, and seems so contented with himself, is a newly-married husband, whom his wife has forced here along with her, to cure him of jealousy.—Scarcely arrived—madam, who wishes to know *au fond* what a Bal Masque is—quits him to exchange dresses with one of her friends, whom the husband has at once mistaken for his spouse, and in consequence never loses sight of her one instant; this happy man will return home to-morrow, delighted with his night, more than ever in love with a wife whom he will offer as a model to those of his friends, and, on occasion, will be the first to laugh at deceived husbands.

This clumsey peasant, in close flirtation with that little blue domino, is an old notary, who loves to seek adventures; his wife, who is aware of it, instead of flying into a rage with him, disguises herself in turn, and comes here *incognita* to receive the declarations of her spouse—She has fairly caught him, nor will she let him go till he goes home. See, he is quite delighted here with the same woman of whom at home he is wearied.—What would he not give to have power to get a divorce from one wife to put the other in her place?—What a wonder-worker is a mask? Who could persuade that man now that it is his own wife whom he finds so agreeable?

That Harlequin who flirts by is a statesman, who, from converting into pieces of oratory his official reports, has created for himself a reputation, in so much the more formidable, that it casts into astonishment those who knew him, and into admiration those who do not,—not that

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his style is original, for all that he says has a borrowed tone. But the art with which he debates all his opinions—the animation with which he sustains sentiments that have not the slightest resemblance to each other, and the variety successively remarked in his politics, have finished by persuading his friends even that this man had all the requisites to make a great man. Until the present, however, he has bounded himself to merely make a great noise.*

As my guide ceased speaking, a slight murmuring spread through the *salle;* we inquired its meaning, and were informed that a MYSTIFICATOR had sent off all the *polichinellos* of the ball, one after the other, by successively whispering to each that he ran the risk of being arrested by the gens d'armes, at that instant in search of a *polichinello*, who had just committed a considerable robbery. The police make the bravest tremble—justice frightens the most honest. Thus Messieurs les Polichinellos, not over anxious to have any thing to do with *grave* authority, nor over anxious besides to stand revealed to public gaze, hastened altogether from the field, to the no slight amusement of the mystificator, who, by this ingenious stratagem, had got rid of a rival, who was laying close siege to *la dame de ses pensees.*

I will not weary you now, resumed my companion, by sketching the portraits of that wife, of her husband's, or this husband of two wives; nor of that original who thinks he disguises himself by turning out the *green* lining of his *blue* coat; nor of this other, who takes a new name every time he commits a new folly; nor of that republican infidel, who is become a religious royalist; nor of a thousand other evil characters, of whom, if you have curiosity to hear, look in on me, and I shall put you in possession of more than you know at present.

It is not to be expected that I should add the address which the domino gave me.

It was near five when my conductress parted from me; the greater number of the masks had disappeared; the *salle* had resumed its accustomed air of dulness and desolation. A few scattered masks, slumbering on the benches, seemed rather to have yielded to the soporific influence of the scene than of the hour; the very musicians played only half dances; the anti-room contained but about a dozen of dominos, whose faces made one regret their masks. After having contemplated all these personages, and assured myself the Bal de l'Opera contained nothing more worthy of remark, I retired, promising not to forget the rendezvous my pretty mask had given to me.

Just at the moment that I crossed the interior corridor, I saw pass by the pair I had so vainly sought. As soon as they perceived me, they separated abruptly ; the young man returned into the *salle*—the domino fled, but as she could fly no farther than the door, to which her carriage had not yet driven up, I had time enough before it did to recognise the pretty Madame G. the declared enemy of masked balls, who had frightened us three or four hours earlier, by expatiating on the various dangers a pretty woman ran there—I trembled for her.

* This seems intended for Ch——d.



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## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood, happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife;
Free from memory's restless reign,
Fraught with scenes of former pain;
Free from fancy's cruel skill,
Fabricating future ill;
Time, when all that meets the view,
All can charm, for all is new;
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
Caught rebounding from the wall;
Then the mimic ship to guide,
Down the kennel's dirty side;
Then the hoop's revolving pace,
Through the dusty street to chace;
Oh! what joy it once was mine,
Childhood! matchless boon of thine!
How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
Never, never to return!

## TRAVELS IN INDIA, EGYPT, AND PALESTINE.

*Diary of a Tour through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the Years* 1821 *and* 1822; By a Field Officer of Cavalry. 8vo. pp. viii. & 372. London. Hatchard. 1823.

The field officer to whom we are indebted for this interesting work, set out on the first of December, in the year 1820, from Bangalore, the principal military station of the Madras government, to visit the ancient Syrian churches in the neighbourhood of Travancore,

"With the additional intention of inquiring into the state of the Christian missions of various denominations, now existing on the coasts of Coromandel and Malabar, and of learning whether the progress made in the great work of converting the native heathen to Christianity justified the pecuniary sacrifices made by the English nation to that effect; as well as whether the reports of the missionaries themselves were sufficiently accurate." (P. 3.)

He proceeded in the first instance to Madras, thence to Tranquebar and Tritchinopoly, and so by Palamcottah along the coast of Travancore; whence, returning through Coimbatoor and Seringapatam, he arrived at Bangalore on the twenty-ninth of March, after an absence of nearly four months. Afterwards, on the twenty-third of August in the

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same year, having obtained two years' leave of absence for the purpose of returning to England, he went by land to Tellicherry; whence having proceeded in a free trading ship to Bombay, he embarked on the eighteenth of November on board the Antelope, and arrived on the second of December at Mocha. Navigating the Red Sea to Juddah and Kosseir, he thence crossed the desert to ancient Thebes, visited Grand Cairo and a considerable part of Palestine, and was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr. Wolf at Jaffa, as the latter was hastening to Jerusalem.

In this extensive route it was obviously quite impossible for a person animated by the true spirit of Christianity, not to meet with many things that would naturally interest his best feelings, or not to make various discoveries, worthy of being communicated to the world.

At the same time the charm of this book in our eyes arises from the light in which it presents the author himself to our notice, as a Christian traveller, pursuing Christian objects, acting on Christian principles, holding in reverence all those ordinances, which a Christian is bound to respect, and daily noting down the impressions, which passing objects and new observations made upon him, with a view to revive for himself and communicate to his private friends, feelings otherwise evanescent and transitory. Thus we find him, suspending all his operations every week for the rest of the sabbath, and arranging his plans with a reference to that object, if, even by encountering additional labour on the preceding days, he might be enabled to reach a spot, where that sacred season might be most profitably spent. We find him, employing that day in suitable exercises and meditations, whether he was at the time in the midst of heathens, Jews, Mahometans, or Christians, while in his daily removals from place to place, no variety of scenery, no novelty of manners, no change of society withdrew his attention from that one object, on which it seems constantly to have rested, the means by which he might advance himself in the knowledge and love of God, or by which the kingdom of Christ and the honour of his name might be most effectually extended in the world.

We are tempted here to introduce a short specimen of the thoughts, which the recurrence of a sabbath, under whatever circumstances, and in whatever society, seems constantly to have presented to his mind.

"I remained here alone to spend the sabbath to my best ability, in the service of my God, and to the profit of my own soul. May he enable me, through the comforting influence of His gracious spirit to rejoice at being separated from the society of the world, and to pass His day, as even a poor sinful mortal may do, in spiritual communion with the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect; with those blessed children of our Father whom we once knew on earth, and still more, in the presence of our beloved Saviour and friend." (P. 5, 6.)

"This place has proved to me a most unfavourable one for passing the sabbath, and indulging in the peaceful happiness of religious meditation, for it is very populous; and I have not only been subjected to continual interruption, and unable to discover a private walk, but have also been the object of much curiosity among the natives, and was followed by a crowd

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of them, whenever I attempted to leave my tent. Well! blessed be God! I shall enjoy hereafter a retired sabbath walk with a double relish." (P. 26)

"There are few situations more favourable, humanly speaking, for the maintenance and growth of faith and trust in God, than those resulting from daily journeying through wild uncivilized countries, where the events of each day are mostly unforeseen, and dependent on many minor contingencies. We then especially remember our God, as we see, more clearly and *practically*, how dependent we are on Him, even for "our daily bread." We feel ourselves exposed to many troublesome though trifling difficulties, and to some more serious dangers, from which His arm can alone deliver us; and, after a time, we begin to place such a confidence in Him for help in all our troubles, that every fear ceases; and we know, experimentally, how God ever keeps that man in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Him." (P. 61.)

These extracts show a mind, watchful for those opportunities, which every situation may afford, of cultivating that communion with God, for which the sabbath was especially intended upon Earth, and in which the eternal sabbath will be passed in Heaven.

The pleasure, however, arising from this contemplation, is perhaps in some measure heightened by the recollection, that the traveller, whose diary gives rise to it, is a military officer, and was therefore not governed by any professional consideration but by the principles of our common Christianity in the original selection of those objects, to which his attention was directed.

There are indeed passages in this book, strictly professional: and we confess we were occasionally amused by the ease and rapidity of his transitions from speculations of a purely religious character to calculations of military prowess and measures of attack and defence. Thus after having traced some of the operations of the British and Foreign Bible Society in parts of Palestine he is led into the following, certainly not uninteresting, disquisition.

"It is surprising to hear the universal desire expressed by all classes of people in this country, that a European Christian power should be induced to come and take possession of it. I am credibly informed, that the greater number even of the Turks themselves, wish it (those in office of course excepted;) and that multitudes of them would embrace Christianity, *if they dared*, but they dread the vengeance of their countrymen. Their punishments, if caught, would assuredly be tremendous; a stake would be run through each of their bodies, while alive; and their families, women and children, shut up in a house and burnt. All seem to have an idea, probably from some confused notion of the ancient prophecies, that the Mahometan empire is to be overturned, and their religion destroyed almost immediately. Several of the natives, knowing me to be a British officer, have, on taking leave, expressed their hope of soon seeing me again with the troops of my nation. From all I have seen of these countries, and from every observation I could make of the actual weakness of the Turkish character, I should be inclined to think, that if no European power interneddled, ten thousand British troops would suffice to conquer Egypt; and four thousand more, with the *indubitable* assistance of the native inhabitants, would as easily take possession of all Syria, including Damascus and Aleppo." (P. 340, 341.)

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The author then proceeds without more ado

"to point out in a loose sketch, such a general plan of operations for the conquest of Egypt and Syria, as a knowledge of the country and its inhabitants has suggested. A naval force capable of escorting and conveying fourteen thousand infantry, two thousand dismounted and four hundred mounted cavalry, with a due proportion of guns and military stores, should rendezvous at Malta in January, and proceed from thence in three divisions; eight thousand to Alexandria, three thousand to Rosetta, and five thousand four hundred to Damietta: they should land respectively and independently, and take possession of those three places, which are incapable of presenting any serious difficulties to a regular force. The Rosetta and Alexandria divisions should then unite at Ramanieh, where the two Western branches of the Nile separate, one of them now forming the navigable canal of Alexandria; and they would thus benefit by an easy water carriage for both divisions to the point of junction. Here they should open a communication with the division at Damietta, which should then march forward, and move in a parallel column with the main division, so as to march upon both banks of the Nile to Cairo, and by means of a flotilla of boats, they would not find it difficult to assist each other in case the enemy should attempt to bring his whole force against either of them."

The field-officer next puts his invading forces in possession of Cairo, embarks them at Alexandria or Damietta, besieges Acre, secures the alliance and co-operation of Emir Beshyr, prince of Mount Lebanon, takes Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Gaza, and then concludes as follows:

"These successes obtained, the whole of Palestine Proper would be securely held, and at the disposition of the British Ministry. Every aid may be expected from the native Christians; but they must not be too implicitly relied on. The army might then march for Damascus; of which place however I know nothing personally. In all these countries the Turks keep very few troops, and those I have seen of the poorest description: many bodies of Desert Arabians would undoubtedly join them, and harass our convoys; but they are not otherwise dangerous, and would soon tire of a war, which would produce more blows than plunder. No fortress of consequence, besides those above-mentioned, exists in the Holy Land." (P. 346)

Now our gentle readers must not too hastily imagine, that the author, whom we have hitherto introduced to them, as a peaceful Christian, though a man of war, is anxious to lead or to instigate a new crusade against the land, still profaned by the touch of Mahometans. These remarks, as we have hinted, are professional: and therefore, taking up the question, as a Christian, he says in the course of them—

"By what possible right we should attempt such a conquest, is a question not to be so readily answered, however desirable to the people themselves its probable consequences may appear. And perhaps our God may hereafter see fit to point out some other way, more apparently and openly illustrative of His Almighty Power, for the extension of the Gospel throughout those once favoured regions. All things are alike easy to Him." (P. 341, 342.)

We proceed to lay before our readers a few of those interesting particulars, which transpire in the narrative of a journey through provinces so full of interest to a Christian philosopher, some of them dear to memory, and others big with hope.

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It may be proper to premise, that the reader must not expect from this journal any communications, likely to enlarge the boundaries of science, to gratify the curiosity of an antiquary, or to make part in the philosophical transactions of the day.

There are indeed a few curious facts, such as the following description of a singular species of husbandry, practised in Munro island, which is a piece of ground in the back-water, that lines a great part of the coast of Travancore.

"A shoal attached to the north-west extremity of the island, has been converted into a range of paddy-grounds, of a singular description. They are covered with water, which is never less than a foot in depth, and of course there is then no means of sowing them with grain; but, to remedy this, the natives sow the seed elsewhere on the island, and when the crop is about eight or ten inches high, they transplant it to these sub-marine fields, taking care to arrange the seed-time, so as to bring forward the paddy to a proper height at the period when the first rains of the monsoon have brought the freshes down from the Malabar mountains, and expelled the salt water further towards the sea. By this method, the paddy ripens before the effects of the monsoon have ceased; and the harvest is beyond all comparison richer than in any other part of the country." (P. 86, 87.)

There are also various fragments of historical achievements connected with the events which have passed in India under British government, or in the progressive career of British conquest, which naturally present themselves in the course of this diary. Such is the following anecdote related with a delicate expression of feeling, that leaves nothing to be desired.

"The Tritchinopoly race-course runs over the very spot of ground where the main battle, between the English and French regiments, was fought. Had the latter been victorious, a trophy would probably have marked a field of battle become sacred in their military annals; and neither the shouts of victorious, nor the curses of disappointed lovers of the turf, would have been heard over the graves of the slain. But I have often remarked, that my countrymen have little of what may be termed the *romance* of military feeling; they feel a sense of duty, and the general esteem of the country, sufficient for their desires; and seek no further excitement in the path of military glory." (P. 47.)

The following account of an Indian village will gratify the admirers of what may be called the poetical picturesque.

"Half way from this place to Baitmungalum, is a village presenting a singular and romantic appearance; being built in the midst of huge masses of granite rock, from which the rudely formed cottages are scarcely distinguishable; and the traveller is altogether surprized at seeing a wild rocky desert suddenly peopled, and swarming with natives in all directions, eyeing him over the summits, and through the crevices of these primeval mansions. It reminded me of the poetical scene of 'Clan Alpine's warriors true.'" (P. 8)

The description of an elephant carriage is also magnificent.

"We took an airing in the Rajah's elephant carriage, which is by far the most magnificent conveyance I ever saw: the Genius of Aladdin could scarcely have done more. Its interior is a double sofa for six persons, covered with a dark green velvet and gold, surmounted by an awning of cloth of gold, in the shape of two small scolloped domes, meeting over the centre,

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and surrounded by a richly ornamented varandah, supported by light, elegant, fluted, gilt pillars; the whole is capable of containing *sixty* persons, and is about twenty-two feet in height. It moves on four wheels; the hinder ones eight feet in diameter, with a breadth of twelve feet between them. It is drawn by six immense elephants, (with a driver on each,) harnessed to the carriage by traces, as in England, and their huge heads covered with a sort of cap, made of richly embroidered cloth. The pace at which they moved, was that of a slow trot, of about seven miles an hour, they were very steady, and the springs of the carriage particularly easy. As it is crane-necked, the elephants turned round with it on coming back with the greatest facility. The shape of the body is extremely elegant, resembling a flat scolloped shell, and painted dark green and gold. The elephants are an exact match, but, as stated, of an enormous size. The whole was constructed by native workmen, assisted by one half-caste Frenchman, under the immediate directions of the Rajah." (P. 146, 147.)

We might here introduce a remarkable adventure with a wild elephant, or the chace of an antelope. But we omit them for the sake of an entertaining narrative, which may serve as a lively illustration of our Saviour's words, that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. The scene of it is laid at Seringapettah, a village not far from Tritchinopoly, celebrated for the dexterity of its thieves.

"Some years ago, a detachment of the king's artillery, intending to halt there for the night, was advised of this propensity of the natives, and recommended to be well on their guard against it. The two officers in charge of the detachment, as well as the men, ridiculed and scorned the idea of these poor wretches, (such they seemed to be,) being able to rob the King's artillery, but took the precaution of placing sentries over all the tents, and a double one at that of the quarter guard, with orders, rendered unnecessary by the awakened pride of the sentries themselves, to be more than usually watchful. The inhabitants, through the means of the native servants, heard that their skill in thieving was set at naught, and their vanity was proportionably piqued. Next morning the officers, rising early, missed nothing, and began to exult in their security, when one of the serjeants arrived, with shame and dismay pictured on his countenance, and informed them, that the whole of the arms belonging to the main guard were missing, and that all the natives had abandoned the village. Every search, though undertaken instantly, was in vain, and the detachment was compelled to march away unarmed, and fully aware of the reception they would be likely to meet with from their corps, when their disaster became known. The manner in which this dexterous theft was achieved, long remained unknown; but many years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the villagers themselves voluntarily surrendered the arms to the authorities of the country, and declared they had taken them merely because their skill in thieving had been called in question; and observed, in confirmation of this, that they had not taken a single article, with the exception of the arms, which they now restored. Being asked how they had contrived to steal them from the centre of a tent, the guard sleeping around them, and two sentries outside, they gave the following account: Several of them stripped themselves naked, and oiled their bodies over, that, if caught, they might not be easily held; they then approached that part of the tent where the sentry in the rear was posted, who, as usual, was walking about twenty paces backwards and forwards. The night was dark, and the most bold and dexterous among them advanced obliquely towards the tent, creeping on his belly, lying still while the sentry was

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pacing towards him, and only moving on slowly and cautiously, when his back was turned. In this way he arrived at the tent, and his black body was, in the dark, invisible to the sentry. He now, with the utmost adroitness, lifted up a part of the side of the tent, having carefully removed one peg, and soon found that all the guard was asleep, relying on their double sentries.' By this time the other villagers had followed their leadar, and were all lying in the same posture, with the head of each touching the feet of the one who had preceded him. In this way, the arms, being slowly removed, without the slightest noise, by the most advanced thief, were with equal caution, passed along from one to another, until the whole were secured, and the thieves retired as they came, unseen and unsuspected.'" (P. 41, 43.)

But the interest, excited by all these, and different other anecdotes such as books of travels ordinarily furnish, is absorbed in that, awakened by the more valuable facts which are collected in this diary, respecting the present state and future prospects of our holy religion, both in that country, where patriarchs, apostles, and even our blessed Saviour himself laboured and bled, or in that more benighted land, to which we yet trust that the East India Company will be disposed to realize in its best sense the promise held out in the motto of their arms—

'Redit a nobis Aurora, diemque reducit.'

In remarking on any of the statements, contained in this narrative, we of course take the facts as we find them in the pages of the field officer, and leave him to vouch for their authenticity.

The first important particular, which we are desirous of citing from this pleasing volume, is the substantial confirmation which it gives to the statements of the late Dr. Buchanan concerning the Syrian churches of Travancore. It is well known to the public, how much suspicion has been cast on the representations and researches of that excellent man, by persons who have found the high opinion they had been led to form of the Syrian Christians, disappointed by the subsequent result of a personal observation. We look upon the establishment of that valuable author's veracity, as a matter of considerable moment to the Christian public; because, if he was capable of giving to the world exaggerated or embellished representations of facts, which passed immediately under his own eye, that circumstance detracts most fatally from his authority, not only as a writer on the state of Christianity, heathenism, and Mahometanism, in India, but also, as a divine, descanting on the great truths and duties of religion; for who can place confidence in the judgment of a man on matters of opinion and sentiment, who even sees and hears through the medium of a distorting imagination? We think, however, that we can sufficiently account for the impression, which has been made on the public mind concerning Dr. Buchanan, without any impeachment either of his judgment or of the veracity of others. Dr. Buchanan did certainly write with the enthusiasm of one who felt what he stated. We should indeed pity the man, who could see all that he saw, and hear what he heard, without being moved by it, or who could address a public, capable of conferring such extensive benefits on the various classes of persons, whom he visited, Hindoos, Mahometans, and Christians of opposite and even, (we are sorry to be obliged to say,) of hostile churches,

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without giving to his statements all the strength which was necessary to their effect. Further than this we are firmly persuaded, that he has not gone. Later researches have not really falsified any fact, which he has reported, as true. Yet such was the nature of the particulars he exhibited to the public eye, such was the painfully interesting contrast between the scenes of impurity and blood, which were darkly alluded to in one part of his heart-thrilling tale, and the real though ignorant Christianity of the churches, which he brought into clearer light in another, that the imagination of his readers was roused by it, and, as always happens in such cases, easily overran the sobriety of his statements. The feelings of the public had indeed been accustomed to be moved by statements, relating to that interesting people; witness the following account of them in Cave's Life of St. Thomas, published about a hundred and fifty years ago, which could not fail to engage the affections of the christian world in their favour. "From these first plantations of Christianity in the Eastern Indias by our apostle, there is said to have been a continued series and succession of Christians, hence called Saint Thomas Christians, in those parts unto this day. The Portuguese at their first arrival here found them in great numbers in several places, no less, as some tells us, than fifteen or sixteen thousand families. They are very poor, and their churches generally mean and sordid, wherein they had no images of saints, nor any representations, but that of the cross. They are governed in spirituals by a high priest, whom some make an Armenian patriarch of the sect of Nestorius, but who in truth is no other than the patriarch of Muzal, the remainder, as is probable, of the ancient Seleucia, and by some, though erroneously, styled Babylon, residing northward in the mountains, who, together with twelve cardinals, two patriarchs, and several bishops, disposes of all affairs, referring to religion; and to him all the christians of the east yield subjection. They promiscuously admit all to the holy communion, which they receive under both kinds of bread and wine, though instead of wine, which their country affords not, making use of the juice of raisins, steeped one night in water, and then pressed forth." Such obscure sketches as these having been given from time to time of this remarkable body of oriental christians, surrounded by wretched idolaters, when Dr. Buchanan came forward to fill up the outline, and give body and substance to the representation, Utopian pictures were immediately drawn in the minds of all his readers, which led him to expect a state of purity, innocence, and christian simplicity, which when investigation failed to authenticate, the mistake, according to the natural propensity of men to shift the blame of their own errors upon the shoulders of others, was attributed to an inaccuracy in Dr. Buchanan, when in fact it existed only in the excited imaginations of his readers. The following extracts will probably set this matter on the right foundation:

"With Dr. Buchanan's account of them in my hand, I went where he went, and sometimes where he went not; and I seize with pleasure this opportunity of offering the testimony of an individual, who, however obscure



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and unknown, has been an eye-witness to most of what has been asserted on this head by the first friend, and now beloved benefactor, of the neglected Syrians. He is gone to reap the fruits of his labours, from a master who is not unrighteous, that he should forget our work and labour of love; but the cause of christianity itself requires that those who have had the opportunity of convincing themselves, should join in rescuing others from believing the imputation so readily cast on the veracity of a good christian." (P. 101, 102.)

The following extract of a letter from the truly pious and indefatigable Mr. Hough, is too valuable a testimony to the veracity of the celebrated Dr. Buchanan, not to be preserved.

"*December 30th.—Madras.*

"Dr. Buchanan's account of these people has been most undeservedly depreciated. I travelled with his book in my hand; visited four of the churches which he describes; compared his descriptions with what I saw; and actually found that his language, glowing as I thought it when at a distance, did not adequately express my feelings on the spot. I would not envy the feelings of the man, who could visit a body of christians, in the mountains and wilds of Malabar, still, notwithstanding their degenerated condition, loving and assenting to the word of God, confessing their ignorance, and desiring to be taught, with other emotions than those of Dr. Buchanan.

"I asked several gentlemen in Travancore, whom I heard retailing the current complaints of the Doctor's exaggerations, whether they could mention a single fact, wherein he had departed from the truth; and not one replied in the affirmative. The Missionaries felt at first, that the state of the people did not answer the expectations, which the African researches had tended to raise in their minds: but it does not necessarily follow, hence, that the pictures there given were false representations. I do not think they charge the Doctor with one inaccuracy, and verily believe they thank him for writing in the animated style he adopted." (P. 372.)

Of the extent of Indian idolatry the author draws a painful picture.

"Thousands of Indians, passing along, on account of some great heathen festival, gave animation to the scene, and communicated a favourable idea of the amount of the population in this part of the country; but that feeling was not unaccompanied with regret, in witnessing the numbers whom the corruption of human nature, and the seductions of Satan, had brought to bow the knee at shrines and temples erected in honour of him: here and there they were so numerous, that great care was necessary to avoid hurting some by riding over them; nor could I proceed among them faster than at a walk."

We copy some remarks on visiting heathen temples, in the hope that the hints they suggest may not be lost upon our Indian travellers.

"The pagoda here is a very large one, and in great repute; and is a good specimen of what such buildings usually are. Four squares of stone walls one within another, having gateways in the centre of each wall, facing the four cardinal points, and the gateways of the second walls surmounted each with an immense pagoda-shaped tower, form the principal outline of the building. The detail is filled up with rich, but badly executed ornaments, in the most lavish profusion, and designed to express several imaginary adventures and attributes of the silly god to whom the whole is dedicated. Who this one was, I did not trouble myself to enquire. His shrine is in the centre of the whole, and a brahmin offered to

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conduct me to it, if I chose to pay for admission; this I declined, being aware that they consider the money so paid as an offering in honour of their god." (P. 26, 27.)

"I know not how far a Christian can be justified in going, for the mere purpose of gratifying his curiosity, to visit the temple of a miserable idol, when that visit is given out by the brahmins, (and unquestionably regarded by the natives,) to be made as a mark of respect to the idol itself." (P. 50.)

That there are native Christians in British India, worthy of the name, and consequently entitled not only to the protection, but to the respect and favourable regard of their superiors, may be exemplified in this exhibition of the liberal spirit of Christianity by a native boy at Tranquebar, which we copy from our author.

"He had lately been undertaking a journey, to defray the expenses of which his uncle had presented him with a * pagoda; but being already possessed of † five fanams, he contrived to subsist on that, and expended the pagoda in the purchase of a Tamul bible. (P. 29.)

"The boy, having been sent on a journey by his master, on arriving at a ‡ Choultry took out his Tamul bible, and began to read to himself. Ashamed of the false shame which prevented his reading aloud, he began to do so; and soon after an old man entered the Choultry, and the scene passed which is detailed in Ayavoo's letter, in a style and language far more interesting than any account I could offer." (P. 30.)

The boy read to his aged companion, prayed with him, and, finding that he valued the book, presented it to him

"In a spirit of Christian charity which can only be fully appreciated by those who are acquainted with the natural selfishness of the poor heathens, and the sacrifice which, as a boy, Ayavoo had made to obtain it. He will not remain long without procuring another." (P. 30.)

But this is no solitary, insulated fact, at variance with the general strain of the author's observations.

"I have become acquainted," (says the traveller,) "with that which is quite sufficient to convince me that those pious men, who bestow labour and money on the maintenance of missions among the heathen, neither labour nor spend in vain. The harvest may be delayed, but it will come, and the sower shall reap the fruits of his seed." (P. 33.)

"The general result of my inquiries is the all-but-formed conviction, that there are, in this remote and almost unknown corner of the world, (he is speaking now of the Malabar coast,) between sixty and seventy thousand souls ready to receive the Gospel, as soon as it shall be preached among them unfettered by an unknown and obsolete tongue." (P. 115.)

Indeed the great want of the scriptures for circulation in the vernacular languages spoken by Christians in India, notwithstanding all the efforts of societies and missionaries, is attested by many facts. In the Tinevelly country, Messrs. Rhenius and Schmidt

"Discovered a considerable number of self-called Christian congregations, some Catholic and some Protestant, but most of them plunged in

* Eight shillings. † About one shilling.

‡ An open public building, erected on the road-side for the convenience of travellers.

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deplorable ignorance. However, they evinced much gratitude for the visit of the Missionaries; and so eagerly accepted a few books and tracts in their native language, that Mr. Rhenius regretted he had not brought more with him. One poor boy, in particular, after having several times, in vain, solicited a book, as the Missionaries were obliged to be somewhat sparing, brought them, as his only means of purchase, a little paper full of sugar; and it was probably the sum of his earthly possessions, as the natives in those parts are wretchedly poor, and subsist entirely on the scanty produce of the palmyra tree." (P. 53.)

Our traveller's report of the state of the schools in the south of India, is not very flattering. They labour of course, under many difficulties; and the frequency of Hindoo feasts in their neighbourhood, is a great interruption to them, especially in respect to the regularity of attendance. Yet at Nagracoil,* he gives this account of the principal Tamul School, supported by the London Missionary Society.

"I asked the senior boys a great number of questions on Scripture doctrines and history; and the answers evinced decidedly a more thorough knowledge of Scripture, than I had found in any of the Schools I had previously visited. On one or two occasions, I was quite astonished at their answers. Such a state of improvement, is highly creditable to their instructors, and has been produced, they think, by the habit of passing much time in daily questioning them as to the meaning of all they read. I asked one little boy, of eleven years old, whether he ever prayed to God, independently of the form of prayer which had been taught him? He replied, that he did sometimes; and when further questioned, as to what he prayed for? his answer was literally thus: 'My sins are as numberless as the sands, and so I pray to God to take them from me by the power of his Holy Spirit.'" (P. 57—58.)

The improvements which have already taken place among the Syrian Christians, are thus detailed and elucidated.

"The following are the four main improvements, which have been effected with general approbation, or at least without any dislike having been openly manifested.

"*1st.* The marriage of the Clergy.

"*2d.* The removal of all images from the Churches.

"*3d.* The reading a portion of the Scriptures every Sunday in Malayalim.

"*4th.* The opening of Schools, attached to most of the Churches.

"These reforms may be safely considered as general in spirit, although in fact, from the remoteness of some of the Churches, and the short space of time which has elapsed since the reform commenced, they cannot be yet said to be in universal operation: in a very few more months, with God's blessing, I have no doubt they will be entirely so. Among partial amendments may be reckoned, a decreasing estimation, in the eyes of the principal clergy, of pomp and ceremony: a desire, openly manifested, to study the scriptures: an humble acknowledgement of the dreadful state of ignorance in which they are plunged: gratitude towards those who are assisting in rescuing them from it: and a greater regard to cleanliness and decency of apparel. Since all this has been effected, through the Divine permission, in the short space of four years, (when Mr. Baily, the first Missionary, settled among them,) can we doubt, I

* Nagracoil is not far from the sea shore.

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would say it with humble reverence, but that it seems to be our God's good pleasure, that this once flourishing Church should be restored? (P. 99)

"When the Syrian Divine Service of the day was over, in which, for the first time, the *prayers*, as well as the portions of scripture, were read in the Malayalim tongue, Mr. Bailey went through a part of the English Liturgy in the same language; and then preached a short sermon to them, on the 9th verse of the 4th chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. During the sermon, contrary to their usual custom, they were all attention, and crowded one upon another, in order to get nearer the Preacher. The Catanars appeared particularly struck, as much with the novelty, as with the interest of the scene: for this was the first sermon they had ever heard, it not being the custom among them to preach. But Mr. Baily has exhorted them to commence; and I trust, *in time*, they will: as yet, most of them are too ignorant themselves of the scriptures to do so. (P. 82, 83.)

"It was very remarkable, how different the attention of the people was during the few prayers which were yet recited in the ancient Syriac.

"Several of the Syrians called on Mr. Bailey in the afternoon; and one or two of them entering on the subject of his sermon, recapitulated to him the whole scope of it: and observed, how much happier their brethren at Cotyam were, who would have such frequent opportunities of hearing him preach." (P. 84, 85.)

The courteous and simple visit of the Metropolitan to the Missionaries, and the contrast between his robes of state and his ordinary accommodations, may possibly excite a smile, but certainly not a contemptuous one.

"The Metropolitan came to us in state; which he had kindly consented to do, in order to afford me the gratification of seeing him in his pontifical robes. He wears a mitre on these occasions, and the pastoral crook, or crozier, is carried before him. The latter is of a very ancient form, having the top ornamented with gold, and the staff made of polished black wood, with a stripe of silver descending spirally from the top to the bottom. After a short time, he took off most of his robes, and kept on only the usual one, of crimson silk. (P. 88)

"We then visited the Metropolitan; and it was not without some emotion of sorrow, that I finally quitted this venerable man. He received me as before, in his little bed-room, the furniture of which consisted simply of a bed, three chairs, and a very small table, a wooden chest, and a brass lamp; from the canopy of his bed, some dresses of ceremony were hanging on a cord, and a very few books lay on the chest opposite one small window. Besides this little room, he has one other, not much larger, which is nearly empty. Such I pictured to myself the abode of an Archbishop in the primitive ages of the Church, before the progress of society and civilization had effected a corresponding change." (P. 90, 91.)

Our traveller met also with the Abbe Dubois, and Dr. Prendergast, the Romish Missionaries. But though his account of them is in many respects pleasing, although the former denounces the worship of images, and is friendly to the circulation of the scriptures; they do not appear either of them to be sufficiently men of the other world, to make the small number of their converts a matter of surprise. We may probably have occasion to say more concerning the Abbe hereafter.

To those, who doubt the advantage of Christianity, or the prefer-

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ence which is justly due to it, above all human systems, which have been compared to it, we recommend a comparison between the following description of a French revolutionary Atheist, and one, which we shall afterwards bring forward, of an infant Christian, in the agonies of a mortal disease. The first case is thus described.

"He is an unhappy native of Paris, a rank Buonapartist, and at the age of seventy-two, compelled to fly his country from the violence of his political opinions. Unacquainted with the language of Egypt, deprived of every friend, and not knowing a single individual with whom he can associate, except his * Drogman, a Corfiote Greek, who speaks Venetian Italian, and understands a few words of French; accustomed to all the elegancies and comforts with which the French capital abounds, and now little capable of sustaining hardship or exertion; this miserable old man seems condemned to spend his few remaining years far from every thing that can render life supportable, yet suffering under a terror of death amounting to agony. A professed believer in the soul's annihilation at the death of the body, a contemner of Christianity, and a practical Atheist, he repeated to me that he 'gloried in calling himself a perfect Frenchman.' He confessed that his life was such a burden to him, that he should long ago himself have brought it to a close, but for his dread of death: and still he spoke with pride and delight on the superiority of man's natural reason over 'the absurd and fabulous delusions' of revealed religion." (P. 229.)

With this melancholy account of an unhappy exile, who rejects, as poison, the only true comfort which belongs to his condition, we will now contrast the closing scene of a child six years old, the only son of his parents, who underwent the distressing and hopeless miseries of hydrophobia.

"During sufferings, which I have rarely seen equalled in a man, and never before in a child, John only once permitted a word of complaint, and it was but a slight one, to escape his lips. He said, "it is very sore to die." In the moments of intermission from acute pain, he sometimes begged his mother to read to him out of a little book containing stories from the Bible; at other times he wished her to sing some of his favourite hymns; his poor mother being, as may be supposed in such circumstances, quite incapaple of singing, now and then repeated to him the words of a hymn, to which he listened with evident pleasure.

When sorrow overcame her, and tears flowed down her cheeks, he would say, "Don't cry, dear mamma, I am quite happy;" but when the sacred spirit of a Christian silenced in her for a moment the anguish of a mother, and she once asked him, "whether he did not know that he had often been a great sinner in the pure eyes of Almighty God? "Oh yes mamma," said the little sufferer; "but Jesus Christ died on the Cross for me." "But Johnny," she added, "do you feel sure you shall go to Heaven?" "Yes mamma; and when I am a little angel, I will fly behind you, and take care of you."

"The mother could bear no more, and few who were present were able to restrain their tears. At the time when his paroxysms were most violent, he would never suffer his mother to come near him, lest, as in his momentary madness he snapped at every thing within his reach, he might chance to bite even her. He never would confess to her that he was in

* Interpreter.

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pain, but always maintained he was "quite willing to go to Heaven." By degrees nature, exhausted with suffering and agony, began to grow feebler and feebler, and the spasms were proportionably less violent; but his ideas wandered, and after two hours unquiet yet lethargic slumber, his sweet soul, without any apparent pain or struggle, left its earthly prison, and flew to join the ransomed thousands of those innocents whom Jesus loved, and to chant with them the "New Song" of the Redeemed of the Lamb.

"It was about ten o'clock at night that he ceased to breathe; and to my astonishment, no mark of the agonies he had endured was visible on his lovely and placid countenance—it was beautiful even in death. The corpse, having been washed, and dressed in a long white robe, was laid out in the bed in which he usually slept; and the attachment of the poor Hindoos covered it, on the following morning, with sweet fresh flowers. Scarcely a word was spoken, which had not some reference to the virtues of this pious and amiable child. His little sister told us a thing, of which his father even was as ignorant as we were, of no common nature. For a long time past, every Sunday on returning from church, he was accustomed to seek out a retired corner of the house, where no eye could see him but that of his heavenly Father, and there pour out his little soul in earnest prayer. We learned from his father, that whenever he had any pocket money, he made two equal divisions of it; one part was placed in his father's hands for the support of the Bible and Church Missionary Societies, and with the other he used to visit the huts of the poorer natives, and relieve their wants as far as his means would extend.

"Such was John S. at the age of six years and a half, for he was no more when he died! His funeral was attended by the General, and most of the officers of the garrison, who knew and loved him young as he was; but that which stamped on the melancholy procession a more peculiar interest, was the number of poor natives, who accompanied it in tears, and who, at the moment of committing the corpse to its last earthly home, pressed forward to throw each his little handful of earth on the coffin, which held all that now remained of him who once enjoyed among them the blessed title of 'The poor man's friend.'

"A small monument has since been erected to his memory, where, on a tablet of white marble, are simply recorded his name, age, and death; together with the words of Him, who, in the days of his sorrow, loved to take little children in his arms and bless them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." (P. 15—16.)

In connexion with the preceding narrative, though (we trust) the bereft parents have long ceased to mourn the departure of an infant, who was unquestionably an heir of glory, we feel impelled by a sense of humanity to recal public attention to an extraordinary cure of hydrophobia, which occurred in the native hospital at Calcutta in 1812. From a patient under the aggravated symptoms of that disease forty ounces of blood were taken, which produced immediate relief. The rabid symptoms re-appearing in about two hours, blood was again let, till he fainted, which happened after eight ounces were taken. After the second bleeding the disorder did not return. But considerable quantities of calomel and opium were administered; and he was discharged in a fortnight. We believe that two other instances have occurred of similar treatment with equal success, though in one of them no mercury was administered. It is also stated, that a physician at Padua in 1816

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cured a patient by making him swallow a pound of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night.

Our author met in the course of his travels with one of those proofs of the debasing influence of the slave trade on all, who are any way concerned in it, which ought to stimulate our efforts, and animate our perseverance, till the legal abolition of that nefarious traffic shall become universally effectual. At Cairo he says,

"We also went to see the market for black slaves, than which I never beheld a scene of more consummate filth, misery, and degradation. Men, women, and children, covered with every species of dirt, many of them *totally* naked, are huddled together, and crowded almost to suffocation, in dark and dismal cells under ground, which are never cleaned, and have no outlet except the strong gates opening on the slave bazar. From these dungeons they are brought forth for sale, like articles of merchandise, to every passing customer: and, to complete the scene, most of the purchasers who came there while I was on the spot were well dressed females, with their faces veiled as usual. Is it not a remarkable contradiction, that they who consider it a deep offence to the modesty of their sex, should a man at any time chance to see their face, can yet become so reconciled by habit to the sight of slaves, in the state I have described, as to consider that sight not only tolerable, but as being also not at all unbecoming their own sex and condition?" (P. 244.)

Our readers will naturally wish to accompany the author in his tour through Palestine, and to trace his feelings in walking upon that ground, the very touch of which must awaken recollections, eminently sacred.

> Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
> Singula dum, capti, circumvectamur, amore.

We therefore restrain ourselves, and will do little more than quote the rule, which he has prescribed for himself, in attempting to draw the line between childish credulity and unfeeling scepticism, in a place where Superstition has been above all others fertile in invention.

"I will not allow myself to disbelieve those accounts of *places*, which on closely consulting the Bible as my *only* guide, I have reason to think *may* be true; and I will decidedly reject every history of them as fabulous, to which the Bible makes no allusion." (P. 290.)

The particulars which are detailed to a traveller in this which may be called the classic region of piety are indeed minute *usque ad fastidium*. Very different from these juggling trifles is the combination of interesting names and circumstances, in the following account of Cana and its neighbourhood.

"Before entering the village from Nazareth, and a little to the right of the road, is a fig tree, which marks a spot where our Saviour is reported frequently to have sat in retirement with his disciples, expounding to them his doctrines, and teaching his gospel. From it there is a pleasing view of Cana, and the valley below. Close to the village is another tree planted, where Jesus at the marriage feast changed the water into wine. It is singular, that though there are now no Christians in the village, all the marriages are celebrated under this tree, in commemoration of the miracle just mentioned. Not far from the tree is a beautiful well of ancient structure; and as it is the only one in the vicinity, it is not improbable

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that it really is, what tradition calls it, the self-same well, whence the water was borne to 'the governor of the feast.' I saw with pleasure several 'waterpots' of an antique shape, with which the Arab women come to fetch water: they are of brown clay, and about two feet high; small at the bottom, with a narrow neck and a wide mouth; there are two circular handles fixed to the neck. Our route continued to lead us through a country generally mountainous; and when we were within five miles of Tiberias, we visited the spot where our Saviour is said to have delivered his 'Sermon on the Mount.' There is a granite rock rising four feet above the summit of a sloping hill, against which tradition asserts that He leaned his back as He spoke. If it be true, He must have faced the North, with ancient Bethulia towering on an opposite mountain; and to the East He commanded a beautiful prospect of the Galilean sea, and the mountains which environ it. From the West and South, the ground descends as far as the rock, with so gentle an inclination as to be almost a plain; and there is 'much grass in the place;" so much so, that it is to the neighbourhood of this very spot that the modern Pachas of Acre annually send their horses to graze. The place pointed out as the scene where the 'five thousand' were miraculously fed, is only a few yards further on towards Tiberias." (P. 292—294.)

The simple devotion which breathes through the following sentence, is a beautiful contrast to the mummery of Romish and Greek, as well as Mahometan pilgrimages.

"I have knelt down and kissed the spot where He once lay, and *that*, where I hope my sins are for ever laid . . . . . the foot of His Cross! The places where indeed there, but all around was confusion. Greeks, Armenians and Roman Catholics, all singing their masses in the same Church, at the same moment: Turks walking among them, and eyeing all with supercilious derision: hundreds of poor ignorant Christians assisting at their several rites, some, I should hope, with that humble heart, and spark of true faith, which a merciful and gracious Saviour will not disdain." (P 315.)

As nothing is added in this tour or sought to be added to our topographical asquaintance with these consecrated spots, we content ourselves with the foregoing specimens of the feeling, with which they were visited, and close our quotation with the very gratifying account of the meeting between the field-officer and Mr. Wolf, to which we have already alluded.

"After a long privation of the blessings of real Christian communion and conversation, I have to thank my God for the valued privilege of meeting here with a Christian friend, whose history and character demand a more than common interest. Born a Jew, and brought up in the religion of his fathers, it has pleased the Almighty to single him out as a monument of mercy from the thousands of his perishing nation. He has embraced from the heart the truths of Christianity, and is now a zealous Ambassador from Heaven to beseech mankind that they would be reconciled to their offended God. His name is the Rev. Joseph Wolf. *He* is going to Jerusalem, and *I* am coming from it: *he* arrived by sea, and *I* by land; and we have met together, without any previous concert or knowledge of each other, on the same day, in the same city, and at the house of Simon the Tanner! And how truly precious a day I have passed in his society! We remained together during the whole of it, and slept in the same room at night. So many uninterrupted hours of conversation fully developed before me a character, which is in itself thoroughly open and



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undisguised. I found him a child in the world, but a giant in the cause of his God. He is going as a sheep among wolves; but the Great Shepherd of Israel will neither slumber nor sleep. He is going alone, but it is with a firm reliance on that Arm, which can alone protect him, to preach the Gospel of Jesus. There is something in his mere pronunciation of the *name* of his Saviour; something which bespeaks a mind more tenderly alive to the value of the sacrifice made for him, something which denotes a more peculiar personal appropriation of the Messiah to him, as being a Jew, than ordinary Christians appear to feel. He never utters the name of *Jesus*, without seeming to imply, in voice and manner, that his heart whispers at the same time, from its inmost core, "Jesus is *mine*." (P. 330—332.)

May the labours of this zealous missionary and of his coadjutors be abundantly blessed in awakening attention among the members of the Jewish synagogue to the proofs, that he, whom their fathers crucified in that very spot, was their own Messiah! Of the preparation which the minds of many in that remarkable nation are undergoing for the eventual reception of the gospel among them, the following authentic account of one of the Jews of Cochin, affords an acceptable specimen.

"Moses Azarphati, an eminent Jew, met us, and conducted us immediately, at our request, to a Synagogue, in which, it being Saturday, the principal Jews were assembled to hear the law of Moses." (P. 92.)

"I had a long and interesting conversation with Moses, in the Portuguese language, of which, fortunately, he understood a little. The sum of what he told me was, that the Jews, those at least who had studied the Sacred Writings, all agreed, that the 53d chapter of Isaiah related to the Messiah; that the accounts given of Jesus of Nazareth, exactly correspond with the description of him given therein; but that there is one material point, in which he fails; which is, that, having publicly declared He came to fulfil the law of Moses, He nevertheless permitted his followers to dispense with the rite of circumcision, and to change the day of the Sabbath;—acts which positively violated the law of Moses; and such, therefore, as the true Messiah would never have allowed. This was, he said, the common opinion of the Jews; but he admitted that, for his own part, the undeniable conformity of Jesus to the predicted Messiah, the long and dreadful dispersion and sufferings of the Jews, and the present returning kindness of the nations towards them, in seeming conformity with the time pointed out in the prophecies of the 1260 days: all combined to throw his mind into an indiscribable state of ferment. He *almost* believed —but then the unaccountable change of the most holy Sabbath-day! He allowed the total confusion of tribes, so that, if Messiah were yet to come, He could not be known to be of the tribe of Judah, unless by a miracle. Still, he thought, God would perhaps vouchsafe a miracle to restore the identity of families and tribes; and that this was a general belief among his brethren. He says he has read the New Testament with attention, and thinks it a most excellent work: but if its accounts had been true, how was it possible that so many thousands of Israelites, living witnesses of the miracles therein related, could yet refuse to believe, and even punish the supposed Messiah with death? I have purposely abstained from recapitulating the arguments usually employed against what Moses Azarphati advanced, as they are well known to every Christian of common intelligence, who has at all studied the grounds of his own belief; but I thought it might not be uninteresting to know from the fountain head, what the Jews think and say for themselves; and Moses is really a fair specimen of the most liberal among them; being also a man of considerable

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natural abilities, improved by study, and free from violent prejudices. Before he left me, he presented me with a printed Hebrew almanac, and some manuscripts in Hebrew, of a trifling nature; one of which, however, kindly written by himself on purpose for me, contains an account of all that is known concerning the settlement and subsequent history of the Jews at Cochin. On shaking hands with him, I told him I should earnestly pray that God would enlighten his mind, so that he might see the truth: he squeezed my hand with warmth, and said he sincerely hoped it might be so." (P. 108—110.)

The simultaneous abatement of those prejudices against Christianity, which had long prevailed with the force of a second nature in the breasts of Jews and heathens in various parts of the world, coupled with the present expectations of both Jews and Mahometans, forms together one of the most awakening signs of the times, and affords the highest encouragement to those efforts of the Christian church, which, however feebly concerted and weakly supported, must continue to increase and to prevail till the day, when it shall be seen through the blessing of him, who refuses not to reward a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, that no pious endeavour of any Christian missionary has ever been made in vain.

## TO NANCY.

The following words by Mr. J. Richardson, to the well known tune of "Fy gar rub her o'er wi strae," are transcribed from "*The Select Melodies of Scotland*," an admirable union of music and poetry, in which we recognize the names of Scott, Campbell, Miss Baillie, Mrs. Grant, Thompson, Smollett, Macneil, Hogg, &c.

O Nancy! wilt thou leave the town,
And go with me where nature dwells;
I'll lead thee to a fairer scene
Than painter feigns, or poet tells.
In spring I'll place the snow-drop fair
Upon thy fairer, sweeter breast;
With lovely roses round thy head,
At summer eve thou shalt be dust.

In autumn when the rustling leaf
Shall warn us of the parting year,
I'll lead you to yon woody glen,
The red-breast's ev'ning song to hear.
And when the winter's dreary night
Forbids us leave our shelter'd cot,
Then in the treasure of the mind
Shall nature's charms be all forgot.

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## THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT are,

- **I. Historical**, describing the history of
  - 1. *Jesus Christ*, the Head of the Church; whose genealogy, birth, life, doctrine, miracles, death, resurrection, and ascension are recorded by the four evangelists - - - - - - - - - → Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.
  - 2. The *Christian Church*, whose primitive plantation, state, and increase, both among Jews and Gentiles, are declared in the - → Acts of the Apostles.
- **II. Doctrinal**, comprising all the Epistles written by the Apostles, either
  - 1. To believing Gentiles, as Paul's Epistles,
    - 1. *General*, which Paul wrote unto whole Churches about matters of general and public concernment, as the Epistles to the - → Romans. I. Corinthians. II. Corinthians. Galatians. Ephesians. Philippians. Colossians. I. Thessalonians. II. Thessalonians.
    - 2. *Particular*, to particular persons concerning,
      - 1. *Public*, or Ecclesiastical affairs, as the Epistles to - - - - - - - - - → I. Timothy. II. Timothy. Titus.
      - 2. *Private*, or Economical affairs, as his Epistle to → Philemon.
  - 2. To the believing Jews, as it is probable all these Epistles were, viz.
    - 1. The Epistle, written by Paul, to the - - - - - - → Hebrews
    - 2. The Seven Epistles commonly called *General*, or the *Catholic Epistles*, of
      - James - - - - - - - - → James.
      - Peter - - - - - - - - → I. Peter. II. Peter.
      - John - - - - - (General / Particular) → I. John. II. John. III. John.
      - Jude - - - - - - - - → Jude.
- **III. Prophetical**, foretelling what shall be the future state and condition of the Church of Christ to the end of the world, written by John the Apostle, viz. - - - - - - - - - → The Revelations.

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## INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE ARTS.

A paper *on the compressibility of water*, air, and other fluids, and on the chrystalization of liquids, and the liquefaction of aeriform fluids, by simple pressure, was prepared by Mr. Perkins, our countryman for the purpose of submitting it to the Royal Society at their last meeting It contained a minute description, accompanied with figures, of his compressing apparatus; a diagram, showing the ratio of the compressibility of water, beginning at the pressure of ten atmospheres, and proceeding regularly to that of two thousand; and some experiments on the compression of atmospheric air, which appears by them to follow a law varying from that generally assigned to it by philosophers. Mr. Perkins intended to announce, also, in this paper, that he had affected the liquefaction of atmospheric air, and other gaseous substances, by a pressure equal to that of about 1100 atmospheres; and that he had succeeded in chrystalizing several liquids by simple pressure.

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*Illustrations of the Works of Washington Irving, Esq.*—We transcribe the following criticism from the *London Literary Gazette*, because we hope to be able, in the course of the year, to introduce some of the engravings in our work.

Mr. Murray has, this season, published an unusual number of these fine illustrations of books, thus combining the beauties of art with the attractions of literature in a way which has not of late years been very prevalent. Among the causes of the disunion, we may mention the great expense of such embellishments, and still more the delays which the procrastination of artists too frequently occasioned. The latter evil induced booksellers to do without their assistance altogether, or to employ labours of an inferior style: thus crudities or lithography came to be substituted for finish and copperplate; and the refinements of the burin yielded to the facilities of scraping, wood, or stone. The engravings before us are of a high character, and renew our acquaintance with the truly admirable in art. A fine frontispiece portrait of the best writer in polite literature which America has produced, does credit to the pencil of G. S. Newton, and the needle of E. Scriven. It is followed by ten designs by Leslie, and engraved by C. Heath, C. Rolls, J. Romney, and W. and E. Finden, and A. W. Warren, from various parts of the Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's History, all of which are honourable to the state of our National School. Rip Van Winkle is an exceedingly clever and characteristic subject—his dog exquisite—and the engraving by Rolls doing justice to the conception of the painter. The legend of the Sleepy Hollow is equally humorous, and still better engraved by the same hand. Wouter Van Twiller deciding the lawsuit, (the only piece drawn by W. Allston,) is inclined to the caricatura, and there are some slight flaws in our copy of the plate. The Dutch Fire Side is a delightful engraving, by W. Finden, in which a mastery of light and shadow is displayed—a

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very Rembrandt on copper; and the Dutch Courtship, C. Rolls, is a worthy companion to it, both in design and execution. Antony Von Corlear setting off for the wars, (A. W. Warren,) completes a trio of as entertaining prints as could adorn any entertaining story. W. Klieft's New Punishment is clever, but not so much to our taste: the sentimental subjects have nothing remarkable: and the conclusion 'Peter Stuyvesant rebuking the Cobler,' is most commendable for character. Upon the whole, nothing more worthy of the author could have been produced; and Mr. Leslie has fortunately linked his name for posterity to that of Washington Irving. The plates are about three inches by two and a half, suitable to bind with the works. *London Lit. Gazette.*

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We received from Canada, last summer, the first number of a new Miscellany, entitled "*The Canadian Magazine*," but we have heard no more of it since. We hope it has not failed for want of patronage; indeed we cannot entertain the conjecture, since the specimen afforded promise of excellence, and our neighbours in the British colony, are liberal and intelligent.

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*Novel Presentment!*—A printer in South Carolina is said to have been presented by a Grand Jury for refusing or omitting to publish pieces in favour of any other Presidential Candidate than Mr. Calhoun.

Washington Irving has issued another volume.

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Forty poetical addresses have been presented to the managers of the New Orleans Theatre, for the premiums lately offered. They are mostly from the northern states.

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*A New Greek Lexicon.*—John Pickering, Esq. an eminent classic scholar, and celebrated as a philologist, has completed a new Greek and English Dictionary, founded on the basis of the Lexicon of Schrevelius, but much improved. A specimen of this work is in our hands, and as it tends to promote our favourite plan of recommending the Greek language to be taught in schools before the Latin, we feel much pleasure in bringing this addition to the stores of American literature before the Canadian public. We have the honour of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Pickering, who is a son of the Hon. Timothy Pickering, the friend and associate of Washington. *Quebec Gazette.*

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The rumour that Mr. Milman had succeeded Mr. Gifford, as the editor of the *London Quarterly Review*, and which had been contradicted, is revived. It is now understood that Mr. Murray has been corresponding with a celebrated northern writer on the subject of a new editor for this journal, whose voice is decidedly in favour of Mr. Milman.

There is a great rage at present in the English reading public for German tales of "Ghosts and Goblins." Three different works of this description have been lately published. The first is entitled "German popular stories by Grimm;" the second, "Ghost Stories," published by

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Ackerman; and the third is called the "Popular Tales and Romances of the Northern Nations."

It is stated that several of the most learned Jews, residing in Paris, intend to commence the publication of a periodical work, devoted to the moral and social instruction of individuals of their own religious persuasion. There are already two works of this description published in Germany.

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*Improved method of Tanning.*—Dr. H. H. Hayden of Baltimore, has discovered a valuable improvement in the art of tannning by means of pyrolignous preparation. By his method, raw hides, after hairing and bailing, are converted into leather in less than thirty-six hours. He has secured the improvement by letters patent under the seal of the United States.

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## OBITUARY

Zephania Swift, Esq. of Connecticut, who lately died in Ohio, was educated at Yale College, where he was distinguished as a scholar, and received the first honours of the institution. After graduating, he applied himself with great assiduity, (a trait which marked his character in whatever he undertook) to the profession of law. His proficiency soon called him into notice, and he was chosen a representative to Congress. While in Congress an embassy was sent to France, to negotiate a treaty with the then Consular government. At the head of this embassy was the late Chief Justice Ellsworth, through whose influence Judge Swift was appointed secretary of legation. Soon after his return from France he was appointed a side judge of the superior court of Connecticut—and after several years he was called to preside at the head of that court. This office he held till the formation of the constitution, when he with other members of that Court were superseded—and for his eminent services, like Themistocles, sent back into private life; but his talents were too well known, and too highly appreciated to be left unemployed He was repeatedly returned a representative to the Legislature from the town where he resided: an honour no less grateful to his feelings than reproachful to those political adversaries who had displaced him; as it was a testimonial of worth from his fellow townsmen who knew him best, and from a large majority of whom he had always differed in his political opinions. The soundness of his judgment and rectitude of heart not unfrequently swayed the opinions of the House, even against the bias of their feelings. He was appointed by the Legislature one of the committee to revise the statutes of the state.

The talents of Judge Swift, as an author, were well known to his profession in his own state. He embodied and digested the laws of Connecticut upon the model of Blackstone—a work particularly useful to the student, and cited with respect in the courts of justice. An improved edition of this work, now in press, occupied the last year or two of his life.

In Washington, Washington county, Alabama, in his 57th year,

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Harry Toulmin, Esq. late a Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Mississippi. Mr. Toulmin was descended from a very ancient and respectable family in England. He was born at Taunton, in Somersetshire. His father, Dr. Joshua Toulmin, was as distinguished for his piety and benevolence, as for his literary and scientific endowments. Under such a father, and at one of the principal dissenting Seminaries of England, was the subject of this notice educated and trained for the Church. He was settled, for a number of years, as a dissenting minister, at Chowbert, Lancashire. About the commencement of the French Revolution, in the year 1793. he immigrated to this country. In 1794 he was appointed President of the Transylvania Seminary, in Kentucky, to which State he removed: he continued at the head of that Seminary between two and three years, after which he was chosen Secretary of State of the State of Kentucky, in which office he remained until 1804, when he was appointed Judge of the Federal Court for the Missisippi Territory, and removed thither the following year. He was chosen to digest the Laws of that Territory, and which task he completed in 1807. On the erection of the State of Alabama into a separate government, he served in the Convention, and assisted in the formation of the Constitution, and afterwards served in the Legislature of the State as a Representative. During the last year he was appointed to digest the Laws, which service was performed.

On the 19th of Oct. at his house in Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, Thomas Penn Gaskell, Esq. of Shannegarry, in the county of Cork, a lineal descendant of the celebrated William Penn.

## EXPLANATION OF THE EMBELLISHMENT.

This Number of the Port Folio is embellished with a scene from "The Pioneers." The artist has selected the moment when Leather-Stocking, in an interview with Edwards and his young bride, refuses the invitation of the happy couple to spend his old age with them, and declares his intention to penetrate still deeper into the forest. Edwards then offers him some Bank Notes which he declines, observing,—"This then is some of the new-fashioned money that they've been making at Albany out of paper! It can't be worth much to they that hasn't larning! No, no, lad, take back the stuff; it will do me no sarvice I took kear to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I am going. It isn't even fit for wads, seeing I use none but leather."

## ERRATA.

Page 1, for Hon. Charles Nisbet, *read* Hon. Alexander Nisbet. In the Latin inscription, page 4, the diarœsis ¨ has been several times inserted instead of *i i*.

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Bear Hunting in Finland.

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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

## REMINISCENCES OF PHILADELPHIA.

We insert, with great readiness, the following communication from one of our correspondents; and earnestly invite others to deposit in our Port Folio, the results of their inquiries or recollections on the same subject:

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.—*Twelfth Night.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As human nature is said to be the same in every age and country, it is reasonable to expect that our infant stage should successively exhibit every character that has flourished in maturer regions. The antiquary, one might imagine, could find no food in our new world to regale his appetite. Yet even antiquaries are starting up amongst us; and our ancients are called upon to ransack their memories, and recite the tales of days long past. It is said to be the spirit of the times to neglect the aged, and give all honour to the young. Old men, and old women, will then be gratified by this unexpected summons, and will very probably bring out all their stores. America has no Druidical altars; no



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incomprehensible Stonehenge; no circle of Dendara, to elicit her lore. Every thing with us is young; all is within the memory or the attainment of her citizens. Some ancient monuments have indeed been discovered in our western states, and their origin and design have hitherto baffled the investigations of our philosophers. We have then, no subjects of inquiry but the gradual progress of our settlements, and the ever-changing manners of their inhabitants; and if man be the proper study of man, these topics may not be without interest to the curious.

There are yet living in Philadelphia many who can tell of incredible revolutions since they played in her streets. They well remember when this wide-spread metropolis was comparatively a village, and had the simple manners of a village. The impressions of childhood are too deep to be effaced. The language of that day, when they said of a person who was about to make a voyage to England, that he was going *home*, seems to them but of yesterday; and the peal of Christ-church bells, for the king's birth-day, or the discovery of the gunpowder plot, still rings in their ears. The revolution made a change in all these matters of homage to the mother-country, not more remarkable than that which it quickly produced upon the appearance of the city and the manners of the people.

Previous to the occupation of Philadelphia, by the British troops, in 1777, Water, Front, and Third, were the only streets, parallel with the Delaware river, that were closely built. Many houses in these days, which are not now thought sufficiently genteel or convenient for a second-rate tradesman, were then inhabited by the rich and honourable of the land. The cross streets from Pine to Vine extended from the river to Fourth street. A large double house in Market street,* between Fifth and Sixth, stood alone, and was considered *out of town*. It was afterwards occupied successively by the two presidents, Washington, and Adams. The house now tenanted by the Schuylkill Bank, is the only one besides, recollected in this quarter. This belonged to Joseph Galloway, Esq. and was confiscated, in consequence of his adherence to the king in the revolutionary war. The state house, a jail, a court house, an hospital, and almshouse,† and a city library, and about a dozen churches, constituted the amount of our public buildings. The jail, and library, have been long since removed. The former, together with its yard, (enclosed by a stone wall,) and the jailer's house, occupied about one third of the west side of Third, from the corner of Market street: and the latter, a mean one story tenement of stone, stood in a muddy lane—which is now Fifth street—and near to the corner of Chestnut—a spot now

* Built by William Masters, Esq. whose eldest daughter was the lady of the governor, Richard Penn.

† Then called the bettering house;

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ornamented by our state-house square.* The market house extended from Front to Third streets, and at this last extremity—conveniently to its parent, the jail, stood a pillory and whipping post, where felons were usually exhibited on market days. Still, Philadelphia, at this early day, was not without many spacious mansions; but they were distributed in all parts of the city. We could boast of none of those splendid rows which now challenge a comparison with the edifices of any other metropolis. Carriages, or *coaches*, and *chariots*, as they were then respectively called, were yet more scarce, than large dwellings. Our progenitors did not deem *a carriage* a necessary appendage of wealth or respectability. Many merchants and professional gentlemen kept a one-horse chair, but every man's *coach* was known by every body. There were not more, perhaps, than ten or twelve in the city. A hack had not been heard of. There was one public stage to New York, and there may have been stages to Baltimore and Lancaster, but they are not recollected;—indeed, there was so little intercourse between our city and these towns, that their names were scarcely known until the war brought them into notice.

Let it not however be supposed that we were without refinement: we were polite, though frugal. We had a theatre and a dancing assembly. The latter was held once a fortnight, and managed by six married gentlemen, of the most respectable rank and character. This association, it must be confessed, partook of the aristocratic feeling infused into our community by a monarchical government. The families of mechanics, however wealthy, were not admitted. The subscription was 3*l.* 15*s.* and admitted the master and the females of his family. Young men never appeared there under the age of twenty-one, and then they paid for their own tickets. Young ladies could not be introduced under eighteen.

Supper at the assembly consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk—a simple cake, now never seen amidst the profusion of confectionary that inundates our entertainments. We had at that time no spice of French in our institutions; consequently, we did not know how to romp in cotillons, but moved with grave dignity in minuets, and sober gayety in country dances. Every thing was conducted by rule and order: places were distributed by lot, and partners were engaged for the evening; and neither could be changed, by either forwardness or favouritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with their partners the day after the assembly. Private balls were sometimes given: *tea parties* were not known by that term, yet by the established modes of visiting, ten or a dozen ladies were often collected, to partake of that pleasant beverage.

* A few years more, and it will be forgotten that we owe this embellishment and convenience, to the taste and exertions of the father of our worthy fellow-citizen, John Vaughan, Esquire.

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Christmas was peculiarly the time for dinner parties. Families, and the circle of their intimate friends, invariably took the round of dinners during the holidays; and the meeting was always protracted to a supper. Morning visits were very rare. Hours were, comparatively, very early: the most formal dinner was on the table at two or three, and supper between nine and ten. Of the few practices not to be commended in these primeval days, perhaps it is one, that supper, after tea, was a customary meal in every family. Sociable visits were then paid, not at night, but in the afternoon. A matron would drink tea with her friend, return home by candle-lighting, tie on her *check* apron, and put her children to bed.

As we are not instituting a comparison between the rusticity of our state, whilst we were dependent colonies, and our improvements and conveniencies since we became a sovereign nation, we shall simply state the amount of our attainments in the infancy of the city. Marble mantles, and folding doors, were not then indispensably necessary to make a house tenantable—nor sofas, nor carpets, nor girandoles. A white floor, sprinkled with clean sand, large tables, and heavy high-backed chairs of walnut or mahogany, decorated a parlour genteely enough for any body. Sometimes, a carpet, not however, covering the whole floor, was seen upon the *dining*-room. This was a show-parlour up stairs—not used but upon state occasions—and then not to *dine* in. Although many articles which now minister to our comfort were then unknown, yet our houses were abundantly provided with necessary and substantial furniture. Pewter plates and dishes were in general use: having no trade to China, the porcelain of that country, if seen at all on a dinner-table, was only displayed on great occasions. Plate, more or less, was seen in every family in easy circumstances; not indeed in all the various shapes that have since been invented, but in massive waiters, bowls, tankards, cans, &c. &c. Glass tumblers were but little used: punch, the most common beverage, was drunk by the company from *one* large bowl of silver or china; and beer, from a tankard of the former metal. Dress was discriminative, and appropriate both as it regarded the season and the character of the individual. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits. They sat at home, or went out in the morning, in chintz—brocades, sattins, and mantuas, were reserved for evening or dinner parties. Robes, or negligées, as they were called, were always worn in full dress. Muslins were not worn at all. Little misses, at a dancing-school ball—for these were almost the only fêtes that fell to their share in the days of *discrimination*—were drest in frocks of lawn or cambric. Worsted was then thought dress enough for common days. We should shock the grandfathers, perhaps we might say the fathers, of the present race, if we should tell them, that when boys, they wore long coats and small-clothes! Gentlemen wore light-coloured

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cloths of every hue:—blue, green, drab, blossom, or scarlet. Black was used as mourning only, or as a professional dress.

Boarding-schools for girls were not known in Philadelphia until about the time of the Revolution; nor had they any separate schools for writing and cyphering, but they were taught in common with boys. The ornamental parts of female education were bestowed on them, but geography and grammar were probably thought too abstruse for their flimsy minds—at any rate no one dreamed of making the experiment until a certain gentleman, named Horton, proposed to teach these sciences to young ladies. He obtained a class of about half a dozen, and the idea being once broached that females had intellects, institutions for their improvement soon multiplied.

But perhaps there is a balance of advantages and disadvantages in every age. In the olden time, domestic comfort was not every day interrupted by the pride and the profligacy of servants. There were then but few hired; black slaves, and German and Irish redemptioners, made up the mass. Personal liberty is unquestionably the inherent right of every human creature; but the slaves of Philadelphia were a happier class of people than the free blacks of the present day, who taint the very air by their vices, and exhibit every sort of wretchedness and profligacy in their dwellings. The former felt themselves to be an integral part of the family to which they belonged; they experienced in all respects the same consideration and kindness as white servants, and they were faithful and contented. Servants, in the days of which we speak, affected no equality with their masters; they knew their places, and they kept them; nor did they, in either dress or manners, indicate an ambition to rise to the level of their superiors.

It is certainly an evidence of the honesty of our population, previously to the Revolution, that our front doors stood open all day; in pleasant weather they were open also in the evening, at which time people frequently sate in the porches which were appended to every dwelling. By this practice the social intercourse of neighbourhoods was facilitated: neighbours sat together, or walked from door to door, and chatted away a friendly hour. All who lived within the square, and whose rank was nearly the same, had this appellation, and were visited accordingly. It may be proper, here, to inform the reader that Philadelphia then had no such influxes of strangers as she now receives from year to year. The inhabitants were the descendants of the first settlers, and were almost all known by name, and a considerable part personally, to one another. Of late years, the practice of visiting families who come into your vicinity, has been in a great measure disused; formerly it was a hospitality very seldom omitted.

In submitting these brief notices of Philadelphia as it was, to Mr. Oldschool's readers, we suppose we shall elicit a smile, and perhaps a sneer too, at the rusticity of the early settlers; yet it

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may not be unamusing. Manners and customs pass away, and new inventions take their places—but all are good in their own times—a Christmas turkey was as palatable fifty years ago from a dish of pewter, brightly scoured, as a bouillé is now, from one of French china.

The age of our city does not much exceed a century and a half. Since the date of our independence, it has increased with astonishing rapidity, both in extent and opulence. Our new streets approach to patrician splendour, and the old houses, in which our ancestors acquired wealth, are becoming so offensive to our improved ideas in taste, that they are continually disappearing, to make room for a better order of things. We often fear that our venerable state-house, and old Christ Church, will start up some of these days in a dress of marble, in accordance with the modern morbid passion for magnificence.

Since then the prevailing temper of the times is to make all things new; and the generation which by personal knowledge, or by tradition, possesses the power of telling of things as they were, is fast passing away,—it is a matter of some interest to collect amongst them, the relics of our infant condition. The older inhabitants of our towns and cities can contribute much towards a history of the early settlers in the minor particulars of their customs and habits, far more illustrative of their character, than great events. They can tell how America by patience and industry has developed her genius, and advanced from insignificance amongst the nations of the earth, to a station not merely respectable, but greatly to be envied.

Since we commenced these remarks, we have been kindly favoured with the sight of a curious manuscript on the same subject. The writer is a very enthusiast in antiquities, and seems to have laid under contribution all the well-stricken in years within his reach. From the most respectable authorities, he has collected a mass of curious facts and anecdotes, respecting Philadelphia and the neighbouring villages—particularly of Germantown. Springs, creeks, groves and copses, which once broke and diversified the ground, now levelled and drawn out into streets, are located and recorded. They are all gone, long since, and forgotten; but this indefatigable inquirer has performed a grateful service to society by rescuing them from oblivion.

The rapid increase of our city being frequently the subject of conversation, gentlemen, not much beyond the middle age are heard to say, that they have skated on ponds, as far east as Seventh and even Fifth streets; and many remember lots, inclosed by post and rail fences, in the now most populous and busy streets. But we had not heard of a duck and geese pond near to Christ Church, until we found it mentioned in the manuscript just alluded to. The writer of this interesting collection, has discovered also the location of a mineral spring, spoken of in Penn's letters;

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and at least of six others within the city; and particularly a remarkable basin surrounded by shrubs, called "Bathsheba's spring and bower." Many circumstances respecting Philadelphia, not of sufficient importance to be admitted into a regular history, will be found in this book. They will be amusing to our children; and indeed there is much, of which the younger part of the present generation are entirely ignorant. These things, trifling as they may appear, at first view, are worth preserving; and all who remember the olden time will do well to contribute their mite. H.

## THE POWDER OF PRELINPINPIN.

From the Journal of Mad. du Hausset.

Madame du Hausset was femme-de-chambre of the celebrated Mad. de Pompadour, and mistress of the celebrated Quesnay, the founder of the sect of Economists, and celebrated as a physician. He possessed wit and humour, and had a way of amusing himself in society, by conveying his arguments, or giving instructions in the form of fables. Madame du Hausset has, in her journal, preserved one of these, which is interesting enough from the *economical* tinge of the ideas. We shall extract the passage, as it shows, moreover, the way in which this singular little group, the king, the mistress, the femme-de-chambre, and her friend the philosopher, all lived together.

"The king and Madame left the room; soon after which Quesnay and M. de Marigni, (brother of Mad. de Pompadour) came in. I spoke with contempt of a person who was very fond of money; upon which the doctor laughed and said: 'I had a singular dream last night. I dreamed that I was in the country of the ancient Germans: my house was capacious, I had abundance of corn, large flocks and herds, and cellars full of beer; but I suffered much from rheumatism; and did not know how to contrive a journey to a place, about fifty miles from where I was, where there was a medicinal spring, that I was certain would cure me. A magician appeared to me and said: "I feel for your situation; here! take this packet of powder of *Prelinpinpin:* all those to whom you give some of it, will lodge you, board you, and show you every sort of attention." I took the powder and thanked him.' 'Ah!' said I, interrupting the doctor, 'how I should like a little of that powder —or rather a whole chest of it!' 'Well,' said he, 'the powder is that very *money*, which you affect to despise. Tell me; of all the persons that visit at this place, who appears to have most consequence and importance?' I said I did not know. 'Why,' said he, 'it is M. de Montmartel, (the court-banker) who comes here four or five times in the course of a year. He is received with great consideration, because he has coffers full of *prelinpinpin*; every

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thing in life,' he added, taking some louis d'ors from his pocket, 'is comprehended in these little pieces of gold, which are able to conduct you to the world's-end. Those who possess this sort of powder, are obeyed and served by all mankind. *To despise money is to despise happiness, independence, and every species of enjoyment.*" A nobleman with a blue ribbon, happening to pass by at this moment, I said, 'There goes a man who is better pleased with his *ribbon*, than he would be with thousands of your pieces." —'When,' said Quesnay, 'I ask of the king a pension, it is just as if I said to him: Give me the means of obtaining a better dinner, a warmer coat, a carriage to protect me against the weather, or to convey me without fatigue from place to place. But he who asks for a ribbon would, if he spoke plainly, say, "I am vain, and I am desirous that people should put on a foolish stare when I pass, and make way for me: I wish to produce a sensation, when I enter a room, and attract the attention of persons who will laugh at me as soon as I quit it: I wish to be called Monseigneur, by the multitude."—Now what is all this but empty sounds? This ribbon will be of service to him hardly any where, it gives us no power of doing good; whereas my money enables me to assist the unfortunate. Huzza for the powder of prelinpinpin.'

"At this instant, loud laughter was heard in the adjoining apartment, which nothing but a door-way separated from that in which we were. This door was thrown open, and the king entered, with Mad. de Pompadour, and Mons. de Gontaut. He repeated the doctor's words, 'Huzza for the powder of prelinpinpin. Doctor, can you procure me some of it.' The king was returned into the house, and had been listening to what passed. Madame showed the doctor a great deal of attention, and the king went away laughing and talking about the powder. The doctor and I soon after took our departure, and I immediately committed to writing all that I now relate. I have since been told, that Mr. Quesnay was a great financier and *Economiste;* but I do not well know what that means. It is certain that he had a great deal of talent, was very gay and amusing in conversation, and an excellent physician."

For the Port Folio.

## THE ALBUM, No. II.

The following extracts will come home to the business and bosoms of so many readers, that no apology seems to be necessary for inserting them in our Miscellany. Their intrinsic merit, and the obvious necessity of the great principle which they inculcate, recommend them powerfully to all those who are seriously engaged in the search after happiness; to which *wealth*, acquired by honourable industry, certainly conduces; and from which *poverty*,

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resulting from dishonourable indolence no less certainly removes us.

The detached manner in which these paragraphs appear, will probably contribute more to their wholesome effect, than if they were concocted into a continuous essay. Tonics for the mind, as well as the body, are always most to be depended upon, when administered in small doses, frequently renewed.

### *On the Necessity of Occupation.*

There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion are those she is fondest of setting before our eyes. She has observed that this mode of instruction is not adapted to *crimes*. It is to the *decalogue* and the *terror of the law* that we are to look, for the prevention of *them*. But men become fickle and indolent, and rely upon others to do that which they ought to do for themselves, before they have remarked the beginning of the evil, without foreseeing its consequences, and without being able to apply a remedy. It is to guard against these bad habits of mind, the causes of so much failure, disgrace, and misery, that Miss Edgeworth principally directs her attention; and there is scarcely a page that does not contain some exhortation, by precept or example, *to control our passions*, and *to exert our faculties*. She presents in various shapes, and with a thousand illustrations, that nothing is to be learnt, and very little to be gained, without *severe and continued labour*. But she does not forget to show with equal care and truth, that labour becomes much less irksome by habit—that, judiciously directed, it seldom fails of its object—that indolence, even to those whose rank and fortune screen them from its most dreadful consequences,—poverty and contempt—is, in itself, wearisome and painful—that the pauses and recreations of successful diligence comprise more cheerfulness and real gratification, than are spread over the whole surface of a merely pleasurable life. With this view, her principal characters are represented as persons of good, but not of extraordinary faculties. They do nothing suddenly and *per saltum;* and their success and attainments are no more than what half the world may hope to equal, by adopting the same means. She deals in *examples*, not *in wonders;* her's are models of *imitable* excellence, and she rarely exhibits those *miraculous combinations of talents and virtue*, which, though they delight for a moment, serve in the end to *perplex and discourage*, not to *guide*, the *ordinary* race of mortals.

*Quarterly Review.*

It is the common doom of man, that he must eat his bread by the sweat of his brow; that is, the sweat of his body or the sweat of his mind. If this toil was inflicted as a curse, it is (as might be



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expected from the curses of the Father of all blessings) tempered with many alleviations, many comforts. Every attempt to fly from it, and to refuse the very terms of our existence, becomes much more truly a curse; and heavier pains and penalties fall upon those who would elude the tasks put upon them by the great Master Workman of the world; who, in his dealings with his creatures, sympathises with their weakness, and, speaking of a creation wrought *by mere will* out of nothing, speaks of *six days* of *labour*, and *one* of rest.—*Burke.*

That voluntary debility which modern language is content to term indolence, will, if it is not counteracted by resolution, render, in time, the strongest faculties lifeless, and turn the *flame* to the *smoke* of virtue.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Scorn, said Dr. Johnson, to make yourself the slave of *Cant*. Never think it clever to call physic a mean study, or law a dry one; but fix on some profession or business where much money may be got, and little virtue risked. Follow that business steadily, and do not live, as Roger Ascham says the *wits* do, "Men know not how—and, at last die obscurely, men know not where."
*Mrs. Piozzi's Life of Johnson.*

Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness: It certainly destroys liberty, and makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult. *Boswell's Johnson.*

Whatever might have been your pleasure or mine, I know not how I could have honestly advised you to come hither with borrowed money. Do not accustom yourself to consider *debt*, as only an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is, by all virtuous efforts, to be avoided. Consider a man whose fortune is narrow; whatever be his rank, or reputation, what good can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy, is evident; he has nothing to spare. But, perhaps, his *advice* may be useful: his poverty will destroy his influence. Many more can find that he is poor, than that he is wise: and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner. I say nothing of the personal wretchedness of a debtor, which, however, has passed into a proverb. Of riches it is not necessary to write the praise. Let it, however, be remembered that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others: and of such power a good man must always be desirous. *Boswell's Johnson.*

To the low-minded the slightest necessity becomes an invincible necessity. "The slothful man saith: There is a lion in the way, and I shall be devoured in the streets." But, when the necessity

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pleaded is not in the nature of things, but in the view of him who alleges it, the whining tones of common-place, beggarly, rhetoric produce nothing but indignation: because they indicate a desire of keeping up a dishonourable existence, without utility to others, and without dignity to itself; because they aim at obtaining the dues of labour, without industry; and, by frauds, would draw from the compassion of others what men ought to owe to their own spirit and their own exertions. *Burke.*

As every person of mature age thinks for himself and acts for himself, in order to subsist, it seems clear that more manual, though less productive, labour is performed in savage, than in civilized society; and that the sum of bodily exertion is less, but the acquisitions greater, in the latter than in the former: or, in other words, that the improvements of society afford more frequent opportunities for idleness and relaxation.

This is not intended as a panegyric on idleness: a person who does nothing cannot enjoy the gratification of repose. To be tasted, it requires the exertion of a certain degree of previous labour, either mental or manual. Neither is relaxation necessarily an abstinence from work. Mr. Locke tells us that "Recreation is not *being idle*, but easing the wearied part by change of business." Every man of business must, I am persuaded, have experienced the truth of this definition. The cottager who, after finishing a day's work for his employer, allots his evening to the cultivation of his garden—the merchant who, after calculating *tare and tret* at his counting-house, spends a leisure hour in the no less abstruse calculations which many *amusements* (whist and chess, for instance) require—and even the statesman who steals from the treasury to his farm, and engages with as much warmth in the cultivation of turnips as in the aggrandisement of an empire, feels sensibly the enjoyment of true recreation. *Sir Frederic Eden.*

You must think seriously of your profession. To be obliged to those whom we love and esteem, is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them, is a still greater, and this, with independence, (no vulgar blessing) is what a profession, at your age, may reasonably promise: without it, it were hardly attainable. Remember, I speak from experience. *Gray's Letters.*

"*Honesta* res est læta *paupertas.*"* I see it with respect; and so will every one whose poverty is not seated in his mind. There is but one real evil in it, (take my word, who know it well,) and that is that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. *Ibid.*

Pecuniary embarrassments lead men to shifts and expedients: these exhausted, to others of a less doubtful complexion. Blunted

* "*Virtuous* poverty is not devoid of happiness."

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sensibility, renewed excesses, loss of cast in society, follow each other in melancholy succession, until solitude and darkness close the scene. *Memoirs of Sheridan.*

In truth, if life be dissipated in alternations of desultory application and nervous indolence, if scheme be added to scheme, and plan to plan—all to be deserted *when the labour of execution begins;* the greatest talents will soon become enervated, and unequal to tasks of comparative facility. *Quarterly Review.*

Human wants are the *first*, and, with the lower orders, the only stimulants of human industry; and we know, from the history of the whole human race, and from a contemplation of the distributions of divine providence, that our duties and our wants operate upon each other; that the morals of a people must be founded in its industry, and that, in proportion as man is relieved from the necessity of labour, he is debased in the scale of existence.
*Quarterly Review.*

Let us not be suspected of undervaluing that comfort and internal peace which the world cannot give, and which are generally the portion of men sincerely pious. But it is of consequence that all pious persons should be aware that, if we are *idle*, even religion cannot make us happy; and that the most certain cure for low spirits and constitutional dejection, is the zealous discharge of our active and social duties, in conjunction with and springing from religion. *Quarterly Review.*

"The flighty *purpose* ne'er is overtook,
Unless the *deed* go with it." *Macbeth.*

The divine denunciation, that in the sweat of his brow man should earn his food, is guaranteed so effectually, that labour is indispensable to his peace. It is the part of wisdom to adapt ourselves to the state of being in which we are placed; and since we find that activity and industry are as certainly the pledges of peace and virtue, as vacancy and indolence are of vice and sorrow, let every man do (what he easily may,) *create* a business, even where fortune may have rendered it unnecessary, and pursue it with all the ardour and perseverance of the most urgent necessity. Wirt's *Old Bachelor.*

## MISERIES OF POVERTY.

Believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oft times sent as a curse of God, it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit. Thou

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shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burthen and an eye-sore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others: to flatter unworthy men; to make dishonest shifts: and to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds. Let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries. *Sir Walter Raleigh's Remains.*

## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The truth of the following delightful passage, from the *Siege of Valencia* by Mrs. Hemans, will be exquisitely felt by every mother; while taste will assign to it a conspicuous place among the gems of modern poetry.

——— 'There is none,
In this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.—It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well.—And this is love!
This is *man's* love!—What marvel?—*You* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Wav'd softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim weary eye; not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light
Was there to cheer his wakening! *You* ne'er smooth'd
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; press'd your lip to his
When fever parch'd it; hush'd his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *woman's* tasks!—In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmark'd!———

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## ON COMPOSITION IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Of our exercises at school, composition is unquestionably the most important. To this all others are not only inferior in value, but generally subservient in their use. They may be considered as the theory, this as the practice. They are the means, of which this is the end. With great justice, therefore, does it occupy so much of the time and attention of our public schools.

The first written exercise, in almost every seat of literary education amongst us, are nouns and verbs declined and conjugated, with the proper translation of every case and tense, upon the specimens exhibited in the accidence; and in many of them, the next employment is to rectify the Latin in the compilation of Bailey, Turner, or Clarke. The use and propriety of the former practice are too obvious to stand in need of recommendation. It completes the knowledge of the first and most essential part of grammar; and it is performed at an age, when little else can be obtained. But in the next step of our progress serious objections may be urged against the use of such compilations as have been mentioned. The business is too mechanical. They require little exertion of the memory, the invention, or the judgment of the student. They teach him terminations alone; or as an able schoolmaster observed, *to make bad Latin into worse.*

To appoint a Latin translation as the exercise of almost every evening, for a certain period of the pupil's education, is the general custom of our best schools; and the propriety of the custom is supported by reason as well as experience. Long and diligent practice only can give dexterity and excellence. The whole of the time from the dissolution of the school, till the moment of retiring to rest, ought not to be wasted in idleness and dissipation. Something is gained in aid of the usual hours of business; which, but for these additions, would in all schools be too short for the numerous objects of education. To insure the student's employing a portion of his leisure hours for his translation, it may be appointed the last thing in the evening, and called for as the first business in the morning.

Till the pupil shall have attained skill and dexterity by practice, it will be useful to call them before the master, and to explain to them the rule, which their next translation is to exemplify: to require them to tell the different parts of speech, and their dependence upon each other in the exercise proposed; and by the signs of cases and tenses in the English, the cases and tenses which will be necessary in the Latin. This will encourage each of the students to attempt his task himself, by enabling him to perform it; and whether he has actually performed it without assistance may be immediately ascertained in the morning, by calling upon him to parse a few words of his own translation; to give

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his reasons for the cases and tenses, which he has employed. These translations must be carefully corrected by the teacher, and the reasons of such correction fully explained. The pupil may neglect what he reads; but to oral instruction he seldom fails to pay attention. He may forget the Latinity of Cæsar or Cicero; but what is given by his master he will always remember. Of these corrected translations a fair copy should be made; and as a lesson once a week, the youth may be called upon to read the English of the whole, a sentence at a time, and repeat the Latin of his own version. This exercise I always found equally easy and beneficial to the student.

It is not an unfrequent, and it is certainly an useful, expedient, to let the pupils of a school translate into English select speeches and striking passages from the authors which they read in the regular course of their lessons; and afterwards to re-translate their own English into Latin; that the defects or merits of their style may be shown by a comparison with the original. Should they even recollect all the words of the authors, and save the labour of re-translation, the recollection itself is a valuable acquisition. So much good Latin will be ready on future emergencies. The exercise itself will answer the purpose, if not of a translation, at least of a repetition.

Of poetry, whenever they translate it, they should be required to produce a poetical version. Prose will never adequately represent the graces, which the student should endeavour to imitate; and the unavoidable insipidity of such a translation will have a tendency to impair the taste, which the perusal of the original is intended to improve. They will at the same time constitute another useful and necessary exercise, the composition of English verse. And as the sentiment and the imagery are supplied by the author, the pupil will have the advantage of bestowing his whole time and attention upon the measure and the language.

But whatever may be the value of translation, and whatever time may be with propriety bestowed upon it, it is still only the means to an end; either the instrument of acquiring a language, or the handmaid of original composition. This last, indeed, in order to be practised long, must be early begun, and steadily continued, in English and in Latin, in prose and in verse. It will no doubt be difficult for children to write, who are neither very able nor very willing to think. It will not be in their power to produce such stores of sentiment and expression, as they have not yet by reading or reflection collected in their minds. Invention, in the most improved and powerful intellect, is little else than new combinations of ideas already known. The imagination can produce only what it has previously received. The time, at which the pupils first attempt original composition, will therefore be the fittest season for the preceptor to urge, what they will then most sensibly feel to be just, the advantages and the necessity of pri-

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vate study; of perusing at those opportunities, when their regular business does not require their attention, such works as may enlarge their faculties and every way enrich their minds. The established hours and lessons of a school are never of themselves sufficient for all the various purposes of education; and it is fortunate that the same additional pursuits, which enable the student to perform his task with credit for the present, will best supply the means of future intellectual excellence; will furnish him with sentiments and images, with facts and reflections, with argument and illustration. These purposes, it is obvious, will be most effectually answered by the perusal of works of history and ethicks, poetry and criticism. And in his advice to his pupils on the subject, the teacher will not fail to recommend such as are adapted at once to the taste and the capacities of youth; such as may captivate by the graces of their manner as well as the importance of their contents; and secure attention by dressing instruction in the garb of pleasure. In the mean time the judicious master will easily determine, what may with propriety be expected from his pupils; what allowance ought to be made for incapacity and inexperience; and what ought to be required from genius and application. Original composition, however, must be attempted as soon as possible; and it is no small encouragement, that every successive attempt will facilitate every future performance. Such an exercise, too, may at first be required from the student, as shall not discourage him by its difficulty; to give, for example, the narrative of a fable, or the incidents of a well-known story, in his own language; to write a familiar letter in any assumed character, and to any supposed friend, that happens to strike his fancy; or to state his opinion of the wisdom or folly, the vice or virtue, of the hero of his classical lesson.

One of the most usual, however, and perhaps one of the most useful, of our exercises in prose at school, are those moral or literary essays known by the technical appellation of themes. To these, therefore, the prudent teacher will have recourse, as soon as the progress of his pupils will permit; and he will repeat them with such frequency as their importance demands. The custom of many of our schools, to appoint weekly one theme in our own, and another in the Latin tongue, seems justly entitled to commendation. It is as little, perhaps, as is consistent with the due improvement of the student in this species of composition; and as much as is compatible with due attention to the various other exercises and lessons which the complicated business of education requires.

Original composition, above every thing else, exercises the pupil in the rules and principles of grammar; teaches him to discriminate the various shades of meaning in similar and kindred terms; to clothe his ideas in language; to arrange them in the sentence; and to place his sentiments in such a point of view, and in

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such succession, as may best illustrate the truth, which he is called upon to support.

It was formerly the custom in many of our schools to require that every theme should consist of its six regular divisions, the *proposition* and the *confirmation*, the *simile* and the *example*, the *testimony* and the *conclusion*. But this was found by experience to be too mechanical a process; and though it created on many subjects unnecessary difficulties to the student, yet in general it allowed too little scope for his imagination; too little room for the exertions of his genius; and hardly any opportunity to display the peculiar turn of his mind; his characteristic habits of thought and reflection. It continually produced similies unlike their object, or examples that did not apply to it; the same quotations were perpetually repeated; and Alexander and Phaëton were dragged into almost every exercise of every boy. This, however, was only the too rigorous application of a valuable principle. The pupil should be taught to search whatever he has seen, or heard, or read, for reasons, illustrations, and examples; he should be instructed from the first in the value and the necessity of method and regularity in his compositions; to place his arguments in such order as appears most natural and easy; to be cautious, that what precedes may never anticipate that, which is to follow; that each should rise in strength above that which went before it; and that all should lead directly to the conclusion, which they are intended to maintain. The force of arguments, like the strength of an army, depends much upon order and discipline; and, like so many pieces of artillery, all should be brought to bear, without interruption to each other, upon the point under discussion.

When any number of boys are first to attempt the composition of a theme, it will be expedient for the teacher to call them together; to explain the subject proposed; to suggest sentiments and arguments; and to give such directions as may enable them to perform the task required. This practice may be continued as long as it is found necessary or useful; and the *thesis* may often be chosen with advantage from the lesson of the day. As the pupils advance in age and experience, they may be gradually left to the exertions of their own talents; that each may learn to produce the stores of his own mind, and to depend upon his own strength. With respect to the assistance of books, the same direction may be given on the subject of their exercises at school, which may afterwards be applied to all subsequent compositions or publications; not to seek aid, before they begin to write; lest it should in the first instance check the efforts of their own powers; and at last deck their work in borrowed plumes, perhaps neither well chosen nor well assorted; but to produce a theme, such as it may be, from their own stores, and afterwards to enrich it with what foreign assistance can supply. The exercise will then in its plan, its substance, and its colour, be all their own. An allusion, a sen-



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timent, or an illustration, which subsequent reading has furnished, may then be so inserted that the graft shall not easily be detected; the whole produce will appear to have arisen from the fertility of the parent stock.

As soon as the age and progress of the pupil will permit, to themes must be added the larger exercises of *Declamations;* to which, indeed, all the same general principles of composition are equally applicable, and therefore need not be repeated. The principal difference between the two exercises consists in this, that the youth is now to appear in the character, not so much of an investigator of truth, as of an advocate for the cause of his client; and that in his arguments and his language he aim rather at the embellishment of the orator, than the precision of the philosopher. He is now to show his dexterity as a disputant; to be taught to distinguish arguments that are only plausible and fallacious, from such as are legitimate and conclusive; to practise some of the arts of sophistry, in order to learn how they may ever afterwards be most successfully resisted or exposed. This exercise, indeed, appears to carry with it irresistible recommendations. From such of the pupils in the seminary, as are sufficiently advanced in years and learning to undertake the task, two are selected to maintain the opposite sides of some controverted question in ethics, in criticism, or in philosophy: and as their compositions, after being examined and approved, are usually read publicly in the school, emulation will naturally be excited in its full force; the best powers of the disputants will undoubtedly be exerted. It has, indeed, been frequently remarked that they engage in the contest with all the zeal of rival orators at the bar, or even rival combatants in the field; and wherever the diligence of the student can be thus forcibly called forth, a proportionate degree of intellectual improvement is the certain effect. If evidence be required to prove the justice of these observations, it may easily be found. To the composition and the recitation of declamations at school and in college many of the most eloquent of our public speakers, as well as of our writers, have acknowledged their early and lasting obligations.

When the theme or the declamation is required to be in Latin, let a new subject be given; that the pupil may not translate the composition already written in his native tongue. For in this case, though the words may be Latin or French, there is danger, that the idioms may still be English. Till the student has learned to think in a language, he will never write it with facility or elegance. These exercises again must be carefully corrected by the teacher; to show the pupil how his own ideas should have been expressed; how his own arguments should have been arranged; what he ought to have done already, and what he must attempt for the time to come.

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One species more of the usual exercises of our schools remains yet to be considered, poetical composition. On this point the few observations that I have to make, shall be confined, for the sake of brevity, to the Latin language alone. In our native tongue, the performance itself has little difficulty; and the modes of attempting it still less. In the Greek, when Greek verses are required, the process and the expedients must be so similar to those in the Latin, that directions on the subject would be useless repetition. I will suppose the pupil already familiar with the rules of prosody, and, by the previous practice of *Nonsense lines*, sufficiently acquainted with the different measures of Roman poetry. He is then duly prepared to undertake one of the most difficult and most important steps in the progress of literary and liberal education. So difficult and so important, indeed, that no expedient ought to be omitted, which can in any degree facilitate its success. The words of an Epigram of Martial may be placed in their natural order, or a few of them may be changed; and the pupil called upon to restore them to their metrical form. Or a translation of the epigram may be laid before him, and his task be to translate it again into the measure of the author; and in both cases his errors may be shown and his merits tried by a comparison of his performance with the original. Select Odes of Horace may be converted into different measures, epic or lyric, according to the talents of the pupil, and the judgment of the master. Some of the Psalms, where the sense is at once perspicuous and poetical, may be translated into the different measures of Latin poetry; and the performance compared with the versions of Johnston or Buchanan; to show the pupil where he has failed, and what might have been effected. Metrical versions into Latin of Greek or English Epigrams need not be recommended, and will not be omitted. All these expedients may be adopted with advantage, where the talents of the pupil are not brilliant; and, what unfortunately sometimes happens, where the master is not himself expert in the arts of versification. To each of them, however, specious as they are, some objections may be found. With students of good talents, and perhaps with all, the most eligible system appears to be, that the boy, if not from the first, at least as early as possible, attempt original poetry; and that the teacher diligently correct his performance. This will not only show the student how his own ideas might have assumed a poetical form and colour; but encourage him in future to place them in various points of view; to seek on every side for allusion and ornament; till his imagination finds what his judgment can approve. There will come a time, indeed, when the master's labour may in a great degree be saved; when the errors of the pupil in versification need only be pointed out; and he may be required to correct them himself.

With respect to the mechanical assistance of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, a considerable difference of opinion has existed; and

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undoubtedly very plausible arguments may be urged on each side of the question. It is supposed, on one hand, and it is true, that the student will not strenuously exert the powers of his own mind, his memory, or his invention, in search of what may more easily be obtained, by turning over the leaves of his Gradus; and that his performance at last will be, not so much his own work, and of one uniform texture, as a motley collection of patches from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace. It is equally true, however, on the other hand, that the Gradus encourages and assists the earlier attempts of the student; that its *Epithets* and *Synonymes* often suggest sentiments as well as language; and that the quotations exhibit the idea in a variety of poetical forms and situations. It is sometimes considered as prudent, voluntarily to permit, what it is not in our power to prevent; and it is certain that if the work in question be not openly allowed in our schools, it will be clandestinely employed. After all that can be urged, however, my own opinion is, that the labours of the Jesuit have been of little service to the cause of learning and poetry; that the number of sound scholars and skilful versifiers would not hitherto have been less, had the Gradus never been compiled; and that they would not now be diminished, could it be effectually excluded from our schools.

To Latin verses, however, as unnecessary to the present improvement or the future destination of their sons, many parents have objected; and amongst the various notes of excuse for the non-performance of tasks, with which the master of an academy is perpetually tormented, the most numerous undoubtedly are those, which bring apologies for sins of omission against poetry. If, indeed, the youth be designed for a subordinate station in society; merely to earn a subsistence by copying the papers in a public office, or keeping the books of a merchant, his parents may doubtless plead the authority of Locke, and the still greater authority of common sense; that to *cherish a poetic vein*, and to spend his hours in the composition of Latin verse, is wasting the time, which might be much more usefully employed. To him the art of poetry is of much less value than the art of penmanship; and the laws of prosody can come in no competition with the rules of arithmetic. But I must here be supposed to speak only of those, to whom a literary education is desirable, and who are ambitious to obtain it. The real utility of writing Latin verses will be found in its assisting the student to acquire the language with accuracy and expedition; to read its poets with taste and pleasure; to write with skill, facility and elegance; to place a sentiment in different points of view, till it suit equally the context and the verse; and therefore to think and to express his thoughts with variety and with ease. But above all, this utility will be found in the intellectual exertion it requires; in its exercising equally and at once all the greater powers of the mind, the memory, the judg-

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ment, and the imagination. With the unlearned these recommendations will probably have little weight; because they will not be understood. But to these we can add the authority of almost every real scholar in the country: and though the president of a board of agriculture may declare war against *hexameters* and *pentameters*, all the great masters of classical literature have courted their alliance, and been grateful for their services, as auxiliaries and friends.

I have not attempted to fix the specific periods, at which these different exercises might commence, with the greatest convenience to the student, or the greatest prospect of success. For these must be determined by the discretion of the teachers, and the regulation of their respective schools; and, indeed, will depend less upon the age than the progress of the several pupils. It is obviously reasonable, that the increasing difficulty of their tasks should be proportioned to their growing abilities of performance.

I have entered the less into discussion respecting the propriety of the several exercises, which I have ventured to recommend; because till they are opposed by something better than fanciful theory and fashionable laziness, I shall suppose them sufficiently vindicated by the long continued and general practice of our best schools. Instead of viewing whatever can plead ancient prescription as having its foundation in prejudice, and its popularity from custom, I shall consider it as confirmed by the experience and the judgment of the public. In modes of instruction, as in many other human things, the best criterion of merit is success; and of this, the whole weight is in favour of the established system. All who have hitherto attempted innovation; who have professed to communicate intellectual improvement on any other terms than intellectual labour; to teach languages without the toil of composition in prose and in verse; have constanly failed in what they have undertaken; and less than the spirit of prophecy may predict with confidence, that they never will succeed.

## ON COMPULSION AND CORRECTION.

We are told by Locke, in his Treatise on Education, that so general a passion for literature prevailed in his time amongst the ingenuous youth of Portugal, that it was as difficult to restrain them from excess in the pursuit of it, as it was at the same period in England to secure the requisite degree of application. The students, he assures us, were as fond of science, *as if it had been forbidden.* It cannot be sufficiently lamented that our philosopher has not informed us by what means this laudable passion was excited and continued. For such an epidemical love of letters

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is the great *desideratum* in our schools. The intelligence would probably have been received at the time with gratitude by the public, as a national benefit; and it would undoubtedly be accepted at this day by the instructors of our youth as an ample compensation for the censures, which in many parts of his work he has so liberally bestowed upon the profession. We are unfortunately left, however, not so much to admire what he has communicated, as to regret, what he has omitted. It still continues to be, as it has always been, one of the most difficult, as well as most important, duties of a schoolmaster, to secure discipline amongst his pupils; to engage due attention to his instructions, and to stimulate them to diligence in their studies; to restrain petulance in their language; to preserve decency in their manners; and to correct vices in their conduct. For these purposes various expedients have been devised; and probably every seminary has some regulations of its own. Different modes of proceeding become necessary according to the age, the temper, and the talents of different boys; some peculiarity in his resources will be suggested by the disposition, the circumstances, and the experience of every attentive teacher: and a variation in rewards and punishments becomes necessary even for the same merits or offences. Whatever has been rendered familiar by its frequency, is proportionably weakened in its effects. In a dissertation upon the premiums and penalties of a school it will not be always necessary to make a distinction between diligence in study, and acts of virtue; or between negligence in business and immoral conduct. The measures must be nearly similar, by which either of the former is to be encouraged, or either of the latter corrected. A few such expedients shall be stated, as have been already adopted with success, or may be generally applied. And if these should be thought to have been sufficiently obvious without a formal enumeration; let it be recollected, that in this case, as in most others, nature has wisely provided, that what is most useful and necessary, should be the most easy to be found. On a subject, to which so much attention has in all ages been so justly paid, little novelty can be expected. One of the monarchs of antiquity is said to have promised a magnificent reward to him, that should invent an untried pleasure; and he, who should discover a new and efficacious means of enforcing juvenile diligence would deserve to be ranked amongst the benefactors of mankind.

With the pupils the first and most obvious incitement to their duty is the hope of praise, or the fear of censure, from the master; and it is of serious moment that these should preserve their weight and value by being temperately exerted. Censure must be inflicted wherever circumstances require it; but it may be discreetly proportioned to the offence. Praise, if employed upon every trivial occasion, will lose its influence by its familiarity; and if too lavishly bestowed, even where some portion of it is justly due,

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no higher degree will remain for extraordinary emergencies; for extraordinary exertions of genius or application. The omission of a lesson may be punished by increasing its length. The most equitable penalty for idleness is the performance of a double task. Either negligence or transgression may often be effectually corrected by confining the student to his desk during an hour appointed for relaxation; by sending him to his room before the usual time of retiring to rest; or by refusing him permission to visit his friends when invited.

Another powerful principle, which should be carefully kept alive in the minds of youthful students, is ambition or emulation. The schoolboy is not less influenced, than mankind in general, by the sentiments of those immediately around him. The contempt or the esteem, the applause or the ridicule, of his comrades are amongst his most efficacious motives of action. To be entitled to precedency in his own class, or to be promoted to a higher, according to his learning and merit, has a very forcible and beneficial influence upon the infant mind; and by the effects of habit this influence will be continued even when maturer age and successful industry have brought him to the head of his school. The weight and value then of this point of honour, of this public opinion, within the circle of his seminary, the master should by every means in his power preserve and support. Fortunately too these motives of action in early youth, usually promote the more generous, not the meaner, passions; the fair and open competition of rival talents; not the artifice and malignity of political intrigue.

Another efficacious incentive to diligence amongst the pupils of an academy is periodical examinations in their respective departments of study; the juniors in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and those more advanced, in the construing of certain portions of the classics previously appointed; in various kinds of composition in verse or prose; and by oral interrogatories on the subject of grammar, mathematics, and philosophy. On ordinary occasions these examinations may take place before the principal master alone; but at stated seasons a select number of the friends of the school, or a few visiters of learning and judgment, may be admitted with advantage. Their attendance, and the expectation of it, will stimulate the exertions of the teachers, as well as of their pupils; for both will feel their reputation to be interested in the success or failure of the day. According to the result of these examinations, judgment should be publicly passed upon merit; the principal promotions should take place amongst the classes; and the highest honours and rewards of the school should be bestowed.

On these, and on any other suitable occasions, the best exercises may be selected and read publicly in the school; and those of very superior merit may be transcribed into a book provided for the purpose. The names and ages of the authors may be preserved in a list of honour, open to the inspection of the pupils and

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their friends; and prizes may be distributed in each department of science with appropriate mottoes and inscriptions. Such of the senior students as are distinguished equally by their progress in literature and the propriety of their general conduct may be raised to the rank and office of *monitors;* an appointment, which at once rewards the merit of the pupil, and assists the discipline of the master. To this appointment, indeed, it has sometimes been objected, that monitors are not exempt from the negligence and errors, to which boys in general are so liable; that they must have their friendships and enmities amongst their schoolfellows; which their authority gives them an opportunity to indulge, at the expense of justice and their duty. But no experienced schoolmaster will consider this objection as of any material weight. If the monitors are judiciously chosen and properly supported I have always found that their impartiality, as well as their attention, might very safely be trusted. The confidence reposed in them seldom fails to secure the integrity of their conduct.

A holiday may be promised at a given distance of time, as the reward of general propriety of conduct in the interval; of a certain number of good exercises to be produced; or of a specific progress to be made in writing and arithmetic. The holiday will of course be given when the conditions have been fulfilled. The names of those whose behaviour and improvement have most deserved it, will be announced to their schoolfellows; and the effects of such a measure will be greater and more extensive than would be easily credited by those, by whom they had not been seen or tried.

Considerable advantages again may be derived from the judicious use of pecuniary penalties and rewards. The former should be imposed as much upon some general principle as circumstances will admit; but the latter must necessarily be left to the authority and discretion of the master. For appearing too late in the school, or for transgressing the boundaries prescribed, a specific forfeit may be required and enforced. But the due proportion of a reward for a *repetition* or an epigram will depend upon their respective merits, of which the teacher must be the judge. It should, however, be made evident, even to the pupils themselves, that the money levied for trangression is wholly employed in the reward of duty; that no part of it is diverted into any other channel; to serve any other purpose than the encouragement of learning and virtue. I am aware of the objections that may be speciously urged against the system under consideration. But would parents and guardians universally adopt the very eligible measure of a fixed weekly allowance of money to every youth at school, most of these objections would be effectually removed. Every pecuniary penalty incurred would then be in reality a punishment; as it would deprive the offender of some pleasure, which he might otherwise have procured; the same forfeiture would fall

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with less inequality upon different offenders; and as these forfeitures ought never to exceed the regular allowance, no youth could be driven to dishonourable means of raising the money to purchase an exemption from the performance of his duty, or from the chastisement of its neglect. If, however, the system be still thought objectionable, let it be remembered that no species of discipline has yet been devised, against which plausible objections may not be adduced. It is one of the imperfections of human things, that to almost every good is annexed an inseparable evil; that the most valuable objects are generally the most liable to abuse, and become the most noxious when misapplied.

The last and greatest punishment for obstinate misconduct is expulsion from the society. In our public schools the fear of this is proportioned to the disgrace by which it would be followed; and it is therefore a valuable and powerful engine of discipline. Unfortunately in a private seminary this consideration has little weight and little regard. It is a punishment, which from attention to his immediate interest, the master is seldom willing to inflict. He fears to lose at once a pupil, and the friendship of a family. Even when inflicted with the greatest prudence and justice, it may generally be despised by the offender. His disgrace is seldom extensively known; and where it is known the most, some needy adventurer in an academy is always ready to receive him, and laugh at the folly of the preceptor, by whom he was expelled.

These expedients, and such as these, will not be without their value and utility; but it will be found, that to enforce diligence, or to correct vice, the last resource in all cases must be the rod. Of all good discipline at school, I have ever seen reason to believe, that this must continue to be, what it has hitherto been, the beginning and the end, the basis, and the completion. On this delicate and important point, indeed, it must not be dissembled, that the judgment of Quinctilian is against me. But by his own confession, the general practice of ancient times, as well as of the best of our modern schools, was always in favour of my opinion. This doctrine, however, seems to be growing daily unpopular and unfashionable. It is one of the established systems, which the innovators of these times have condemned, and the reformers have undertaken to correct. It is, indeed, easy to declaim on the tyranny and cruelty of the too frequent use of the rod; to enumerate instances of its misapplication and excess; to suppose extreme cases, in order to subject them to censure and reproach. How difficult soever it may be to prove, it is still easy to assert, that the constant fear of chastisement is a principle of action adapted only to slaves, and the frequent infliction of it, treatment fit only for beasts of burthen. Nor can willing auditors of such declamation be wanting in an age, when the exertion of parental authority is continually relinquished for the indulgence of parental affection;



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and the permanent advantage of our children daily sacrificed to their immediate gratification. Upon the pretext, accordingly, of excluding corporal punishment, many schools have risen amongst us, with the rapidity of exhalations; but for want of the utility, which such punishment would have secured, have with little less rapidity disappeared. I have heard an intelligent master, who had made the experiment, declare, that upon such a system no essential service could be done; that authority could not be supported, diligence successfully enforced, or vice effectually corrected. I know not that any master of an academy, how strongly soever he might feel the necessity of the rod, has ventured openly to write in its defence. Such a step, indeed, would in all probability have been followed by the loss of his popularity, and the ruin of his school. The truth therefore must be avowed by an advocate, who has nothing to fear from its effects. The universal practice of our best schools is not likely to be wrong; and cases may easily be specified in which it is obviously right. The most useful of our scholastic exercises are generally the most difficult. Arguments drawn from their utility will have little weight with children, who can but imperfectly understand them. The motives which affection and liberality can supply will not long be able to counteract the love of ease or the love of play. The pain and shame of correction alone will be found permanently efficacious. Who, indeed, would submit to the drudgery of repetition and composition, but from the apprehension of some greater evil, as the consequence of idleness or disobedience! A pupil will sometimes not only neglect his task, but refuse to perform it; and even declare his contempt of every penalty short of corporal chastisement. It will often happen that the assistant teachers, and sometimes that the master himself, will be purposely insulted. There will be frequent occasion to repress swearing or obscenity; deliberate falsehood; and even fraud or theft. For these offences personal chastisement will be found indispensibly necessary. The rod must be employed to correct habits, which might otherwise lead to a life of infamy, and terminate in a death of shame.*

If the propriety of corporal punishment be admitted, the only question remaining will be, how it may be best administered, at once with efficacy and with humanity. Of the multifarious duties of the master of an academy, this is one of the most difficult and

*In opposition to the use of the rod in teaching languages it was observed by Locke, and has since been frequently observed by others, that our instructers in Dancing, Drawing, or Fencing, seldom inflict personal correction upon their pupils: and why then, say they, should the teachers of Greek and Latin? To this it is obvious to reply, that the acquisition of these accomplishments is rather an amusement than a study, requiring neither very laborious nor very irksome application; and that submission to the teacher is enforced, when necessary, not by a rod in his own hand, but by the authority of the parent at home, and that of the master at school.

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the most unpleasant. To detect an offender often perplexes his sagacity, and to punish him is often painful to his feelings. Correction always attaches to him an important responsibility; and not seldom exposes him to censures equally unmerited and severe. Even this, however, must be performed; and the principal master ought to reserve the right of personal chastisement exclusively in his own hands. He is accountable for its propriety, and therefore should not trust it to any discretion but his own. From him too it will be received with the most implicit submission, and produce the greatest effect. The usher may have been irritated by the provocation he has received; but the master will hear the complaint without passion, and judge of the offence with impartiality. It will well become him too, for it will increase the efficacy of his chastisement, if he pause beforehand to state, that it is with reluctance he applies it; that a sense of duty alone compels him to perform so irksome a task; and if he perform it at last with temper, judgment and discrimination. The Christian preceptor may reasonably be required to practice towards his pupils the forbearance of the heathen philosopher towards his slave; and not to inflict punishment under the influence of anger. Not to command his passion, is, indeed, a defect in a schoolmaster, which seems to deserve as little indulgence as it is likely to obtain. It betrays weakness of mind; grows into acts of capricious cruelty; sometimes occasions a serious injury to the scholar; and always lessens authority by exciting resentment or contempt. It will sometimes happen that where infamous offences merit abhorrence or indignation, it may be proper to assume its appearance. But in all ordinary cases the master ought to punish with the apathy of general laws; and, as much as possible, with their regularity and system. The odium and offence of correction will usually be diminished in proportion as he can administer it according to any established rules, which are previously known to his pupils, and at the same time guide his own conduct. But no counsel must be publicly asked of ushers; no juries of boys must ever be admitted. The judgment of the master must not be supposed to want direction; nor his authority to stand in need of support. In all cases where correction has been threatened, if the offence be committed, it must invariably be put in execution. Empty menaces soon become the amusement, not the terror, of those, whom they are intended to overawe: and it is by the certainty, rather than the severity, of punishment, that transgression is most effectually restrained. Whenever the chastisement of whipping has become necessary, I would recommend its being inflicted in a separate apartment. It is more conducive to decorum; it adds to the gravity of the proceeding, and generally augments its effect. The classfellows of the offender, or the monitors of the school, should be required to attend on the occasion, and such attendance always represented as an office of honour. The influence of correction

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will be greater and more permanent, in proportion as it appears to be a deliberate, a solemn, and a necessary act of administrative justice.

When personal correction is considered in this point of view, as well, indeed, as in every other, it may be thought superfluous to remark that it ought to be inflicted with the most scrupulous impartiality upon all, who are condemned to receive it. In the limited circle of a school, as well as in communities of greater dignity and extent, vindictive justice should not only bear her scale with an even hand, but shut her eyes to every object that may unfairly affect the inclination of the balance. No motive of private interest or friendship, no personal enmity or affection, not even the dearest ties of consanguinity itself must so far influence the conduct of the master, as that different pupils shall not suffer the same chastisement for the same offence; or that the same offence shall be punished with rigour to-day, and with lenity to-morrow. The judicious teacher will be cautious how he suffers any former faults of the criminal to aggravate the penalty of the present; and if he determine to pardon any offence, on account of the general merit of the offender, he will pay him the additional compliment of pardoning for his sake all his associates in the transgression. It was the highest praise, which even the character of Cato ever received, that in his office as a magistrate no man ever ventured to solicit from him a sentence more favourable than the fair interpretation of the laws would allow. Let the schoolmaster, in his professional capacity, deserve the praise of Cato, and he will obtain it, even from those, who are the objects of his authority. Let it appear, that the punishments, which he inflicts, proceed wholly from a sense of his duty, from his love of order, of learning, and of virtue, and they will not only secure in general the obedience and the diligence of his pupils, but purchase for him, what might perhaps be less confidently expected, their esteem, their gratitude, and their affection. Busby himself has been hardly more celebrated for his talents, than for his severity, in the conduct of his school: yet it appears by the letters still extant, and by the published works of many of his scholars, that he was not more reverenced than beloved by those, who felt the good effects of his discipline as well as his instruction.

Many of what are considered as the lighter chastisements of a school ought to be totally excluded. Pinching the ear, pulling the hair, beating about the head with a book, a cane, or whatever happens to be in the hand; these, if once indulged, grow into habits of equal severity and caprice. They are in their own nature vulgar and offensive, and being received as indignities, never fail to excite the resentment of the sufferers. Still less should any ill humour, from causes not immediately connected with his professional duties, ever influence the deportment of the master. No misconduct of the parent should in the smallest degree affect the

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treatment of the son. No vexations arising from his private affairs, no unhappy dissentions in his own family should ever be visible in their effects in the school. The moment he enters its door, every other consideration should be banished from his mind. His authority is impaired, and his utility dimished whenever his pupils have become

> ——————— skilled to trace
> The day's disasters in his morning face.

The most eligible mode of inflicting corporal punishment is the deliberate use of the rod. But even this, if its frequency render it too familiar, will lose much of its effect, and stubbornness may be hardened, instead of being corrected. For this reason it is, that such a variety of expedients, as have been stated, to restrain vice or to stimulate diligence, become useful and necessary in a school. As all are employed in their turns, each retains something of its novelty and its influence; and the rod may be reserved for such occasions as are previously known, or possess some peculiar importance; for such offences as betray obstinacy in idleness or malignity of heart.

Observation and experience have so fully convinced me of the necessity of corporal correction, as the ultimate resource of discipline in a school, that I must recommend it to every parent, to be cautious how he trusts his son with a teacher, who professes to exclude it; and to every teacher, who means honourably to consult the improvement of his pupil, never to admit him under the prohibition of personal chastisement. It sometimes happens, indeed, equally to the satisfaction of the master and the scholar, that the latter will proceed from the lowest to the highest forms of the school, without having once been subjected to the discipline of the rod. But his conduct would in all probability have been very different, had he not seen the offences of others corrected, and known that his own would be equally subject to correction. This, indeed, suggests one of the strongest grounds on which corporal punishment should be allowed. The fear of it will often prevent its necessity. The schoolmaster, who openly and honestly professes it, as the last resource of his authority, and who is known, whenever occasion unfortunately requires it, to act up to his professions, will on the whole be found to employ, and to be under the necessity of employing, less correction and severity, than he who flatters the parents by pretensions to lenity and tenderness; and who meanly courts the kindness of his pupils by the familiarity of his manners, instead of seeking their improvement by enforcing their diligence.

To what extent personal correction may be carried, what degree of severity may be innocently and prudently exerted, it is of little use to inquire, because impossible to determine with precision. Punishment must be regulated, not so much by any general rule,

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as by characters and occasions. Locke mentions a mother with applause, who eight times repeated the chastisement of whipping, before the stubbornness of her child was overcome. *Had she stopped*, says he, *at the seventh correction, her daughter had been ruined.* Corporal punishment must be inflicted in such modes, and with such instruments, as may produce present pain, without lasting mischief; and it must be continued till temptation is counteracted, till negligence is corrected, and obstinacy subdued. The parent on one hand, who desires the literary and moral improvement of his son, must be content to resign him to the discipline of a school of reputation, and to the discretion and humanity of the master. The master, on the other hand, must always bear in mind that, however atrocious may be the offences brought before him for animadversion, his authority is not only delegated, but circumscribed within very narrow limits; that though he is necessarily allowed the power of punishment, it is always another man's child, whom he is to punish; that he is permitted to exert, not greater, but less severity, than the parent might reasonably exert in his place; and that no cause or provocation whatsoever can justify any such chastisement, as may permanently injure the features, the limbs, or the health, of the boys entrusted to his care.

## A SHAMELESS BEGGAR.

"Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, sordid, and base.
Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election:
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg.
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Nor care ye how the metal of your minds
Is with the rust of idleness corroded.
Now, before God, whate'er he be that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou persist in this loose, desperate, course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his."—BEN JONSON.

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# MASTER ROBERT SHALLOW:

## A ROMANCE OF CLEMENT'S INN.

I was once of Clement's Inn; where I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet. SHAKSPEARE'S HENRY IV. 2d Part.

ONE of the most interesting features of London, and yet it is one which is rarely contemplated and still more rarely depicted in story, is that which old chief justice Fortescue calls "the Lawyers' University;" or those delightful and sequestered Colleges of the Metropolis, the Inns of Court and Chancery. There is in the sweet retirement of some of these buildings, especially where they have green swards and gardens shadowed by embowering trees, an appearance of calm and quiet leisure, scarcely inferior to that which is visible in those classic quadrangles, erected upon the banks of the Isis, or the Cam. Neither will these schools of jurisprudence lose by such a comparision, even when the celebrated characters are brought forward who have emanated from those Universities; for, in very many instances down to the eighteenth century, the scholars of the latter became the students of the former;—the Institutes of Coke succeeded to the Odyssey of Homer, and the Æneis of Virgil was supplanted by the "Olde Teners" of Littleton. Several of these Inns too, were intended as preparatory seminaries for the English Cabinet; since in them, the future lord-keeper might acquire such a knowledge of the laws of his country, as should be both ornamental to his character, and essential to his office. In them might the young secretary, or ambassador, or treasurer, receive such an instruction of the foundation and history of the British Constitution, as should enable him to support its glory abroad, and preserve its purity uncorrupted at home; in them too, might the youthful noble, or gallant of gentle blood, who looked to the court only as a source of pleasure and honour, in them might he form his manners for his future society; and as the high authority already cited observes, "learn to dance, sing, and play on instruments,—using such exercises as they did who were brought up in the king's court;" whence, concludes Dugdale, these hostels are denominated Inns of Court. On all these accounts, it may well be questioned whether they would not bear a comparison even with a scholastic University; since their windows contain the armorial ensigns, and their records the names of many a man surpassingly eminent,—not in law only, but also in the wars and history, the discoveries and the literature of his time. The stern and vindictive Hampden studied at an Inn of Court: and look up that dark winding staircase at the south-east angle of Lincoln's Inn, and reflect that the ambition of an Oliver Cromwell had a resting place in the little gloomy chambers at the top of it.—Cross over to the middle Temple, and remember that there

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the brilliant old Chaucer studied, and that there the wise and valiant Sir Walter Raleigh enriched his capacious mind. Turn then to Gray's Inn, and see the ancient residence of Elizabeth's wise treasurer, Cecil; and at New Inn behold the abode of Henry's facetious chancellor, More. But from all these and from thousands of excellent names besides, it will be worth while to go up the Strand to Clement's Inn, and behold it in the youthful days of Robert Shallow, Esq. afterwards Justice of Peace in the county of Gloucester, during the time of king Henry IV. Shakspeare in the second part of his admirable dramatic history of that monarch's reign, makes the worthy magistrate frequently allude to his life there, with that mixture of joy and regret, with which in our later years we look back upon the pleasures of our early lives. Indeed if the following tradition be true, and the circumstances with which it is adorned would make it appear so, Master Shallow enjoyed, to its fullest extent, his juvenile "Life in London."

In the 32d year of the reign of king Edward III., or in plainer terms 1357, Clement's Inn did not present the appearance it now does, of three squares, one of which is occupied by a trim garden, with lord Clare's beautiful Negro supporting a sun-dial fixed in the middle of it;—but it consisted of a large quadrangle of stone buildings, having round them a walk somewhat resembling a cloister, with grass in the centre. The apartments were lighted by all the then known varieties of bay, oow, oriel, transom, and architrave windows, terminating in a moderately pointed arch. They were decorated with armorial ensigns, and a few ancient saints and martyrs, formed of small pieces of deeply coloured glass leaded together: but more frequently there occurred the figure of the Pontiff St. Clement, to whose honour this Inn and the neighbouring church are dedicated. At various parts of the quadrangle, tall narrow doors opened to obscure staircases, lighted by much smallar windows or loopholes, which led to chambers almost as gloomy, formed of carved stone, and in some places wainscoated with dark oak. The house or messuage of the Hostel of St. Clement, was at the period now alluded to, standing alone in grass fields; on the southernmost side of which, a straggling line of houses indicated the Strand; while through the many and wide spaces between them, the river was observed at a distance, adorned with a few seats of nobles or eminent ecclesiastics. Through the fields were cut paths to the more important points of connection situate on that side of London, where the Inn was built: one narrow path bounded by hedges, led across from the gate towards the back part of Lincoln's Inn:—another solitary lane passed to the Strand to St. Clement's church:—a third rural turning overshadowed by trees, ran north-westward to the Hospital of St. Giles; and a fourth stretched down to the Middle-Temple Inn, under the government of which the society at St. Clement's was placed. Next the Strand, on one end of the Hostel rose into a gable richly crock-

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eted, and surmounted, by an ornamental niche, wherein stood a tall statue of the patron saint, dressed in his pontificals, and crowned with the papal tiara and a circle of glory. Beneath him was a large window composed of rich tracery, and filled with St. Clement's history, which illuminated one end of the common hall, where the members of the Inn met upon all occasions, excepting on the higher festivals of devotion, when they went down to their own Church. From the hall extended a long line of building, forming the outside of the quadrangle already mentioned, and which closely resembled the interior; and at the other end of the Inn was the grand front containing the principal gate. Its style of architecture was similar to that of the hall, excepting that it had a tall square tower, terminated by battlements, placed on either side of the entrance. The arch of the gateway was large and elaborately carved without, and so deep within, that in its thickness was a tall narrow portal leading to one of the towers, which formed the dwelling of Gervase Wicket the porter; whose duty it was to open the oaken, iron-studded gates of the house at sunrise, and to close them at sunset every evening; to watch them during the day; to toll the Inn bell for matins, vespers, meals, exercises, and convocations in the hall; and to guide strangers to the chambers of any of his masters. The passage of the gate led immediately into the quadrangle, and turning on the left hand appeared one of the doorways already alluded to, with a scroll of vellum nailed on the door itself containing these words written in a large black court-hand. "Vppe these stayres ye schalle fynde yn y^e^ jste chawmbre Maystre Rob^e^rte Shallow, st^u^dente off y^e^ Lawe yn thys Hostelle y^t^ ys dedycated to ye honoure of ye blessyd Saynte Clemente, Pope and Martire: and yn ye ijde chawmbre ye schalle fynde Maystre George Bare, also Studente off ye Lawe yn thys Ynne: and yn ye iijde chawmbre ye schalle fynde Maystre Frawncis Pickebone also Studente off ye Lawe: and yn ye iiijth, or Turrette Chawmbre, ye schalle finde Maystre Wyllym Squele and Johan Doyt, ye whyche lyve togyder in one lodgynge also Studentes off ye Lawe: and these ben the names of alle them that dwelle vppe these stayres."

In the first floor then, was seated Master Robert Shallow at his judicial studies; for the sunbeams shone through his stained glass windows, upon a folio vellum book bound in red velvet, and written in a st[illegible] black law text, which was mounted upon a high desk before hi[illegible] There was not in the whole apartment so singular a piece of furniture as the desk in which the young student was seated; but such as are acquainted with ancient illuminated manuscripts, and early typographical works, may have a tolerable conception of it. It was formed of dark brown oak, richly carved into gothic pinnacles, pointed arches, &c.; and in size was somewhat between a four-post bedstead and a church-warden's pew; both of which it very much resembled. It was entered by a side



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door, and within it were two seats of crimson damask with a double desk placed between them, over which hung a brass lamp; while around it was a sort of lining or curtain formed of rich tapestry. Above, the erection was carved into large oaken plumes resembling those of a hearse, and the roof was so contrived as to answer the purpose of a bookcase, being filled with large volumes bound in coloured velvet or embroidered canvas covers. The remainder of the chamber was furnished with an oaken settle or bedstead, with the few and coarse clothes of the time, although it was then the custom for all ranks to sleep naked: an ancient chair or two, with a massive table, a large carved wainscoat press, and a few flagons, chalices, and trenchers, stood in the back ground near the enormous chimney. In his inner Study then sat Master Shallow, afterwards an Esquire, dressed in a long black robe with a close circular cap; and before him were the ancient statutes of Westminster, Merton, and Marlebridge, which he was ostensibly reading, though now and then the sun glanced upon a stout little folio manuscript of Chaucer's Poems, at that period, with the exception of Wickliff's satirical Tracts, and Matthew of Westminster's Flowers of History, the most fashionable and favourite book of the day. Thus was the young lawyer employed, and in the following manner he conducted his studies.

"By the bones I marvel much, why this father of mine keeps me mewed up in a dark Inn to learn cozening and knavery from old law-books; when a' should have been at court a twelvemonth, or an eighteen month past, like a brave gallant, or in France, like a true soldier.—Mass!.if 'twere not for some swinge-bucklers that I wot of, it were as good a deed as drink to—'Capitulo Decimo Sexto.—Murdrum de cætero non adjudicetur coram Justiciariis, ubi infortunium tantummodo—' Out on't! this is worse than singing the mass on a winter's morning at day-break, as I was wont at Oxford.—Ho—ho—ho—ho—'Purview est ensement, que quant Clerke est prise pur sette de felony'—if a' be not out of all my wits with this law-jargon I am no true man. My patience is even burnt out.

There was a Priest in Buckingham,
And a sturdy priest was he;
For he would roar at his own church-door,
And drink till he could not see.

And the Pope he said to this sturdy Priest—

How now!—who's there at my door?—Out ye losels! am I to be your porter? shall I leave my studies to let in all the knaves that would come to jape the hours away?—'De wreck de mere accorde que'——What Falstaff! my valiant page, how fare ye?—Ah! what my heart of St. Giles! Hugh Evans? where's thy divinity my son of St. David? Cog's bones my boys, we'll make a day on't, and the

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fiend may take the Statutum de Merton, Editum Anno Vicesimo Henrici Tercii, for his own reading.—We'll call down the Corinthian lads above, and then—Southward hoe!—

> The lark is up in the matin sky,
> And he singeth aloud as he soars on high,
> For over the earth he loveth to fly,
> All in the blue spring morning."

The company which called forth this effusion of joy and jollity on the part of Master Shallow, were JOHN FALSTAFF, who was afterwards knighted, but who was then a page in the service of Sir Thomas Mowbray; and HUGH EVANS, then a young Welsh student of divinity, in the Hospital of St. Giles, but subsequently a parson at Windsor. They were both of them dear associates of Shallow; for in their society he could enjoy his fancy for gayety to the utmost, without any fear of being checked for its exuberance, even by the young Priest, who on such occasions only looked with a ludicrous solemnity, or made some grave remark with such perverseness of language, that either of them served only to increase the merriment. As Shallow concluded, he went to a door in the back of the chamber and called to his servant, Gabriel Shortwit, to bring up his cloak, and his sword, and his cittern, and his cap and feather, and his books of music and sonnets, and then to summon from their chambers the four other worthies who inhabited the floors above him. "And so my lads of gold," began Falstaff, as they were waiting, "we shall to it again; into the world as if there were neither law, nor divinity, nor nobility to bridle us: but o' my faith lads, ye would corrupt a saint. I shall in a little be even like the rest of ye. And you, Master Evans, thou cockatrice of St. Giles, you must play the priest o' the wrong side, must ye?"

"Passions of hur hearts!" cried Evans, "I do desire that you, Master Page Falstaff, shall remember, and recollect, and reflections, look you, that I do go to watch, and to oversee, and to preservation your walks and your paths, look you."

"Master Shallow, heark you to his foul logic; and yet it is even as he saith," answered Falstaff.—"What! shall we disport ourselves without our Priest?—Nay—nay.—Doth he not live by our sins? Good!—if we sin not, how doth he live?—Aye, marry, answer me that I pray you?—Shall we then kill our priest for lack of means for his life?—Go to,—no—that were foul murdrum, Master Shallow.—No, our priest shall live, and we will live,—said I well, Master Shallow?"

"As I am an honest man, it is goot discretions that is in your mind, Master Falstaff. But now I shall desire and pray you, that you will not get you to-day into no prawls, and riotings, and prabbles; but I shall pray you to remember to take your sack, and your Sherries, and your Canaries, and your—but I do see here is come

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our consorts." As he ceased speaking, Shortwit entered the room bowing in Master GEORGE BARE, a tall gaunt man, with thick black bushy hair round his face; Master FRANCIS PICKBONE, also a tall slender man, whose limbs were as if they were attached to wires continually shaking, and whose face possessed a great expression of vacancy, with a conceited laugh continually mantling upon it; Master JOHN DOIT, a short, stout, important, and bustling figure; and Master WILLIAM SQUELE, a talkative but empty-headed coxcomb. For awhile all the discourse was gratulations and compliments; till at length Shallow said—"But, my Masters, we burn day-light, 'tis now near nine of the clock, and we shall scarcely reach the Cardinal's Hat, on the bank, by an honest dinner-time. Shortwit, do you go down to the hall when the commons are cut, and bring my trencher above; and look ye do the same by these gentlemen, for we shall come back roaring hungry; and, dost hear varlet?—let me have no prating of our purposes: if the Ancient ask of us,—our grandmothers are taken with the quinsey, and we are gone to visit them. Oh! good, my sword. So,—now my cittern-slung over it,—now my gown, which hideth all.—But, my Masters, we must not depart en suite—no,—go to,—old Wicket would peer me into the matter. Mass now! how shall it be?"

"Why thus, Bully Shallow," replied Bare; "Falstaff and Evans are past all compare the worst of us, excepting thee, who art, to speak truly, the Great Devil of Clement's:—go to,—they shall go first and take the road to the Temple there let them boat me it over to the Bank.—Then shall little John here, and our Cotswold champion, go me down the Strand-lane, and embarque me at Milford; and lastly, thou and I will go towards Lincoln's Inn, and then walk to the Temple, where we shall cover it fairly and follow our consorts. Will't catch, Master Shallow?—said I well, boys?"

"Good, very good, very excellent good," returned Shallow; "thou shalt be a Corinthian Civilian, the counsel of all good boys, the oracle of swinge-bucklers:—but about it, lads—about it:—and remember, our watch-word is Hem! boys."—This rabble rout of St. Clement's then began to depart in the order devised by Master Bare; and speedily getting into different wherries, they were carried over to the far-famed Bankside. One of the most celebrated taverns or houses of entertainment on the Bank, bore the sign of the "Cardinal's Hat," which was kept by Mistress Jane Nightwork, assisted by Mistress Quickly, then in her younger days, but who, about forty years afterwards, removed to the famous Boar's-Head tavern, in Eastcheap. The houses of Bankside were short and miserable buildings, standing but a little distance from the edge of the river, and having signs exposed upon their fronts rudely drawn upon white boards. Before the doors were stout oaken seats and tables, for such as visited the place to enjoy a view of the Thames; and a low railing, with several long dirty stairs and

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passages to the water, was erected at the extremity of the bank. When Shallow and his companions had crossed the river, and were once more assembled, they took the road to the Cardinal's Hat; and as they drew nearer, observed that, on one of the benches in front of the house, there was seated a man in a party-coloured dress, using the most extravagant gestures, laughing, singing, and talking loudly to the Hostess. As Falstaff was the foremost of the party, for he had then only a small portion of that rotundity which he afterwards possessed, he cried out to his comrades, "Bones o' me! boys, but here's one worth a whole college of witlings like ye; Master Bawble, the Mayor's Jester, one who has more quips, and japes, and cranks, and catches, than the king's own fool himself. By St. Thomas! but I'm gladder than if I'd forty shillings." The man now perceived their approach, and according to the custom of his tribe, for which they were vehemently condemned by a writer of the sixteenth century,—ran towards them with the most ridiculous postures, and embraced the Page singing and talking the whole time—

"Hey, Friar Tuck,—Ho! Friar Tuck,
Who are thy followers brave."

"Why, how now, mad wag?" said Falstaff, struggling under the Jester's accolade; "Dost mean to smother me? We play not the Morris-dance now, Master Bawble, nor am I now Friar Tuck. Nay, it boots not speaking sense to the gosling, and Solomon saith in Proverbia, 'Responde stulto juxta stultitiam suam, ne sibi sapiens esse videatur:—so here's to him in his own tongue:—

Traveller, traveller, thou should'st know,
Robin Hood by his stout yew-bow;
Scarlet, by his mantle sheen;
Marian, by her kirtle green;
Stukely, by his bugle blast;
Much, by the flour around him cast;
For he is the dusty miller's son,
And the last is valiant Little John.

But now, good Master Bawble, I pray you to know all these mine excellent friends; all Corinthian lads! all good boys! all swinge-bucklers of the first water! Here is Master Robert Shallow, the very prince of St. Clement's;—then here is black Master George Bare, the star of all good fellowship;—then here is little Master John Doit, the mirror of roaring boys of the West;—then here is Master Francis Pickbone, the brightest gallant of all the Inns of Court;—then comes Master William Squele, the Cotswold Colbrand;—and lasty, here is Master Hugh Evans, a Welch Rabbin of St. Giles." During this introduction the Jester curvetted from one to another with a thousand antics, and as he embraced every new companion, he looked over his shoulder with an irre-

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sistible comicality of feature, and twisted his own countenance into an exaggerated likeness of the person whom he saluted. Nor was his merriment confined to actions only; for, for each separate person, he had some quaint or whimsical expression, as—"Master Shallow, I desire to live deep in your worship's remembrance," —then turning aside, with a most grotesque visage, he sung—

> "Begone, said she, for oh! that face
> Betrays thy shallow heart and mind.

Black Master Bare, let me stand in your fair memory—

> He cover'd his corpse in a warm black gown,
> But as for his *head*,—it was *bare*,—quite *bare;*
> As for his head it was bare.

Master John Do-it—

> Then the King of Thessaly, of Thessaly, of Thessaly,
> Did vow that such a fool as he,
> No man had ever seen.

Master Squele, I pray you call me your intimate. I do much desire your acquaintance, Master Pickbone:—you are well in flesh, good sir. Good Master Hugh Evans—your blessing in Welsh."

"Passions of hur hearts, and why not in Latin or in English, look you, Master Mayor's Jester?"

"Even for this reason, most excellent Cadwallader of St. Giles's; all things must speak after their own tongue, as Lillybaldo, the Portingale Pedlar, said to King Azias. Your goat bleats, and your sheep baes, and your dog barks; your dog never bleats, neither doth your sheep bark, nor goat bae;—even so thou speakest Welsh, or Goat's tongue; thou speakest not English, or Lion's tongue, nor Latin, or Eagle's tongue; therefore, most worthy Sir Hugh, bless me in Welsh, that the Saints may understand thy meaning."

"If you were not an ass, and a knave, and a pied-coated Jester, I would knock thy mad-witted pate on the pank piles, look you."

"What! Master Evans, a man of peace, quarrelling with a jester on the Bankside! Bestir thee, man, here's better metal," exclaimed Falstaff,—"A capon and sack,—pig and stewed prunes, and merry boys to help thee eat them."

"Fall to, then, my Masters," cried Shallow; "come Bawble, sit by me, and we'll in for a catch anon; and Master Hugh will lay down his choler and join us when the Canary hath mounted." For a time the jollity, even of this whimsical assembly, was exchanged for a silent despatch of the viands before them, although Bawble still played a few practical jokes upon the trenchers and the meat of his nearest neighbours, similar to those exhibited by the modern imitators of these jesters, the clowns of Pantomime. At

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length, when the repast was concluded, and all the inspiring liquors of that day stood before the party in oaken tankards, leathern jugs, ancient latten beakers, and some silver cups, Bawble suddenly burst out with—

> "Merry men,—merry men,—merry are we
> Empty heads are lightest,—jolly shall we be:
> Dusty lore, writ of yore,—they who read shall find,
> Clouds the brain, and leaves a train of cobwebs in the mind.
> Merry men,—merry men,—merry men are we."

"Well sung, Master Bawble, here's a health for that song," said Bare, drinking a large libation of sack, in which he was joined by Squele, Doit, and Pickbone, whose presence seemed to be marked only by the idle laughs which they uttered, and the quantity of liquor which they consumed; indeed the latter was performing its office so rapidly, that their laughs became less and less frequent, and their heads fell nearer and nearer to the table. "Shallow," said Falstaff, as he saw the situation of his comrades; "Say on, Bully-Rook," replied the young student: "Thou seest these howlets winking and cowering under their drink; Mass! now, if 'twere not a good jape upon them for thou and I to withdraw ourselves to Old Michael Doubletoll, the Miller's in Saint George's Fields, and leave the fool here with these brainless sots in pawn for the reckoning. Out on't, they cannot take their compotations, without turning them off to sleep it out when they are filled, like the swine."

"It is goot discretions to say so," returned Evans; "and I will bear you company, Master Page Falstaff, and excellent Master Shallow."—"Well then, lads," returned Shallow, "steal away as if ye were walking upon felt. By the bones, they will stare me when they shall awake from their sottish slumber. Up boys! up! for the way is a foul one, through marshes and swamps; but old Doubletoll has a merry heart, and half the bravest gallants of London go to be jovial at his Mill, and hire his good horses." They now withdrew in silence, unmarked by any but Mistress Nightwork and Bawble, the latter of whom, however, was too much occupied with examining the interiors of the drinking vessels to offer an opposition to their motions, and the Hostess of the Cardinal's Hat was sufficiently satisfied with the young lawyers who were left, to hinder them that were departing. The Windmill of St. George's-Fields, which was a very popular resort of the Toms and Jerrys of a former day, was a large wooden erection, which stood alone in those immense marshes, a short distance from the main-road which led from London to Fauqueshall, at that time the seat of Edward the Black Prince. It was built in a narrow conical form, extremely high, and was furnished with very long wedge-shaped sails. The windows were small, and at a considerable height in the building; and the door was of solid oak, arched

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over, ascended by a long sweeping ladder. For the interior, Rembrandt, who learned his magical style of lighting up his pictures from the obscurity prevalent in his father's mill alone, would alone be able to delineate its striking effect. On one side, a large and wide arch in which hung a brazen cresset, led to a winding flight of stairs, lighted by loop-holes, which passed to the upper apartments and works of the mill. Under this arch, for the centre of the building was occupied with the machinery and flour-sacks,—were placed a massive carved oaken table, with a settle of the same, and there also an enormous fire-place was erected. Here it was that Gabriel Doubletoll, the Miller, held his merry meetings, in which good wine and boisterous mirth usually compensated for the want of the more convenient appendages of a tavern. When Shallow and his companions arrived at the mill, the time was wearing fast into the afternoon; and the day, which till then had been peculiarly fair and bright, was growing lurid, and exhibiting all the signs of a latent storm, which might be expected to fall about the sunset. "Mass!" said Shallow, looking at the splendid clouds which were rolling up in the sky, "'twill be a foul even after so fair a day, Master Falstaff, my waggish page. And what say ye my boys to a ride through the night-storm, all three of us together, on one of old Doubletoll's blind mill horses?"—"Marry, no! Gossip Shallow," returned Falstaff, "I'll e'en shroud me in mill till morning, for your double-riding knights have all been hanged or burned these ten years.—Bones o' me! his honour, Sir Thomas, will not have such unreason, as to think that I shall leave mine enjoyment with mine host of Saint George's Mill, to wade back to him through a marsh in a foul night, and be smothered by Friar Rush:—No, my masters, it would be an unchristian act to leave good for evil.—What say you, Master Evans?"

"It is fery truly spoken, Master Page Falstaff; put poys, let us into the mill, for I do perceive that mine host has a pottle-pot of sack and sugar, and canaries, and goot burnt wines, and many other excellencies."—"Say'st thou so, young Cockerell," answered Falstaff, "then on to the breach, lads; here we should be as bold as lions, or a cudgel-player at a May-game.—In—In." As they entered, they were met with considerable pleasure by a short stout man, whom they all saluted with equal gratification, by the name of Gabriel Doubletoll. He was dressed in a sort of coarse brown tunic and kirtle, which hung to his knees, and his legs below were cased in gray frieze, which fitted close to his shape, while round, untanned leathern shoes covered his feet. At his girdle he wore a seal's skin pouch, a case of brass-hafted knives, and a stout dagger, hilted with the same metal. Upon his head was an almost shapeless conical hat of light brown skin, but oh! the face beneath it!—by the lord, sir, as Macklin used to say, it was prodigious!—it was as if a lion in his fiercest rage had suddenly changed colour, his mane turning to a black bush of grizzled hair,

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and his features becoming red, without his physiognomy being in the least degree altered. Such, from generous living and continual brawling, was the appearance of Gabriel Doubletoll, the Miller of St. George's-fields. When his guests enter, he seized upon them as old intimates, with the warmest but at the same time the roughest welcomes, and they were all speedily engaged in a spirited discussion of the Miller's sparkling cordials. "By St. Thomas!" began Shallow, taking off his cittern and rapier, "but I'm glad to be with tall men at last; men who can empty one a two-quart beaker and not look muzzling after it, nor be overthrown like a country milk-maid. Oh! your good trowler of his pottle loves to meet with men of their hands, with companions good at all a toss-pot's weapons, bowl, rapier, and cittern, with a stout voice in a catch. Come, master Miller, and you my merry boys, let's roar out the Good fellows' Round."

"Master Shallow," returned Evans, "I shall tell you what is now come into my prain, and—pless us! goot Saint Chiles! how it does rain and pluster in the dark efening:—Fell, my masters, I do think fe are not so piety as fe ought to have, in so—by'r lady! it is a foeful night, and—" "What now, Mandragora?" cried Falstaff, "why man, keep up thine heart, and here's that will keep out the storm; send about the flagon, Master Doubletoll, on with more faggots, and now for the catch. Fancy it thy pricksong or thy mottot, my little craven Evans, and sing out bravely." They now commenced the following catch, the point of which consisted in every man calling, and being called knave in his turn.

"*Shall.* Sing we the good-fellows' roundelay,
And I the cittern will blithely play;
*Falst.* I'll sing tenor,
*Evans.* The treble for me,
*Shall.* And what shall the base of our music be?
*Doublet.* The wintry wind as it rushes and roars,
At the windows, and roof, and the well-fasten'd doors;
*Falst.* But, the Wine, and the Sack, and Canary is bright,
They are good-fellows' stars that shine out through the night,
You're a knave if you quit them till morning.
*Shall. to Falst.* You're a knave!
*Doublet. to Evans.* You're a knave!
*Evans to Shall.* You're a knave, *look you!*
*Omnes.* He's a knave who forsakes them till morning."

In this manner the hours passed, till night had overspread a sky that had long been dark and lowering. When the sun set it was almost invisible through the thick and deep purple atmosphere which covered it, excepting where, in long streaks of brightly-coloured gold, it shone out between the partings of its veil in the forms of rich cities and brilliant mountains; or where its reflections were cast upon the edges of the other floating masses of clouds which sailed about the sky. In some places, before the



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storm began, which Evans had been so much alarmed at, long lines of deep purple appeared drawn through the air, greatly resembling alligators or lizards with many legs, and here and there a branch seemed to issue out of them and pass off into the space beyond. When the tempest began to rage, which after sunset it did with the greatest fury, the whole party,—excepting Evans, who evinced considerable fear by ejaculating mutilated Latin prayers, and fragments of psalms,—continued to roar louder and louder, and finally commence their favourite catch over again. As they came to the accusatory part of the song, the mill-door was suddenly burst open, and Bare, Doit, Squele, and Pickbone, dripping with wet, and having their rapiers drawn, rushed in, railing furiously at their comrades for their desertion, and crying out, "Ye say truly, ye are all knaves together." All but Evans had out their weapons in a moment, and as they were equally warmed with wine, and equally matched, a very pretty piece of sword and dagger play might have followed, but at that instant the trampling of horses' feet were heard in the mill-yard; the glare of several torches gleamed up the steps, and a young man immediately entered the building, habited in a tight dress of black, with a rich hood upon his head, and short thick boots mounted with very large carved iron spurs, upon his feet. In one hand he held an ivory riding wand, and the other supported a large black outer robe, which, as well as all the rest of his dress, was miserably stained with travelling in so stormy a night. As he entered the mill, with his attendants, every voice but that of Evans and the Miller, ejaculated "Master William Gascoigne, by the bones!" Gascoigne was at that time an Utter-Barrister of the Middle Temple, and visitor of St. Clement's Inn, but he was subsequently created a knight, and known as that eminent lord chief justice, whose name is so intimately connected with the life and reign of king Henry V. When Gascoigne entered, all were immediately reduced to as much order as intoxicated and quarrelling men co ld suddenly assume; for though he was the junior of nearly every one present, yet his sedate manners, and his profound legal knowledge, had already introduced him to the high favour of king Edward III; and he was likewise greatly respected at his own Inn of the Middle Temple, from which he was nominated a visitor or sub-governor over their tributary Hostel at St. Clement's. All in the mill therefore started at Gascoigne's entrance: some from the knowledge of what he would do, and the fear of what he might do; and the others because they observed the effect which his presence had upon their inebriated companions. His first words were pronounced in a loud and commanding tone, "In the name of our lord king Edward, I charge ye all to drop your weapons, before I order my Apparitors to arrest you." The rapiers and daggers were drapped in a moment, and every one awaited in silence his further speech. "How, gentles," he at length began in a milder voice,

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looking round him with blended surprise and anger, "some of ye are of Saint Clement's Inn! how came ye here, sirs? Is this the way, Master Shallow, and you other students, to learn the king's laws by breaking them, or to practice the laws of virtue by brawling in your cups at midnight, in a dishonest and lonely mill? Shame on ye, shame on ye! How would this guilt have been concealed, if fortune had not driven me, storm-beaten, on my return from his highness prince Edward, at Fauqueshall, to seek shelter in this mill? but now it cometh forth, and on all over whom I possess any authority shall penance fall. And what art thou?" continued he, addressing Evans. "Even, goot Master Filliam Gascoigne, a poor Welsh student of definity at Saint Chiles's Hospital." "And a wretched practiser of what thou studiest," replied Gascoigne, "what says thy Psalterium? 'Beati sunt vir qui ambulant.'"— "Oh! yes, inteet, it is fery goot remembrances," interrupted Evans,—

> "'That man for ever plest shall pe
> Who doth the sinner's haunts eschew,
> The scoffer's chair his feet do flee,
> Put pious acts hur loves to do.'—

"It is all in my prain, and I will sing the rest if hur please." "Let it live in thine heart and life," said Gascoigne turning from him to Falstaff, "Sir Thomas Mowbray's page, Master Falstaff, as I guess?" "The same, honoured Master Gascoigne," returned he, "'tis a name I will never deny, for 'twill yet be famous in England till a far distant age, and I'll make it so!" "It must be by another course of life than this; else perchance even I may live to condemn thee for thy neglect of all honest manners, thy despite of all virtuous counsel. But the storm has now howled itself to rest; I leave ye with an assurance that this night's brawling shall be answered; and I leave four of mine Apparitors to watch your courses: more shall immediately follow them from London, and until they come ye are prisoners here." He then departed, and "a night of stupid repentance," as Falstaff said, "followed a day of gallant enjoyment." Early in the morning the Apparitors conducted each of them home, and Gascoigne kept his word with all; for the miller was imprisoned, as his character was notorious; the law-students were fined, Falstaff was suspended by his patron, and Evans was macerated by a long penance of fasting. Master Shallow never forgot this adventure; and Shakspeare relates, that fifty-five years afterwards, when he was an Esquire and a Justice of the peace in Gloucestershire, under king Henry IV. he said to Falstaff, then Sir John, who was levying soldiers in that county, —"Do you remember since we lay all night in the Windmill in Saint George's Fields?"

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For the Port Folio.

## THE PILOT.*

On the very threshhold of these volumes, we are encountered by a caution, which it behoves us to treat with all possible respect. The ingenious author, not having the fear of criticism before his eyes, and reckless of the resentment of the class of writers, who pursue that ungainful calling, has not scrupled to designate them as a parcel of "Lubbers." "If they have common discretion," he says, "they will beware of exposing their ignorance." This we consider as an allusion to that right, which critics have claimed from time immemorial, to stop and search all those "little barks" which endeavour, on the high seas of literature, to

——— pursue the triumph and partake the gale.

If they have not the regular countersign, we burn, sink and destroy, without remorse; but when we find them committing only what the lawyers call a deviation, we are always ready to lead them back to the true course, and furnish them with ample instructions for their future voyage. We do not think the author before us can fairly complain of "lubberly" treatment, from any quarter deserving his regard; except, indeed, in the instance of a notice of one of his former works, which was intended to be favourable, but which was couched in such terms as to be mistaken for a sentence of disapprobation.

But if he has not written for the *ignorant* race of critics, we should be glad to learn what description of persons, his book is intended to please. Not the ordinary class of novel readers, we supposes, because they never pretend to form an opinion of a volume, until they consult the oracles of *the periodical press*, who are now lords of the ascendant;—neither can we imagine that he calculated upon any other portion of the "land-lubbers," since those scenes upon which he seems to have chiefly expended his strength, are described in a dialect which is intelligible only on salt water. We confess, we are at a loss to reconcile this course with the invocation,

"List! ye *landsmen* all to me,"

which we find on his title page. The volumes, however, contain a variety of adventures, which lead us from page to page, with anxious expectation, as long as we remain on land; but the author's tempests, his fights, his breakers, his wrecks, and, indeed, all

* The Pilot; a Tale of the Sea. By the author of the Pioneers, &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 293, 258. New York, Charles Wiley.

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his nautical operations, we fear, will be thrown away upon many of those whose attention he has invoked.

The tale opens in an impressive manner. The scene shifts from the German ocean, to the shore which it immediately washes, in Northumberland county, in the north of England. The time is about the conclusion of the war of the Revolution; when the name of Paul Jones had carried dismay into the very havens of our oppressors. A few labourers, who have just concluded the toils of the day, are alarmed by the appearance of a large vessel and a schooner on the coast. Presently a whale-boat is descried among the rocks, cautiously making its way, through the surf, to the shore. We *conjecture*, from the conversation of the party in this boat, that the perils by which they are surrounded are of the most imminent character.

The object we are told is to procure a pilot; and Barnstable, the commander of the schooner, (the Ariel) mutters to himself, "this is droll navigation; first we run into an unfrequented bay that is full of rocks, and sand-pits, and shoals, and then we get off our pilot." When they reach land, Barnstable, accompanied by some of the men, well-armed, is sent ashore, with the proper countersign, in search of the important Palinurus. Here we are quickly introduced to one of those "traits" in the life of a seaman, which it is the ambition of our author to exhibit. Scarcely has the Lieut. stepped upon the beach, before a sweetheart throws herself into his arms, disguised, as sailors' sweethearts often are, in male attire. She had heard of a vessel being on the coast, answering the description of that to which her lover belonged; and she had been wandering on the shore for a whole week, in order "to have a communication" with him, for the purpose of hearing some tidings of "a devoted cousin!" Their *tete-a-tete*, in which the officer talks very pressingly of *the chaplain*, is interrupted by the cockswain, who announces the approach of a storm. The Pilot then suddenly appears, and while he is proceeding to the boat, the lieutenant makes a second fruitless effort to persuade his mistress to elope with him. She delivers to him a letter, to be perused at a more convenient season; and as a fearful night is setting in,—"every minute threatening new dangers,"—they are compelled to separate. We have now a very minute account of the manner in which the boats and vessels are extricated from their hazardous situation, in which they had placed themselves, to get their pilot. We have luffing, and squaring, and tacking, and heaving, under the orders of this person, until even the seamen seem to be astonished. All this, no doubt, is done according to rule, and would pass the board of admiralty with approbation; but we "landsmen" would rather enjoy the fruits of Mr. Cooper's fertile genius in another element.

On the following morning, Barnstable is summoned from the Ariel. to attend a council of war on board the frigate. Before the officers are convened, he finds an opportunity to communicate to

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Griffith, the first lieutenant of the latter vessel, the letter which had been put in his hands on the preceding evening. From this epistle we learn, that the writer, Miss Kath. Plowden, the ward of Col. Howard, and Miss Cecilia Howard, his niece, are now in the abbey of St. Ruth, on the beach, almost within sight, and that they had been brought thither from Carolina, by the Col.; an inveterate tory, who, in his sixtieth year, had abandoned his native country, and sacrificed half of his fortune, to his mistaken loyalty to the king. The lady positively commands her lover, "on no account, to risk himself on shore;" "neither must blood be spilt" if he loves her. Yet she proceeds to give him a description of the place in which she and Cecilia have been confined since the hostile vessels were descried on the coast; and the garrison which the Col. had provided for their protection; consisting of a recruiting officer, Capt. Borroughcliffe, and twenty men; to which are added, *in a P. S.* a signal-book and a drawing of the grounds! The young seamen resolve, of course, to rescue their mistresses from this thraldom; and when they learn, that it is proposed to land a detachment and carry off a few conspicuous individuals, to be held, for certain political purposes, it immediately occurs to them how advantageously their professional duty may be blended with their private inclinations. Love is painted blind, and the truth of the allegory is completely verified in the present instance; since, from this time forward, our heroes seem to shut their eyes to every thing but the case of the ladies. Lieuts. Griffith and Barnstable, accompanied by the Pilot, who, we have been given to understand, is a very important personage, depart in a cutter, manned with twenty men. This Pilot, together with Griffith and Mr. Manual, the captain of Marines, are soon arrested, while skulking under the walls of the abbey, in seamen's attire, and confined in separate apartments. During the night, they are visited individually by Cecilia, Miss Dunscombe and Borroughcliffe. The first recognizes Griffith, and the second finds an old lover in the Pilot, whom she salutes by the appellation of John. Borroughcliffe had been quaffing the colonel's fine old wine, until they parted for the night; when the former pocketed a bottle and repaired to the chamber of his prisoner, captain Manual, in whom he had discovered, as he surmised, a brother officer. He is easily persuaded that the whole is but an affair of gallantry, and accordingly he permits his prisoners to escape. On the following morning he is aroused from slumber by the arrival of a troop of cavalry, which had been brought to the abbey, by the officious zeal of Mr. Dillon, a mean-spirited and malignant animal, a nephew of Col. Howard, and destined by him to become the husband of Cecilia. Transported with rage at the escape of his rival, Dillon hurries off to the Alacrity, a king's cutter lying in the neighbourhood, in order to intercept the return of the invaders by that means. This vessel immediately weighs anchor and stands for the Ariel. Barnstable, who was waiting, in

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the whale-boat, for his comrades, perceiving these motions of the cutter, is obliged to return to his schooner, and prepare for her defence. A desperate conflict speedily ensues, which is terminated by the total discomfiture of the royal vessel.

The escape of Griffith, and the others, was effected shortly after this action, about the time of the morning watch, when the Pilot left them for "some ten hours," in order as he appears to have found necessary, "to look deeper into our scheme before we hazard any thing." Manual brings up his marines, and they are quietly stowed away in one of the vaulted apartments of the ruin. This officer, however, being a very punctilious disciplinarian, had posted a corporal and three men as a picket, in advance of the position, in which the party sought concealment. This, as any "lubber" might have foreseen, soon led to their detection, and they are compelled to surrender to captain Borroughcliffe. As they are marching back into the abbey, they are seen by the Pilot, who immediately repaired to the frigate to procure succour for them. On his way, his boat passes that of Barnstable, who, having found Mr. Dillon, among the prisoners of the Alacrity, had conceived the idea of exchanging him and the crew of his prize for Griffith and his party. Dillon readily pledged his honour to return, if he did not succeed in effecting this exchange; but the miserable wretch had no intention to perform his promise. On the contrary, he invented some specious falsehood, by which his honourable kinsman was induced to assent to a plan, which he had conceived, to detain the old cockswain, who had accompanied him on this embassy, and entrap Barnstable. This villainy is defeated by Long Tom, who contrived to pinion the tipsy captain in his own chamber; and then left the mansion taking with him the faithless ambassador, whom he had the good fortune to surprise in a remote apartment, assigned to the ladies, where it was no difficult matter to terrify him into silence and submission. He found Barnstable on the beach, to whom, in a few words, he communicated the treachery of Dillon, and the danger to which he had learnt that the Ariel would shortly be exposed, in consequence of preparations which had been made on shore. This little favourite, after escaping from a formidable battery, and struggling for several hours against the winds and the ocean, is wrecked. The old cockswain and some of his messmates, together with Dillon, perish with her; and Barnstable, with such of the crew as had escaped, sought shelter amid the mouldering walls, where Griffith's party had just been captured. The second lieutenant, however, cannot rest. By means of his signal-book, he procures an interview with his mistress, to whom he is so communicative on the subject of a projected attack upon the fortress, with the remnant of his crew, that captain B., who had overheard the conversation, takes the proper measures to receive him; and accordingly, in a few hours, afterwards, when they rush into the apartment where Col. Howard, his mili-

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tary guest, and the ladies, are sitting, they are surrounded by the garrison. Griffith and Manual, with his marines, having been released, we presume, by the ladies, join their friends, and a fierce parley ensues. Griffith is willing to retreat, but Borroughcliffe insists on detaining the whole party as prisoners. The former is about to hew for himself a passage, when the whole assemblage is appalled by the appearance of the mysterious Pilot, followed by a force which at once *looks down all opposition;* and the inhabitants of St. Ruth, male and female, are made prisoners of war. The invaders, however, content themselves with taking away only the colonel, Miss Howard, Miss Plowden, and a few necessary domestics. Shortly after they get on board, several hostile vessels are seen bearing down upon the American frigate; she maintains a running fight with them for a short time, but is compelled, by superior force to retreat. In the action, Col. Howard received a wound, of which he dies soon after; having in his last moments bestowed the hands of his niece and ward, on the young lieutenants. Cecilia, we are told, dropped on the shoulder of her husband, and "Katharine received *the cold kiss* of Barnstable *passively.*"

Of the remainder of this tale, little needs be told. The commander of the frigate had been killed in the last conflict, and Griffith succeeded him. On the day after that circumstance the Pilot took his leave, in a small boat, amid the stormy waves of the North Sea. The crew formed many conjectures about him, but they could never learn, by whose skill they had been extricated from the dangers of the deep; nor, many years afterwards, would captain Griffith, who had been early let into the secret, satisfy the curiosity of his wife. Had they seen our author's preface, they would have learnt, what we think is prematurely disclosed, that this personage was no other than the redoubtable *John Paul Jones,* to whom our navy is indebted for examples of the most desperate daring. From his history, the author has derived the idea of this tale, and some of the events in the life of Jones, are sufficiently shadowed forth in these pages. We are not among those who would associate with the name of this extraordinary man aught that is selfish or base; we believe that his ambition sprung from an honourable source, and that his motives, in espousing our cause, were those which a patriot might readily avow. Those relapses into moods of melancholy or reserve, to which objection has been made, may easily be explained by a passage in one of his letters to Lady Selkirk—"I have sacrificed," he says, "not only my favourite scheme of life, but *the softer affections of the heart,* and my prospects of domestic life;"—we continue the quotation, as further illustrative of his character—"and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture would restore peace and good will among mankind." He is made to observe to Griffith, in the conclusion of these volumes, that their

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acquaintance had not led to what they had wished; but as we are not informed of all the arrangements which had been devised to effect what is here alluded to, we can form no conjecture as to the cause of their disappointment. The author seems to be so fond of steering his ships among the rocks and making them contend with each other or with the elements, that he has left the tale to get along as well as it can. It must not be denied that most of his incidents are well imagined, and generally well told. But we cannot devest ourselves of the idea that they are all of a secondary character, and we become impatient for something of importance from the Pilot. The dialogues, if we except those of the seamen, with whom we do not presume to meddle, further than to commend their discipline and their decorous deportment, are not in good keeping. The personages do not sufficiently reveal themselves. We are too often told how they looked, and how they felt, and what their words are intended to make others feel. Of his ladies we do not entertain the most exalted opinion. The first appearance of Katharine, in man's attire, seeking for her lover, is not tolerable, as Dogberry would say; and her letter does not raise her in our estimation. Col. Howard is probably intended for a very polite gentleman, but we set him down as a formal old prig, with his incessant "Madam," to two young girls,—his niece and ward! The cockswain, otherwise called Long Tom Coffin. is a character, well-conceived and finely sustained to the last. He reminds us of that race of honest tars, who disappeared with the ballads and songs of Dibdin.

Having given the reader an idea of the plot of this tale, we shall now extract one or two passages. Long Tom is a denizen of the ocean, where we have been forbidden to venture; but he will lose nothing by being exhibited on land, after he had discovered the treachery of Dillon, whom, it will be recollected, he had accompanied to the abbey to effect an exchange of prisoners. After securing captain Borroughcliffe and taking from him his pistols, he left the apartment. As he groped his way through the dark passages, he perceived Dillon, whom he followed to the cloisters where the ladies sojourned, in a state of honourable confinement. As Dillon entered, the door was left open, and the huge figure of the son of Neptune, stood behind him, grasping a terrific harpoon in one hand.

"May heaven shield us!" exclaimed Cecilia; clasping her hands in affright, and rising involuntarily from her couch; "are we, too, to be imprisoned and murdered?"

"Surely Miss Howard will not impute to me"—but Dillon observing that the wild looks, not only of Cecilia, but of Katharine and Alice Dunscombe, also, were directed at some other object, turned, and, to his manifest terror, he beheld to gigantic frame of the cockswain, surmounted by an iron visage fixed in settled hostility, in possession of the only passage to or from the apartment.



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"If there's murder to be done," said Tom, after surveying the astonished group with a stern eye, "its as likely this here liar will be the one to do it, as another; but you have nothing to fear from a man who has followed the seas so long, and has grappled with too many monsters, both fish and flesh, not to know how to treat a helpless woman. None, who know him, will ever say, that Thomas Coffin ever used uncivil language, or unseaman-like conduct, to any of his mother's kind."

"Coffin!" exclaimed Katharine, advancing with a more confidant air, from the corner, into which terror had driven her with her companions.

"Ay, Coffin," continued the old sailor, his grim features gradually relaxing, as he gazed on her bright looks; "'tis a solemn word, but it's a name that passes over the shoals, among the islands, and along the cape, oftener than any other. My father was a Coffin, and my mother was a Joy; and the two names can count more flukes than all the rest in the island together; though the Worths, and the Gar'ners, and the Swaines, dart better harpoons, and set truer lances, than any men who come from the weather-side of the Atlantic."

Katharine listened to this digression in honour of the whalers of Nantucket, with marked complacency, and, when he concluded, she repeated; slowly—

"Coffin! this, then, is long-Tom!"

"Ay, ay, long-Tom, and no sham in the name either," returned the cockswain, suffering the stern indignation that had lowered around his hard visage, to relax into a low laugh, as he gazed on her animated features; "the Lord bless your smiling face and bright black eyes, young madam; you have heard of old long-Tom, then? most likely, 'twas something about the blow he strikes at the fish —ah! I'm old and I'm stiff, now, young madam, but afore I was nineteen, I stood at the head of the dance, at a ball on the cape, and that with a partner almost as handsome as yourself—ay! and this was after I had three broad flukes logg'd against my name."

"No," said Katharine, advancing in her eagerness a step or two nigher to the old tar, her cheeks flushing while she spoke, "I had heard of you as the instructer in a seaman's duty, as the faithful cockswain, nay, I may say, as the devoted companion and friend of Mr. Richard Barnstable—but, perhaps, you come now as the bearer of some message or letter from that gentleman."

The sound of his commander's name suddenly revived the recollection of Coffin, and with it, all the fierce sternness of his manner returned. Bending his eyes keenly on the cowering form of Dillon, he said, in those deep, harsh tones, that seem peculiar to men, who have braved the elements, until they appear to have imbibed some of their roughest qualities—

"Liar! how now? what brought old Tom Coffin into these shoals and narrow channels? was it a letter? ha! but by the Lord that

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maketh the winds to blow, and teacheth the lost mariner how to steer over the wide waters, you shall sleep this night, villain, on the planks of the Ariel; and if it be the will of God, that beautiful piece of handicraft is to sink at her moorings, like a worthless hulk, ye shall still sleep in her; ay, and a sleep that shall not end, 'till they call all hands, to foot up the days'work of this life, at the close of man's longest voyage."

The extraordinary vehemence, the language, the attitude of the old seaman, commanding in its energy, and the honest indignation that shone in every look of his keen eyes, together with the nature of the address, and its paralizing effect on Dillon, who quailed before it like the stricken deer, united to keep the female listeners, for many moments, silent through amazement. During this brief period, Tom advanced upon his nerveless victim, and lashing his arms together behind his back, he fastened him, by a strong cord, to the broad canvass belt that he constantly wore around his own body, leaving to himself, by this arrangement, the free use of his arms and weapons of offence, while he secured his captive.

"Surely," said Cecilia, recovering her recollection the first of the astonished group, "Mr. Barnstable has not commissioned you to offer this violence to my uncle's kinsman, under the roof of colonel Howard?—Miss Plowden, your friend has strangely forgotten himself, in this transaction, if this man acts in obedience to his orders!"

"My friend, my cousin Howard," returned Katharine, "would never commission his cockswain, or any one, to do an unworthy deed. Speak, honest sailor; why do you commit this outrage on the worthy Mr. Dillon, colonel Howard's kinsman, and a cupboard cousin of St. Ruth's abbey?"

"Nay, Katharine—"

"Nay, Cecilia, be patient, and let the stranger have utterance; he may solve the difficulty altogether."

The cockswain, understanding that an explanation was expected from his lips, addressed himself to the task, with an energy suitable both to the subject and to his own feelings. In a very few words, though a little obscured by his peculiar diction, he made his listeners understand the confidence that Barnstable had reposed in Dillon, and the treachery of the latter. They heard him with increased astonishment, and Cecilia hardly allowed him time to conclude, before she exclaimed—

"And did colonel Howard, could colonel Howard listen to this treacherous project?"

"Ay, they patched it up among them," returned Tom; "though one part of this cruise will turn out but badly."

"Even Borroughcliffe, cold and hardened as he appears to be by habit, would spurn at such dishonour," added Miss Howard.

"But, Mr. Barnstable?" at length Katharine succeeded in say-

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ing, when her feelings permitted her utterance, "said you not, that soldiers were in quest of him?"

"Ay, ay, young madam," the cockswain replied, smiling with grim ferocity, "they are in chase, but he has shifted his anchorage; and even if they should find him, his long pikes would make short work of a dozen red-coats. The Lord of tempests and calms have mercy though, on the schooner! Ah! young madam, she is as lovely to the eyes of an old sea-faring man, as any of your kind can be to human nature."

"But why this delay?—away then, honest Tom, and reveal the treachery to your commander; you may not yet be too late—why delay a moment?"

"The ship tarries for want of a pilot—I could carry three fathom over the shoals of Nantucket, the darkest night that ever shut the windows of heaven, but I should be likely to run upon breakers in this navigation. As it was, I was near getting into company that I should have had to fight my way out of."

"If that be all, follow me," cried the ardent Katherine; "I will conduct you to a path that leads to the ocean, without approaching the sentinels."

Until this moment, Dillon had entertained a secret expectation of a rescue, but when he heard this proposal, he felt his blood retreating to his heart, from every part of his agitated frame, and his last hope seemed wrested from him. Raising himself from the abject, shrinking attitude, in which both shame and dread had conspired to keep him, as though he had been fettered to the spot, he approached Cecilia, and cried, in tones of horror—

"Do not, do not consent, Miss Howard, to abandon me to the fury of this man! your uncle, your honourable uncle, even now, applauded and united with me in my enterprise, which is no more than a common artifice in war."

"My uncle would unite, Mr. Dillon, in no project of deliberate treachery, like this," said Cecilia, coldly.

"He did, I swear by—"

"Liar!" interrupted the deep tones of the cockswain.

Dillon shivered with agony and terror, while the sounds of this appalling voice sunk into his inmost soul; but as the gloom of the night, the secret ravines of the cliffs, and the turbulence of the ocean flashed across his imagination, he again yielded to a dread of the horrors to which he should be exposed, in encountering them at the mercy of his powerful enemy, and he continued his solicitations—

"Hear me, once more hear me—Miss Howard, I beseech you, hear me; am I not of your own blood and country! will you see me abandoned to the wild, merciless, malignant fury of this man, who will transfix me with that—oh! God! if you had but seen the sight I beheld in the Alacrity!—hear me, Miss Howard, for the

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love you bear your Maker, intercede for me. Mr. Griffith shall be released—"

"Liar!" again interrupted the cockswain.

"What promises her" asked Cecilia, turning her averted face once more at the miserable captive.

"Nothing that will be fulfilled," said Katherine; "follow, honest Tom, and I, at least, will conduct you in good faith."

"Cruel, obdurate Miss Plowden; gentle, kind Miss Alice, you will not refuse to raise your voice in my favour; your heart is not hardened by any imaginary dangers to those you love."

"Nay, address not me," said Alice, bending her meek eyes to the floor; "I trust your life is in no danger, and I pray that he who has the power, will have the mercy, to see you unharmed."

"Away," said Tom, grasping the collar of the helpless Dillon, and rather carrying than leading him into the gallery; "if a sound, one quarter as loud as a young porpoise makes, when he draws his first breath, comes from you, villain, you shall see the sight of the Alacrity over again. My harpoon keeps its edge well, and the old arm can yet drive it to the seizing."

Another extract will enable us to bring all the principal actors in this drama, upon the stage. Scene: a room in the Abbey of St. Ruth. Col. Howard, Capt. Borroughcliffe, and the three young ladies, are discovered at a supper-table. The captain has just intimated his knowledge of the intended attack upon the castle:——

"A loud crash interrupted further speech, and the sounds of heavy footsteps were heard in the adjoining room, as if many men were alighting on its floor, in quick succession. Borroughcliffe drew back, with great coolness, to the opposite side of the large apartment, and took a sheathed sword from the table where it had been placed; at the same moment the door was burst open, and Barnstable entered alone, but heavily armed.

"You are my prisoners, gentlemen," said the sailor, as he advanced; "resistance is useless, and without it you shall receive favour. Ha! Miss Plowden! my advice was, that you should not be present at this scene."

"Barnstable, we are betrayed!" cried the agitated Katherine. "But it is not yet too late. Blood has not yet been spilt, and you can retire, without that dreadful alternative, with honour. Go, then, delay not another moment; for, should the soldiers of Capt. Borroughcliffe come to the rescue of their commander, the abbey would be a scene of horror!"

"Go you away; go, Katharine," said her lover, with impatience; "This is no place for such as you. But, Capt. Borroughcliffe, if such be your name, you must perceive that resistance is in vain. I have ten good pikes in this outer room, in twenty better hands, and it will be madness to fight against such odds."

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"Show me your strength," said the captain, "that I may take counsel with mine honour."

"Your honour shall be appeased, my brave soldier, for such is your bearing, though your livery is my aversion, and your cause most unholy! Heave-ahead, boys! but hold your hands for orders."

The party of fierce-looking sailors, whom Barnstable led, on receiving this order, rushed into the room in a medley; but notwithstanding the surly glances, and savage characters of their dress and equipments, they struck no blow, nor committed any act of hostility. The ladies shrunk back appalled, as this terrific little band took possession of the hall; and even Borroughcliffe, was seen to fall back towards a door, which, in some measure, covered his retreat. The confusion of this sudden movement had not yet subsided, when sounds of strife were heard rapidly approaching from a distant part of the building, and presently one of the numerous doors of the apartment was violently opened, when two of the garrison of the abbey rushed into the hall, vigorously pressed by twice their number of seamen, seconded by Griffith, Manual, and Merry, who were armed with such weapons of offence as had presented themselves to their hands, at their unexpected liberation. There was a movement on the part of the seamen, who already were in possession of the room, that threatened instant death to the fugitives; but Barnstable beat down their pikes with his sword, and sternly ordered them to fall back. Surprise produced the same pacific result among the combatants; and as the soldiers hastily sought a refuge behind their own officers, and the released captives, with their liberators, joined the body of their friends, the quiet of the hall, which had been so rudely interrupted, was soon restored.

"You see, sir," said Barnstable, after grasping the hands of Griffith and Manual, in a warm and cordial pressure, "that all my plans have succeeded. Your sleeping guard are closely watched in their barracks, by one party, our officers are released, and your sentinels cut off by another, while, with a third, I hold the centre of the abbey, and am, substantially, in possession of your own person. In consideration, therefore, of what is due to humanity, and to the presence of these ladies, let there be no struggle! I shall impose no difficult terms, nor any long imprisonment."

The recruiting officer manifested a composure, throughout the whole scene, that would have excited some uneasiness in his invaders, had there been opportunity for more minute observation; but his countenance now gradually assumed an appearance of anxiety, and his head was frequently turned, as if listening for further, and more important interruptions. He answered, however, to this appeal, with his ordinary deliberation.

"You speak of conquests, sir, before they are achieved. My venerable host and myself are not so defenceless as you may choose to imagine." While speaking, he threw aside the cloth of a side

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table, from beneath which, the colonel and himself were instantly armed with a brace of pistols each. "Here are the death warrants of four of your party, and these brave fellows at my back can account for two more. I believe, my transatlantic warrior, that we are now something in the condition of Cortes and the Mexicans, when the former overrun part of your continent—I being Cortes, armed with artificial thunder and lightning, and you the Indians, with nothing but your pikes and slings, and such other antediluvian inventions. Shipwrecks and sea-water are fatal dampers of gun-powder!"

"That we are unprovided with fire-arms, I will not deny," said Barnstable; "but we are men who are used, from infancy, to depend on our good right arms for life and safety, and we know how to use them, though we should even grapple with death! As for the trifles in your hands, gentlemen, you are not to suppose that men who are trained to look in at one end of a thirty-two pounder, loaded with grape, while the match is put to the other, will so much as wink at their report, though you fired them by fifties. What say you, boys! is a pistol a weapon to repel boarders?"

The discordant and disdainful laughs that burst from the restrained seamen, were a sufficient pledge of their indifference to so trifling a danger. Borroughcliffe noted their hardened boldness, and taking the supper bell, which was lying near him, he rang it, for a minute, with great violence. The heavy tread of trained footsteps soon followed this extraordinary summons; and presently, the several doors of the apartment were opened, and filled with armed soldiers, wearing the livery of the English crown.

"If you hold these smaller weapons in such vast contempt," said the recruiting officer, when he perceived that his men had possessed themselves of all the avenues, "it is in my power to try the virtue of some more formidable. After this exhibition of my strength, gentlemen, I presume you cannot hesitate to submit as as prisoners of war."

The seamen had been formed in something like military array, by the assiduity of Manual, during the preceding dialogue; and as the different doors had discovered fresh accessions to the strength of the enemy, the marine industriously offered new fronts, until the small party was completely arranged in a hollow square, that might have proved formidable in a charge, bristled as it was with the deadly pikes of the Ariel.

"Here has been some mistake," said Griffith, after glancing his eye at the formidable array of the soldiers; "I take precedence of Mr. Barnstable, and I shall propose to you, Capt. Borroughcliffe, terms that may remove this scene of strife from the dwelling of Col. Howard."

"The dwelling of Col. Howard," cried the veteran, "is the dwelling of his king, or of the meanest servant of the crown! so, Borroughcliffe, spare not the traitors on my behalf; accept no other

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terms, than such unconditional submission as is meet to exact from the rebellious subjects of the Anointed of the Lord."

While Griffith spoke, Barnstable folded his arms, in affected composure, and glanced his eyes expressively at the shivering Katherine, who, with her companions, still continued agitated spectators of all that passed, chained to the spot by their apprehensions; but to this formidable denunciation, of the master of the abbey, he deemed proper to reply—

"Now, by every hope I have of sleeping again on salt water, old gentleman, if it were not for the presence of these three trembling females, but I should feel tempted to dispute, at once, the title of his majesty—you may make such a covenant as you will with Mr. Griffith, but if it contain one syllable about submission to your king, or of any other allegiance, than that which I owe to the Continental Congress, and the state of Massachusetts, you may as well consider the terms violated at once; for not an article of such an agreement will I consider as binding on me, or on any that shall choose to follow me as leader."

"Here are but two leaders, Mr. Barnstable," interrupted the haughty Griffith; "the one of the enemy, and the other, of the arms of America. Capt. Borroughcliffe, to you as the former, I address myself. The great objects of the contest, which now unhappily divides England from her ancient colonies, can be in no degree, affected by the events of this night; while on the other hand, by a rigid adherence to military notions, much private evil and deep domestic calamity, must follow any struggle in such a place. We have but to speak, sir, and these rude men, who already stand impatiently handling their instruments of death, will aim them at each other's lives; and who can say that he shall be able to stay their hands when and where he will! I know you to be a soldier, and that you are not yet to learn how much easier it is to stimulate to blood, than to glut vengeance."

Borroughcliffe, unused to the admission of violent emotions, and secure in the superiority of his own party, both in numbers and equipments, heard him with the coolest composure to the end, and then answered in his customary manner.

"I honour your logic, sir. Your premises are indisputable, and the conclusion most obvious. Commit, then, those worthy tars to the good keeping of honest Drill, who will see their famished natures revived by divers eatables, and a due proportion of suitable fluids; while we can discuss the manner in which you are to return to the colonies around a bottle of liquor, which my friend Manual there, assures me has come from the sunny side of the island of Madeira, to be drunk in a bleak corner of that of Britain. By my palate! but the rascals brighten at the thought! They know by instinct, sir, that a shipwrecked mariner is a fitter companion to a ration of beef and a pot of porter, than to such unsightly things as bayonets and boarding-pikes!"

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"Trifle not unseasonably!" exclaimed the impatient young sailor. "You have the odds in numbers, but whether it will avail you much in a deadly struggle of hand to hand, is a question you must put to your prudence: we stand not here to ask terms, but to grant them. You must be brief, sir, for the time is wasting while we delay."

"I have offered to you the means of obtaining in perfection the enjoyment of the three most ancient of the numerous family of the arts—eating, drinking, and sleeping! What more do you require?"

"That you order these men, who fill the pass to the outer door, to fall back and give us room. I would take, in peace, these armed men from before the eyes of those who are unused to such sights. Before you oppose this demand, think how easily these hardy fellows could make a way for themselves, against your divided force."

"Your companion, the experienced captain Manual, will tell you that such a manœuvre would be very unmilitary, with a superior body in your rear!"

"I have not leisure, sir, for this folly," cried the indignant Griffith. "Do you refuse us an unmolested retreat from the abbey?"

"I do."

Griffith turned, with a look of extreme emotion, to the ladies, and beckoned them to retire, unable to give utterance to his wishes in words. After a moment of deep silence, however, he once more addressed Borroughcliffe in the tones of conciliation.

"If Manual and myself will return to our prisons, and submit to the will of your government," he said, "can the rest of the party return to the frigate unmolested?"

"They cannot," replied the soldier, who, perceiving that the crisis approached, was gradually losing his artificial deportment in the interest of the moment. "You, and all others, who willingly invade the peace of these realms, must abide the issue."

"Then God protect the innocent and defend the right!"

"Amen."

"Give way, villains!" cried Griffith, facing the party that held the outer door; "give way, or you shall be riddled with our pikes!"

"Show them your muzzles, men!" shouted Borroughcliffe; "but pull no trigger till they advance."

There was an instant of bustle and preparation, in which the rattling of fire arms, blended with the suppressed execrations and threats of the intended combatants; and Cecilia and Katharine had both covered their faces to veil the horrid sight that was momentarily expected, when Alice Dunscombe advanced, boldly, between the points of the threatening weapons, and spoke in a voice that stayed the hands that were already uplifted.

"Hear me, men! if men ye be, and not demons, thirsting for each other's blood; though ye walk abroad in the semblance of



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him who died that ye might be elevated to the rank of angels? call ye this war? Is this the glory that is made to warm the hearts of even silly and confiding women? Is the peace of families to be destroyed to gratify your wicked lust for conquest; and is life to be taken in vain, in order that you may boast of the foul deed in your wicked revels! Fall back then, ye British soldiers! if ye be worthy of that name, and give passage to a woman; and remember that the first shot that is fired, will be buried in her bosom!"

"The men, thus enjoined, shrunk before her commanding mein, and a way was made for her exit through that very door which Griffith had, in vain, solicited might be cleared for himself and party. But Alice, instead of advancing, appeared to have suddenly lost the use of those faculties which had already effected so much. Her figure seemed rooted to the spot where she had spoken, and her eyes were fixed in a settled gaze as if dwelling on some horrid object. While she yet stood in this attitude of unconscious helplessness, the door-way became again darkened, and the figure of the Pilot was seen on its threshold, clad, as usual, in the humble vestments of his profession, but heavily armed with the weapons of naval war. For an instant, he stood a silent spectator of the scene; and then advanced calmly, but with searching eyes, into the centre of the apartment."

In proportion to the lively interest with which we observe the progress of this writer, is our regret that he should have restricted the enjoyment of this production, by the undue admixture of maritime occurrences, detailed in the peculiar jargon of seamen. To such persons, all the circumstances to which we allude and the language in which they are described, present nothing new. They are, moreover, not precisely that description of readers, whose approbation, a man of letters should be ambitious to obtain. Mr. Cooper has given sufficient evidence that he has the means of enriching our native stock of literature in this department, and we cordially wish that he may go on rejoicing in his course.

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The following is a monkish composition, the Latin not being classical. The word Tumba is found in no Roman author. The Epitaph runs thus—

Hic jacet, in tumba,
Rosamundi, non Rosamunda,
Non redolet, sed olet,
Que redolere solet.

The literal translation is: "Here lies in the Tomb, the rose of the world not a fragrant rose; for she who used to exhale perfume, now has a disgusting odour." In English we might say:

Within this dark and silent tomb repose
The bones of her once styled the world's fair rose;
How chang'd alas, is Rosamond the fair
Whose fragrance once perfumed the ambient air.

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## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE GREEKS.

**We had made some progress in a translation, from the *Annuaire Universelle*, of a very animated account of the present struggle of the Greeks, when we met with the following narrative, in the *Boston Daily Advertizer;* which, being compiled from later information, is more satisfactory. In laying it before our readers we cannot but advert to the cordial manner in which the cause of these suffering people has been espoused by the citizens of this country. In town-meetings, at our seminaries of learning, and even before the holy altars, our sympathy has been loudly and feelingly expressed. It is peculiarly incumbent upon us to cherish such sentiments, since it is for the very principles which are the foundation of our government that the Greeks are contending. The ancestors of this enslaved race, when their household fires had been extinguished by the Persian invasion, decreed that they could only be rekindled from the altar of Apollo. Would it be too presumptuous in us to hazard the prediction,—at a period, when there is not a nation left in Europe, to assert the cause of freedom,—that our country is destined to become the Delphos which shall supply the sacred flame?**

In the year 1814, an association for the promotion of knowledge and of general improvement in Greece was established at Vienna. To this association many distinguished statesmen of western Europe, many of the literati, particularly in Germany, and most of the affluent merchants and other respectable characters in Greece itself, subscribed and contributed. No political object was avowed. In general none probably was contemplated. Still, however, the views of the most ardent associates doubtless extended to the political regeneration of Greece. The effervescence, which existed in Spain, France, Italy, and Germany, after the overthrow of Napoleon, and the general call for political improvement in those countries, could not but have had an effect in Greece, from which country about one hundred young men annually resort to the Universities of Western Europe.

In the year 1820, the war of the Porte against Ali, the powerful and veteran Pacha of Yanina, broke out. In this war the Greeks took no part, and Ali, when driven by the Turkish armies into his strong hold of the lake of Yanina, took with him more than one hundred of the most respectable Greeks in his dominions, as hostages for the quiet of the rest. By the end of the year 1820, Ali's armies had either deserted him or been driven from the field, and he was closely besieged by the Turkish Pacha, who had been sent against him. In this state of things, in the beginning of 1821, the Greek Hospodar of Wallachia died. The two Turkish provinces, Wallachia and Moldavia, bordering on Austria and Russia, and wholly inhabited by Christians of the Greek faith, (though not of the Greek nation,) are governed by Greek princes called Hospodars, nominated by the Porte. This govern-

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ment is guaranteed to these two provinces by several treaties between the Porte and Russia. On the death of the Greek Hospodar of Wallachia, in January, 1821, before a new one could be appointed at Constantinople, *Theodore*, a native Wallachian, gathered together sixty or seventy adventurers, principally Albanians—a kind of *Turkish Swiss* found in every part of the empire—and with these marched out of Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, calling on the inhabitants to revolt and procure the redress of their grievances. It has been said that this revolt was effected by the gold and the emissaries of Ali Pacha. Theodore in a short time collected about fifteen thousand men, without plan or organization, who demanded a redress of the grievances which they suffered under their Greek governors. The Porte received the news of the revolt with little concern, and despatched officers with orders to suppress it, as one of those hasty mutinies, which are frequently happening in all parts of Turkey.

Meantime, however, a more serious event took place in the adjoining province of Moldavia. On the seventh of March, 1821, a proclamation was found pasted up in all the streets of Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, signed by Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, calling upon the inhabitants to assert their liberty, assuring them that Prince Michael Suzzo, the Hospodar of Moldavia, was in their cause, and intimating that the co-operation of Russia might be hoped.—Alexander Ypsilanti is of one of the oldest families of Greece; his father was Hospodar of Wallachia, and escaped to Russia, his life being threatened by the Porte; Alexander had been educated in a Russian military school, served and lost an arm in the Russian army, and at this moment enjoyed the rank of *Major General*, in the Russian service. He had been an active member of the association alluded to above, and stood in correspondence with the men of most influence in all parts of Greece. It was true that Prince Suzzo was in the secret of this revolt, although, in the first instance, it was against himself. Ypsilanti's proclamation had a powerful effect. The people rose and crowded to his standard, and he was soon in full march towards Wallachia. On the way, he was joined by another strong band, who had revolted at the same time at Galaez, on the Danube, and it may justly be called singular that these three simultaneous insurrections were wholly without concert.

The news of these events produced a lively excitement at Odessa, of which a great part of the inhabitants are Greek. The wealthy subscribed in the most liberal manner, and the young and adventurous crowded to the banner of Ypsilanti, which was emblazoned, like that of Constantine, with the Christian cross, and the motto "*in this thou shalt conquer.*" Ypsilanti lost no time in sending an address to the Russian emperor, then at Laybach: and the emperor lost as little time in ordering Ypsilanti's name to be erased from the lists of the Russian army, and directing the Rus-

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sian consul at Jassy to denounce the revolutionary proceedings in the name of the emperor. Information of these measures was also given to the Porte, by the baron Strogonoff, the Russian minister at Constantinople. The Porte not wholly satisfied, ordered a search of all vessels passing to or from the Black Sea; an order, at which baron Strogonoff took umbrage.

By this time the Porte was alarmed at the progress of the revolt. The lives of the Greeks at Constantinople were threatened. Suzzo was outlawed as a traitor, and the Greek patriarch, by order of the Porte, excommunicated him and all the Moldavian rebels.—Meantime, however, the flame was spreading. Alexander Ypsilanti had his agents in all the provinces of Greece, who received and propagated intelligence of the events in the two north-eastern provinces. Preparations had been making all winter in the mountains of the Morea, and arms were collected and councils held by Peter Mavromichalis, the Bey of the Mainotes, and his brave associates. At the end of March they had eight thousand men ready to throw off the yoke. The news from Moldavia put them in motion, and the Turks were driven to the fortresses in all the southern parts of the Morea. The thirtieth of March, Germanus, archbishop of Patras, raised the standard of the cross, collected the peasantry, and after a skirmishing warfare and many mutual excesses drove the Turks into the citadel of Patras. On the same day, the Messenian senate of Calamata was convened; proclamations were issued, addressed to the Greeks: another to the Turks, promising them protection, on condition of their not resisting; and others to foreign nations. Among the last a proclamation was addressed, by this body, in the month of May, to the citizens of the United States, of which the original was published in a late Number of the North American Review.

It was highly favourable to the cause of the patriots that Churshid, Pacha of the Morea, the ablest Turkish commander who has appeared in this war, was absent, besieging Ali Pacha at Yanina. On hearing of the revolt in the Morea, he detached his lieutenant, Jussuf Selim, with a considerable force. Jussuf landed at Patras, pillaged the city, burned eight hundred houses, and massacred the Greeks who fell into his hands, without distinction of age or sex. This severity produced a happy effect: it roused many, who had hitherto taken no part. The whole province was in arms. Gregory, a monk, ranged the country with a cross in his hand, and took post, with several thousand followers, at the Isthmus of Corinth: and in a few days Attica, Livadia, Acarnania, and Thessaly were in open revolt. The features of insurrection were every where the same. After some bloody skirmishes, the Turks were every where driven to the walled towns, and often to the castles in the towns. Nor were the islands behind the continent. Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, the three islands where the navigation of Greece centres, formed their senate, fitted out in a short time one

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hundred and eighty privateers, and swept the Turkish trade from the Archipelago. The single house of Conturioty fitted out thirty small cruisers. Bolbina, a lady whose husband had been put to death by the Turks, fitted out, at her own expense, *three* cruisers, and commanded the little squadron in person. These fleets raised all the islands; kept up a communication between them; blockaded the ports where the Turks were fortified, and gave life to the patriot cause, in every quarter.

While the revolution was thus spreading in Greece, it was almost wholly crushed in Wallachia and Moldavia. When the resolutions of the emperor of Russia were made known by the Russian consul at Jassy, a counter revolution was effected, and prince Suzzo fled from the province. Ypsilanti marched to Bucharest, but could come to no understanding with Theodore, whose movement had been purely accidental, and who had no sympathy with the Greeks. After four days' conference, they separated. Turkish armies entered Wallachia; Theodore tried to make terms with one of the Pachas. His overtures were rejected, and he then, deserted by most of his followers, fled to Ypsilanti. Ypsilanti put him under arrest, tried him by court-martial, and shot him.—These events brought dissentions into his way, and prepared for an inauspicious result.—Meantime, the rage of the Turks at Constantinople was raised to the highest, by the news which poured in from all quarters. The Grand Vizier was displaced for want of energy, and Benderli-Ali-Pacha, then in Asia, was called to the post. Benderli, with a host of Asiatic Turks, put himself in motion; on the twenty-first of April he entered Constantinople. The next day was Easter, the great festival of the Greek church; and on that day, the patriarch Gregory was torn from the altar, where he was officiating, and hung at the door of the patriarchal palace. His crime was "having known and not having suppressed the rebellion in the Morea." His body was dragged about the streets by Jews, and thrown into the Bosphorus. On the same day, the bishop of Ephesus and two other prelates, and some of the most considerable Greeks, were hung from the windows of their houses. In ten days the new Grand Vizier was deposed and banished; but by the clamour of the populace his banishment was *commuted* into decapitation. A deputation of three Janissaries was admitted to a permanent seat in the divan, and the whole male population of the Ottoman empire called upon, by solemn proclamation of the sultan, "to relinquish the life of the cities, to mount, to resume the life of the field, the life of their ancestors."

Witnessing the march of troops to Wallachia and Moldavia, contrary to the stipulations of the treaties between Russia and the Porte;—the indiscriminate slaughter of Christians; the destruction of churches, and the murder of the patriarch, the Russian minister remonstrated warmly with the Porte, and demanded satisfaction. The replies of the Reis Effendi were unsatisfactory;

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baron Strogonoff repeated them, allowing the Porte *eight days* to reply; no reply was returned, and the minister departed from Constantinople. On the day of his departure, an answer was sent him by the Reis Effendi, dated *back* on the last of the eight days. Baron Strogonoff refused to open it, but sent it to his court at St. Petersburgh. Thus the negociation was hereafter carried on between Constantinople and Petersburgh, with extreme delay—the Turks gained time, and on this, as on every other point, they manifestly outgeneralled the Russian minister. The difficulty was, that Austria and England would not permit Russia to engage in a war. The Russians collected an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men in Bessarabia, a province separated from Moldavia by the river Pruth, and here their interference ended. The Turkish armies in Wallachia met and destroyed that of Ypsilanti, on the nineteenth of June, and Ypsilanti himself escaped with difficulty into the Austrian territory, where he was immediately seized and thrown into the castle of *Montgatz, and is there confined to this day.* But though all regular insurrection was thus crushed, the dispersed partizans of Ypsilanti, brigands stimulated by Ali Pacha, adventurers of all kinds, profited of the state of the provinces, kept up a warfare from the mountains, and gave full employment the rest of the season, to a Turkish army of twenty-five thousand men.

In now turning our attention to the incidents of the war in Greece, a very imperfect sketch only can be made. The revolt having simultaneously taken place, in four or five different provinces, it was obviously impossible for Churshid, who commanded in chief, in Roumelia, to undertake any one powerful expedition, especially as he had the siege of Ali Pacha to press. He, however, detached or raised four different corps to act respectively in the Morea, Acarnania, Livadia, and Thessaly, and if possible form a junction in the Morea. The history of the campaign will therefore be briefly told by saying, that each of these Turkish corps desarmées was fully occupied in sustaining itself during the summer against the bodies of revolutionists in the different provinces, who began the war with clubs and forks, and before the season was closed were well armed with guns and sabres, the fruits of their victories.

The *naval* war was conducted with great spirit. The Capudan Pacha or chief admiral was very late out of the Dardanelles, and the Greeks succeeded in destroying a ship of the line, which they decoyed into an exposed position, and the Capudan-bey perished with this vessel. Emboldened by this success, they attempted to bring off the Greek population of Haivali, a very flourishing town on the Asiatic coast, with a college library, and population of thirty-six thousand. The Turks resisted the Grecian fleet, a general conflict ensued, and the whole town was wholly destroyed. The enterprise was principally conducted by the Samians, who

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led the way in the revolt of the isles on this quarter. Great excesses were committed on the Christians at Smyrna, at the tidings of these events; and fifty Greeks were taken out of a Russian vessel in the port of Smyrna and hung on the shore. After these events, the Capudan Pacha left the Dardanelles, but did not succeed in bringing the Grecian fleet to action. The operations of the Turkish admiral were confined to throwing supplies into the fortresses of the Morea and such of the isles as remained in the hands of the Turks.

As the news of the Grecian revolution spread in Europe, not only supplies of all descriptions poured in, from Europe, but volunteers crowded to the standard of liberty. The sons of Greece, especially, in this hour of evil, resorted to their native land. Among them came Demetrius Ypsilanti, the brother of Alexander, also in the Russian service. Though but twenty-two years of age, he was acknowledged by the senate of the Morea as commander-in-chief, and in this capacity issued his proclamations to the whole Grecian race, on the twenty-fourth of July. But the want of discipline and subordination, and means of all kinds, was a great obstacle to the achievement of any important enterprise.

Ardor and desperation, however, supplied the place of all other resources. On the third of August, the important fortress of Mozembasia surrendered, and about the same time that of Navatino. In both these cases, the Greek bands, exasperated by the long oppression they had endured, and by the murder of their patriarch, committed some excesses on the Turkish prisoners. Ypsilanti, unable to restrain his troops, declared, that unless full power were given him by an assembly of all Greece to enforce his orders, he would retire from the cause. This firm step produced a general conference of deputies, by whom it was resolved to call a convention of seventy members to form a constitution. Meantime Ypsilanti and the other commanders received full authority to execute their orders.

In Epirus, Churschid was still confined at Yanina. In Macedonia, Cassandra was sacked by the Turks, and a frightful carnage of the unarmed inhabitants ensued. In Thessaly, Ulysses, lately a partizan in the service of Ali Pacha, gained several victories in the defiles of the mountains, where he was posted, particularly at Thermopylæ. In Attica, Athens was taken by the patriots; and in the Morea, after a hard-pressed siege, Tripolizza, the capital of the province, a strong walled town, was taken by assault. To Tripolizza, the principal Turkish population, with all the moveable wealth of the province, had fled, taking with them eighty hostages, of the most respectable of the Greek inhabitants. These hostages were all murdered in the beginning of the siege. Exasperated by this, on the moment of entering the city, the Greeks put to the sword every Turk they met, and were guilty of a carnage, which cannot but be condemned. The person of the com-

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mandant, the Bey of Corinth, and the Harem of Churshid Pacha, were spared. Shortly after this great victory, the citadel of Corinth capitulated. In the month of October, the Capudan Pacha, having formed a junction with the Egyptian and Algerine fleets, entered the Gulf of Lepanto, and took thirty sail of small Greek vessels out of a port near Delphi, and this was the only exploit of the Ottoman navy this year; though the Turks have several three-deckers and seventy-fours equal to any ships in the world.

Ali Pacha held out to the close of the year, but was very hard pressed; yet as he grew weaker a new enemy started up on the opposite quarter, in the Persians, who made work for a Turkish army in the east. The Grecian congress assembled in November, and in six weeks completed their work, and published their constitution the first day of the new year.

In the sketch of the year 1821, it was observed that the Grecian deputies assembled at Epidaurus to form a constitution, discharged this duty, and published the constitution January 1st, (12th, N. S.) 1821. Prince Alexander Mavrocordato, a patriotic Greek of Constantinople, who, with great personal sacrifices, had embarked in the cause from the first moment, was chosen president of the executive council of five, in which body all the executive powers of the state are invested. Three printing presses were soon established, a newspaper published, money coined, and a system of internal and external duties, adapted to the exigences of the moment, organized. The constitution was every where received with joy.

At the same time an event happened in the north of Greece, that cast a shade over this prospect. Ali Pacha, after sustaining a siege of nearly two years in his castle at Yanina, was at length betrayed into a surrender of himself to Churshid Pacha, in the month of January, and on the fifth of February he was put to death. By this event, the army of Churshid was left at liberty to make a descent on southern Greece; and the Greeks seemed to be left single-handed to sustain the encounter. The Turkish plan of operations was the following:—That Churshid, with all the forces which he could collect from Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia, should traverse Thessaly, cross Parnassus into Livadia, and thence move by the Isthmus of Corinth; while the Ottoman fleet, in two divisions, was to land powerful reinforcements at Patras, which were to form a junction with Churshid at Corinth, whence the combined army was to reconquer the Morea. This well devised plan was, however, unsuccessful in all its parts. Though the death of Ali Pacha in the beginning of February left Churshid at liberty, the Montenegrins in the north of Albania revolted, and the Pacha of Scutari being kept at home to watch them, could not afford the expected aid to Churshid. In Macedonia, a general rising of the Greek peasantry took place, and the Pacha of Salonichi, from whom reinforcements were also expected, was besieg-



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ed in his capital. Besides this, the passes of the Parnassus, particularly Thermopylæ, were occupied by strong and active *guerilla* bands, under Ulysses and other partizan chiefs, and presented a formidable obstacle to the passage of an army. Accordingly, when the first division of the Ottoman fleet landed a force in the beginning of March at Patras, Churshid, who was to have joined them at Corinth, had not yet broken up from his camp at Yanina. The force thus landed, being wholly unsupported, was attacked with impetuosity by Colocottoni, the Greek general besieging Patras; and the Turks, instead of forcing the Greeks to raise the siege, were compelled, with great loss, to take refuge themselves within the walls of the city.

After having landed these troops, the Ottoman squadron sailed for Alexandria in Egypt, in order to effect a junction with the fleets of the Pacha of Egypt, as well as with those of Tunis and Algiers. The Greek squadron, however, hung close upon the Turkish, and in a severe action off Zante, destroyed thirty-five transport vessels.—In the moment of arriving in the port of Alexandria, the Turkish fleet was much damaged by a tempest, in which several vessels were driven on shore and others sunk. As soon as the contingent of Tunis and of Algiers had arrived, and that of the Pacha of Egypt was ready, the combined squadron sailed for the Archipelago, throwing supplies and landing troops, by the way, in the islands of Cyprus and Candia, in the latter of which the Turks were shut up in the fortress of Canel, and one or two other strong holds. Having effected this object, the Turkish fleet awaited the second division of their navy, under the Capudan Pacha, who had not yet left the Dardanelles.

Meantime the most tragical event in the war took place. The island of Scio, whose population was rated from 120,000 to 150,000, had enjoyed privileges, beyond almost every part of Grecian Turkey. It was a domain of the Sultana Valideh, was lightly taxed, had but few Turks in proportion to its Greek population; had a college, where four hundred young men received their education; a library of ten thousand volumes; a printing press, and a very extensive and successful trade. Thus prosperous, the Sciotes had taken no part in the revolution, when it burst forth in almost every part of Greece, the last year. The Turkish governor of the castle, however, thought it prudent to take ninety-five of the principal inhabitants as hostages, of whom ten were sent to Constantinople, and ten were confined in the castle. This measure produced some alarm, and several of the Sciotes fled to the neighbouring islands, particularly to Samos. In the month of March of this year, (1822,) a party of Samians, joined by these fugitives, landed on Scio, and raised the standard of independence. The peasantry joined them *en masse*. They marched without resistance to the city; the Turks were driven into the castle, which the Greeks immediately began to cannonade. News of this re-

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volt was communicated without delay to the Turkish squadron, which by this time had been joined by the Capudan Pacha. On the eleventh of April, the Ottoman fleet appeared before Scio, and landed fifteen thousand men. The Greeks of course had nothing to oppose to this force. They sustained, however, a murderous conflict for some time, between the Turks who landed and those of the castle who made a sortie, but were at length driven to the mountains. The Turkish army now entered the city, and an indiscriminate massacre began. The city was soon on fire, and murder and rapine prevailed till the sixteenth, by which time the city was a heap of ruins. The sale of prisoners then commenced, and many thousands, particularly females, who had been bred up in competence, and some in luxury, were sold as slaves. It has been asserted on good authority, that this was the fate of thirty thousand. Some anecdotes of uncommon savageness are related in the French *Moniteur*, on the authority of a letter from Scio, apparently written by the French consul, to whose courage and humanity a large proportion of those who escaped owed their lives. Seven hundred prisoners had fallen into the possession of two Turkish regiments, that quarrelled as to the partition of their captives. The Turks were about to proceed to violence among themselves, when some one proposed to preserve the peace by shooting the whole seven hundred in cold blood, *which was accordingly done.* A considerable number, who had escaped the first slaughter, reduced by famine, submitted at discretion to the Turks. Of these, thirty-five of the most respectable were sent by the Capudan Pacha on board his ship, and eight hundred others sent to the castle, till their lot should be decided. On the fifteenth of May, a month after the cessation of every thing like resistance, not to say life, in Scio, these thirty-five were hung at the yard arm, on board the admiral's ship, and in reply to this, as a signal, the eighty-five original hostages were hung from the battlements of the castle, and the eight hundred strangled in its courts. The streets of Scio were so encumbered with dead, whom there was no one to bury, no one to remove, that the Jews of Smyrna were ordered over to throw them into the sea. For their payment, they were permitted to glean the plunder of the city, and brought back with them the copper kitchen utensils of thousands of desolate hearths, of which a quantity bought as old copper in the stalls of Smyrna has been seen on the wharves in the town of Boston. There are also now in this town two children, who fled from the horrors of that day to the mountains, and having escaped to Malta, were sent out by our missionaries to the benevolent care of the Foreign Missionary Society in this country. When the news of these events reached Constantinople, the ten other hostages, notwithstanding the interference of lord Strangford, the British minister, *were also strangled.* When this intelligence reached England, some friends of liberty and humanity in

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both houses of parliament made the murder of the hostages a matter of inquiry. Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Wilberforce appealed to lord Castlereagh, to put a stop to such horrors. The minister replied, that "the gentlemen could not be so quixotic, as to wish him to interfere in the internal administration of the Turkish empire." But if the British and other powerful cabinets do actually uphold a decayed barbarous empire, do they not take upon themselves the responsibility of its inhuman acts?

No success, however brilliant, could be considered as a compensation for the destruction of a spot like Scio. The Greeks, however, had soon an opportunity of striking a salutary terror into their oppressors. The gallant flotillas of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara, crowded about the shores of Scio, and notwithstanding the advanced period of the season, made it unsafe for the Capudan Pacha to traverse the sea to the Morea, where he had been so long expected. At length, on the tenth of June, a gallant company of Ispariots, having prepared two fire ships took advantage of the evening, sailed into the midst of the Turkish squadron, and aiming at the admiral's vessel, and another of the largest three-deckers in the squadron, grappled to them. The admiral's was soon on fire. No Turkish commander's head sits firmly on his shoulders after a surprise like this, and the Capudan Pacha refused to escape from his burning vessel. His officers forced him into a boat; but he was soon crushed by the falling of a spar from the colossal vessel which had just blown up. Her crew of more than a thousand perished. The Capudan Pacha was landed on the island, he had so lately drenched in blood, and expired in a few hours.

The news of this event produced a great commotion at the capital, where the elation felt at the pacific prospect of affairs with Russia gave new ferocity to the feelings produced by the destruction of the admiral's ship. Constantinople was already distracted with the feuds existing in the divan, where Halet Effendi, an intriguing favourite of the Sultan, was extremely unpopular with the other high officers, and odious to the Janissaries. To hold the latter in check, the Porte had found it necessary to keep a very strong body of Asiatic troops from the north eastern provinces of the empire, encamped on the Bosphorus. Notwithstanding this precaution, toward the close of July, the Janissaries broke out into open revolt, and Ibrahim Pacha, with his Asiatic host, was called into the field against them. A furious contest raged for some time in the suburbs and streets of Constantinople; and the avenging angel of the Greeks caused the scimetar of their oppressors to drink deep of Ottoman blood. Many of the Janissaries were killed in arms; more were taken prisoners. For these last the gallows was too slow, and the place of execution too far. They were tied together in gangs, and thrown into the Bosphorus.

After some partial actions in Epirus and Thessaly, in which, though the Turks kept the field by force of superior numbers,

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they were nevertheless detained and harassed till near the end of July, Churshid, informed of the appearance of the combined Turkish fleet, in the Ionian Sea, moved downward toward the Morea. The Greeks had nothing to oppose to this concentrated movement. No small portion of their troops were occupied either in garrisoning the strong holds in their own possession, or in investing those of the Turks; the landing of a powerful force at Patras produced a necessary division in their army, and Churshid was accordingly able to penetrate Livadia and the Isthmus, and enter the Morea. Corinth fell into the hands of the Turks—the Greeks raised the siege of Patras, and retreated with precipitation, and the *Smyrna Spectator* and the *Austrian Observer* began to sing pæans over the ruins of the cause of Greece. Till the middle of August, the condition of the patriots might indeed be considered as desperate; for in addition to all their other dangers were those, which arose from discord in their own councils. But the extremity of danger, to which they were exposed, awakened them to a sense of the necessity of union, if indeed the rumours of their dissentions are not like a thousand other reports to their discredit, to be reckoned among the fabrications of their enemies. The Turkish army was able to penetrate no further than Argos. There they were met and vanquished by the Grecian forces, and the Turkish commander, the lieutenant of Churshid, was among the slain. From this moment, affairs wore a totally different aspect. The mountaineers, who had supported the cause of liberty during the whole summer, in the environs of Thessaly, though unable to stop the march of Churshid, were in full motion from the time that he had crossed into Livadia. To protect the important city of Larissa and other strong towns in Thessaly, Churshid was soon obliged to make a hasty retreat from the Morea. Scarce was this retrograde movement known, than the Albanians in his army—a race that attaches itself to success—deserted his standards by thousands, and this terrible chief, who had marched down on Corinth six weeks before as an irresistible conqueror, was scarcely able to cut his way back to Thessaly. Here for three months he was employed in collecting the wrecks of his army, scattered in this long meditated and most fruitless campaign, till the year closed upon him in a manner, which he hardly anticipated, when, at its beginning, he betrayed Ali Pacha into the assassin's hand.

The important islands of Cyprus and Candia were the scene of renewed carnage and of hard struggles, in the course of the year, but the limits of a newspaper do not permit us to enter into a detail of them. In Cyprus the Turkish population being to the Greek as three to one, it was wholly out of the power of the latter to make any vigorous resistance. The Christians were accordingly massacred *en masse*. The English Annual Register, an authority by no means partial to the revolutionary cause, states

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that in the three cities of Baffo, Amathus, and Famagusta, in Cyprus, 25,000 Greeks were massacred; that seventy-four villages, with a population of 18,000 souls were desolated, and that not a Christian church was left standing in the space of forty square leagues. In Candia, the Christians gained ground, and the Turks were kept confined to their fortress.

The provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia became comparatively tranquil in the course of this year. All prospect of a war with the Russian emperor disappeared, although corps of observation remained in Bessarabia, the Russian forces were mostly withdrawn, and in the same degree the provinces were evacuated by the Turks. In the course of the summer two native boyards were named Hospodars, Ghiki for Wallachia, and Stourdza for Moldavia, and the forms of civil government were reestablished. Then, however, began the second most terrible season of an unsuccessful revolution, the horrors of what is most falsely called an *amnesty;* when every thing is remembered, every thing is raked up, and every thing cooly and deliberately punished. Luckily, the Turkish lictors began too soon, and the greater part of those, who had fled to the Austrian territory, preferred to stay there, inhospitably as they were treated, to incurring the hazard of a Turkish amnesty. In appointing native boyards to the dignity of Hospodar, the Porte declared its purpose of never again raising a Greek to that dignity.

Meantime the Grecian marine was raising itself to a glory destined, we trust, to outlive the memory of the Ottoman throne. The Capudan Pacha, who was appointed after the destruction by the fire ships off Scio, died, in a few days, of the plague. A third for this year was accordingly named, and under him the Ottoman squadron made sail for the Dardanelles. The Grecian fleet pursued it as far as Tenedos, where the Capudan Pacha came to anchor, till he could receive from Constantinople the *firman* permitting him to pass the Dardanelles. This piece of etiquette cost the admiral dear. He would have done better, as our captain Bainbridge did, to give the commandant at Chanakalessi a roaring salute and pass on under cover of the smoke. While the Capudan Pacha was at anchor between Tenedos and the coast of Troy, the same gallant Ipsariots, who had destroyed the admiral's ship off Scio, claimed the privilege of repeating the attempt. At seven o'clock in the evening, they sailed in two fireships, disguised as Turkish vessels, and seemingly chased by the Grecian cruisers. The fireships accordingly were allowed to approach. When their character could no longer be concealed, they fastened upon the admiral and another ship of the line, and so resolute were the brave Greeks to effect their object, that their leader threw in live coals with his bare hands into the fireship, which had grappled to the admiral, to set it on fire the sooner. It shortly exploded, and almost all the crew were destroyed. Whether the

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Capudan Pacha escaped is uncertain. Most of the accounts assert that he perished: some that he escaped, but was immediately displaced on his arrival at Constantinople. Not one Greek perished in this or the similar exploit in June.

This event, and a decree ordering all plate and jewels to be brought to the treasury, raised a revolt at Constantinople. Fires were continually occurring of the most destructive character, the Janissaries rose in a body, till at last the sultan was forced to yield, and Halet was deposed. As the Janissaries still clamoured, his head was taken, but out of tenderness to the sultan's feelings, instead of nailing it to the gates of the seraglio, it was exposed in a silver plate. As Churshid had been an officer in high standing with Halet, as he was unsuccessful in the campaign, and as he was reputed to have sequestered to his own use a part of the treasures of Ali Pacha, an officer was sent down to Larissa to him, with a bowstring. Such was the end of the best general in the Ottoman service; who had been selected to carry on the war with Ali Pacha, and who alone, of all the Turkish generals who have appeared in this war, displayed the requisite energy, patience, and wariness for such a service. We forgot to observe that, in the course of this year, the Christian hostages, which Ali Pacha had taken in the beginning of the war and kept confined in an island in the lake of Yanina were exchanged by Churshid for his harem, which fell into the hands of the Greeks at the capture of Tripolizza. In the course of this year, Athens, and at the end of it, Napoli de Romani, the most important fortress in Greece, fell into the hands of the Greeks. More than four hundred pieces of cannon were mounted in the latter.

The accounts, which we have from Greece, for the year 1823 come down only to the beginning of September; but they bring the campaign by land to a close. It is not probable from the position in which these accounts leave the Turkish armies, that any further attempt to take the field in force will be made this year. At sea, it is probable we shall yet receive interesting accounts of attempts, if not of successes, on the part of the Greeks.

At the commencement of the present year, the Turks were reduced, in the Morea, to the four fortresses of Coron, and Modon, (which are insignificant,) Patras, and the castle of Corinth, which are important. When the army of Churshid, the commander-in-chief, entered the Morea, the last year, a very powerful Turkish garrison was thrown into the castle of Corinth, which stands on a lofty hill, at the distance of about two miles from the town. Finding their numbers too great for this confined position, and wholly cut off from all communication with the surrounding country, a considerable part of the Turkish garrison made an attempt to cut their way to Patras. They were surprised in a defile, about half way between the two places, and refusing the terms of capitulation offered them, they were wholly destroyed. At a subse-

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quent period an attempt was made to throw supplies into the fortress, previously to the arrival of the Turkish fleet for that purpose. To this end a large quantity of provisions was landed on the beach by *neutral* vessels chartered by the Turkish commandant of Patras. A party of Turks from the garrison attempted to descend the hill, to take possession of the provisions; but being deterred by the appearance of a numerous Greek force, they retreated to the castle, while all the provisions fell into the hands of the Greeks.

The campaign of the Turks this year was projected on the same plan with that of the last, but with more extensive combinations. From the head quarters at Larissa, in Thessaly, the commander-in-chief was to collect an army to move downward on the Morea. He was to be supported by the Pacha of Negropont, who was to cross to the adjacent continent, and having ravaged Attica, meet the Seraskier at the isthmus of Corinth. The Pacha of Scutari was to descend with the long-expected supplies from Upper Albania; and passing through the mountains of Agrapha, form a junction with the Pacha in Livadia; while a third auxiliary corps under Omer Bey Brioni and Jussuf Pacha, after having been reinforced by a body of troops, to be landed by the Capudan Pacha at Condyla, in Acarnania, was to cross into Livadia and there meet the combined forces, which were to move down into the Morea, at the moment when the fleet of the Capudan Pacha, having supplied the fortresses of Carysto, (in Negropont,) of Coron, Modon, and Patras, should appear in the gulf of Lepanto, to support all these movements. The reader, who will be at the pains to compare this sketch with a map, will see how skilfully it was devised. The *Oriental Spectator* in alluding to it, exclaims in triumph, and in capital letters L'HEURE FATALE DES GRECS EST PRES DE SONNER. Unfortunately for the prediction of this enlightened editor, no one part of this plan succeeded. We proceed briefly to sketch the mode of its failure.

At the close of the year 1822, we have seen that Churshid Pacha, the Seraskier, had met the usual fate of an unsuccessful Turkish general. His place was supplied by Djelal Bey, Pacha of Bosnia, who died immediately on his arrival at the head quarters, and not without strong suspicions of being poisoned. He was succeeded by Mehmed Ali, kraija or lieutenant of Churshid at the time of the death of the latter. This change of the persons of the commander-in-chief, was doubtless among the causes which retarded the operations of the campaign.

The first military attempt was on the fortress of Misolunghi, a strong town in the possession of the Greeks, at the entrance of the gulf of Patras. The Turks had already besieged it at the close of the year 1822; and at the beginning of this year, they determined to attempt it by assault. On the sixth of January, it was attacked by the Turkish army with great vigour, and the first line

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of the fortifications was carried. The besieged had reserved their strength to this moment, and made so spirited a sortie, that the Albanians in the Turkish army betook themselves to flight, and were soon followed by the rest of the assailants. Thus defeated in the attempt on Misolunghi, the Turkish commanders attempted to move directly eastward into Livadia. They were met by a body of Greeks on the *Aspropokamo*, (the Acklores,) who successfully disputed their passage. In consequence of subsequent events, and after much individual desertion, the whole corpse of Albanians in this army disbanded themselves and refused to keep the field.

With the spring of the year, the new elections in Greece came on, and more than one candidate was named for the important post of president. The Oriental Spectator appeals to this fact as a proof of the divided state of the Grecian feelings, and as indicative of the approaching ruin of the race. We hope it is no bad sign for a nation to have more than one candidate for the presidency. The meeting of the elective body took place at Astros, in the month of April. Napolidi Romania had been fixed upon as the future seat of the government, a purpose for which the great strength of its fortifications and its vicinity to the naval islands, admirably fitted it. But the appearance of the plague, in consequence of the long confinement of a numerous Turkish garrison within the walls, made it expedient for the government to return to Astros, a small place at a little distance on the western coast of the gulf of Napoli. It appears that the offer of a re-election was made to prince Mavrocordato; but that, considering that the public good would be promoted by the choice of the bey of Mania, he declined the office. Mavromichalis was accordingly chosen in his place as president of the executive council. John Orlando, a Hydriot, of character and influence, was made president of the legislative senate. In an interesting letter to the Philhellenic Societies of Swisserland and Germany, bearing date July 27th, 1823, prince Mavrocordato thus handsomely characterizes his successor: "The venerable and aged chieftain, beloved for his disposition, well known for his patriotism, and strong alike from his wealth and the general esteem of all Greece." The election of Mavromichalis put an end to the discontent, which the Mainote leaders had felt, at the election of the Constantinopolitan prince, Mavrocordato, the last year. For the rest, the accounts which circulate of these dissentions must be received with great caution. In the Boston Daily Advertiser for December, we find an article quoted from the Smyrna Oriental Spectator, which states that Colocotroni has resisted the authority of the senate, and been thrown into prison. This calumny, (for such we presume it to be,) has often been repeated against Colocotroni. It is true this general is of the Mainote race, and was discontented that his venerable chief Mavromichalis was passed over, at the



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first election. But that he ever defeated or resisted the government there is no proof. When Churshid's army passed the mountains, in July, 1822, this same Oriental Spectator charged Ulysses with being bribed to let them pass; and as Colocotroni raised the siege of Patras at the same time, and marched towards Argos, the same paper accused him also of having deserted the cause, and of having fled to join the Turks with the military chest. It now appears that the whole was a plan concerted with great sagacity, and pursued with entire success, by the Grecian generals. Ulysses entered into a pretended negociation with Churshid, promising to leave the passage of the mountains free to him. Churshid, deceived, passed with his whole force, not thinking it necessary to leave any troops behind him to protect Thessaly. Ulysses meantime having despatched an express to Colocotroni, apprising him of the approaching invasion, Colocotroni made a rapid march into Argolis, met and defeated the Turkish army, and slew its general. This was Colocotroni's desertion with the military chest. While he was thus employed Ulysses was in rapid motion in Thessaly, and Churshid was obliged to hasten back to protect Larissa. This was the treachery of Ulysses. But the calumny was circulated and did its office, and the truth will not reach one in a hundred who were thus misled.

To return, however, to the events of 1823. We have seen that the first operation in the Turkish campaign, the reduction of Misolunghi, had failed. In the month of May, a general rising took place in the villages about Mount Pelion, and the eastern side of the gulf of Volo. This was deemed of sufficient importance by the Seraskier, to induce him to send a strong force to reduce the Greeks. This force penetrated to the isthmus of Trikeri, where it was successfully resisted. The Oriental Spectator failed not to inform the friends of humanity that the isthmus had been forced, and Trikeri, one of the most flourishing Greek towns, reduced to ashes. In a subsequent Number, the mistatement was acknowledged: "Trikeri was not yet taken, though it probably would be; only twenty-four villages in its neighbourhood were destroyed." The event has proved that the isthmus was never forced, and the Turkish army, without having effected any thing, was recalled to head quarters.

On the first and third of May, the fleet of the Capudan Pacha sailed from Constantinople. According to the most probable accounts, it consisted of seventy ships of war, of all sizes, and thirty transport vessels. The ships of war, however, in the Turkish navy, also serve the purpose of transports, and a considerable body of men was put on board, to reinforce the various garrisons. Though the general plan of the Turkish campaign was well understood to consist of the tour of the fortresses, and a debarkation of the trooks at Patras, yet as the Capudan Pacha, the last year, had made a powerful effort to regain Scio, so it was thought, this year,

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that an attempt would be made on some one of the islands. Ipsara and Samos were thought to be particularly exposed, and the most active preparations were made to defend them. At Ipsara two hundred and eighty battering cannon were mounted on different parts of the coast, itself little else than a rock. Twelve thousand men, armed with muskets, were organised to appear at a moment's warning. Twenty-five brigs, mounting each twelve cannons, and carrying crews of from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty; six fireships, and one hundred and twenty gunboats or *scampavias* were in perfect readiness. We give this statement of the strength of the island with confidence, for we find it in the Smyrna paper. The motives of the editor in thus letting the Turkish admiral know what he might expect, if he attempted a landing, can be estimated.

No attempt, however, was made on any one of the islands in the possession of the Greeks. About the beginning of June, the Capudan Pacha appeared off the coasts of Negropont and landed a large force. This body of men obliged the Greeks to raise the siege of Carystos. The garrison of that place, uniting with the forces thus landed, and the garrison of the city of Negropont, made an incursion into Attica, as far as the walls of Athens. The inhabitants of this city deserted it, at the approach of the Turks, and took refuge in Salamis and the other islands. The fortress of Athens, however, was strongly garrisoned and well provisioned by the Greeks, and the Turkish troops from Negropont were soon obliged to retire, to check the progress that the Greeks were making in their absence in that island. Here ended the co-operation, which the Turkish commandant of Negropont was to afford to the general plan of the campaign.

With the appearance of the fleet of the Capudan Pacha, the Seraskier Mehmet Ali, in Thessaly, put himself in motion. Ulysses at his old post of Thermopylæ, and with a small army, kept him some time in check; the rather as rumours began to prevail of a general rising among the peasantry of many mountain villages around the plains of Thessaly, who had as yet taken no part in the war. The first symptoms of this rising were experienced by the Pacha of Scutari, who, with eight thousand men, was to pass through the defiles of Agrapha, on his way to Livadia. The Agraphiotes took arms and resisted his passage, and under the brave chieftain Stornari, kept the Pacha long stationary and cost him many men. A reinforcement, however, of four thousand men, enabled him finally to force his way. We now for the last time quote the *Oriental Spectator*, the great source, we repeat, from which intelligence, unfavourable to the Greek cause, is circulated in Europe. The editor of that paper, who appears to be an ultra Frenchman, in Turkish pay, in his paper of the twentieth of June, which is now before us, says, "*the Pacha of Scutari is now at Thermopylæ,*" and in the paper of the eleventh of July it is fur-

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ther added, "*the Pacha of Scuteri* WITH FORTY THOUSAND MEN *has taken possession of the first defiles of the Morea.*" Such intelligence, coming from a spot within *a day's sail* of the scene of action, was truly alarming to the friends of humanity. *There was not one word of truth in it.* The Pacha of Scutari, down to the last accounts, has seen neither the defiles of the Morea nor Thermopylæ, and at the date of this pretended intelligence was struggling hard with about eight thousand men, in the mountains of Agrapha!

After the reinforcement mentioned, the Pacha of Scutari and the Seraskier crossed the mountains into Livadia. Whether the former was in season to join forces with the latter, we have not been able to collect with certainty from the various accounts from the scene of action. However this be, the Turkish army advanced as far as the neighbourhood of Castri, (the ancient Delphi,) where they received a check from some Grecian forces posted in the mountains. The road through Delphi lies on a steep hill side, and is capable of being easily defended. Here the Turkish commander made a halt, either for his reinforcements to arrive, supposing him not yet to have been joined by the Pacha of Scutari, (which we presume,) and as we know he was not yet, (nor at all,) joined by the army in Acarnania under Jussuf. While stationary here, the Turkish squadron appeared off the port of Delphi. The Grecian generals, who had collected all their disposable forces on the frontiers of Livadia, fearing that the Capudan Pacha would take the Turkish army on board and thus transport it into the Morea, and thinking they could better cope with the Turks in the isthmus, fell back on Thebes to leave the pass into the isthmus open. The Turkish Seraskier, however, deserted by the commander of Negropont, and not joined by the other auxiliary forces, neither attempted the march by land, nor yet the passage across the gulf. Not to be wholly inactive, he laid siege to the convent of St. Luc, a strongly fortified pile of buildings within a few miles of the high road from Delphi to Thebes, whither it was reported that the rich inhabitants of Livadia had conveyed all their moveable property. Scarcely had the Turkish army invested this convent, when the Grecian generals hastened to its relief. After five days spent in skirmishing and observation, a general battle was fought, on the twenty-fifth of June. After a long and sanguinary contest, the Albanians, who form a great part of the Turkish armies, fled, and the Greeks, from that moment, were masters of the field. The Turkish camp and baggage fell into their possession. An interesting letter from a gentleman in Athens to his friend in London, published in a recent Number of the Boston Daily Advertiser, mentions that the Albanians attached a paper to the gates of the monastery, setting forth, that as they had often found refuge there, they would not allow it to be destroyed.

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The wrecks of the Turkish army retreated to Carpenitza, there to await Jussuf from Acarnania and the Pacha of Scutari, supposing him not previously to have effected his junction. Meantime multiplied disasters had befallen the Turkish cause on the side of Acarnania. The Ottoman force, as we have already observed, had been defeated in the assault on Misolunghi at the commencement of the campaign, and repulsed in the attempt to cross the Apropotamo. When the news reached this force of the events at St. Luc; of the defeat of the Turks and desertion of the Albanians there, their brethren in the army of Jussuf thought proper to follow the example, and the greater portion of them disbanded themselves and went home. This left the intrepid Suliote, Marco Bozzaris, chief master of the field at a critical moment. Five thousand men had just been landed at Condyla by the Capudan Pacha, in the design of acting in concert with the army of Acarnania. This army was, in the manner related, reduced to nothing. The force debarked, accordingly, fell into the hands of Bozzaris, with a very able body of Suliotes. The Turks, consisting mostly of very unsoldier-like individuals impressed at Constantinople, fled in detachments to the coast, and escaped by water as they could; while a few only made their way to the general rendezvous at Carpenitza.

The Turkish forces being thus, after a series of disasters, collected at this place, the Grecian leaders also assembled their troops from all quarters, and the nineteenth of August was fixed on by them for the attack. The brave and patriotic Bozzaris resolving to render his country a signal service, at the risk of his life, invited a hundred Hellenian volunteers to join him with his corps of Suliotes in a forlorn enterprise. While the attack was made on three points by as many divisions of the Greek army, the intrepid Bozzaris penetrated to the tent of the Pacha. He failed in his object, but succeeded in throwing the Turkish guard into confusion, increased by the progress of the assault throughout the line. The battle lasted during the night. Bozzaris early received a wound, but continued at the head of his devoted band till a second shot in his forehead destroyed him. He lived, however, to see the enemy fly in all directions. The appearance of day disclosed the Turks in full flight and great disorder, while the field was covered with killed and wounded.

This is the last action of which we have any intelligence, on the continent of Greece. The remains of the Turkish armies retreated precipitately to their old head quarters in Thessaly, and the Capudan Pacha sailed, about the first of September, for the Dardanelles, followed by the Greek squadron, which will doubtless attempt some enterprise like those which signalised the naval warfare of the Greeks the last year. The Austrian Observer, a paper that has echoed with great fidelity all the unfavourable articles of intelligence from Greece, admits, in the last extract we

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have seen from it, that the campaign has failed in all its objects, and is at an end. Such is the opinion expressed in the last Number of the Moniteur, the French government paper. Such is the opinion expressed in the editorial article in the Daily Advertiser for Nov. 28th, which suggested this sketch. Such unquestionably is the fact.

In the three preceding Numbers, an attempt has been made to furnish a connected historical sketch of the Greek revolution. Nothing has been admitted into it, but what subsequent events have proved to be true, or what has been acknowledged to be so, by foreign prints, unfriendly to the Grecian and every other free cause. The destruction of Scio in April, 1822, is certainly the most calamitous event, which has occurred in this or almost any other war, and its details are of a nature to excite emotions of a permanent and powerful cast. Since the first part of this account was written, we have had an opportunity of consulting the French *Annuaire* for the year 1822, in which the history of the campaign of that year is given, in the most ample and authentic manner. In the account of the destruction of Scio, there are some affecting particulars, which deserve to be mentioned. After relating the principal incidents of the landing of the Turks on the island and of the catastrophe, which immediately ensued, the writer continues:—"At length the flourishing, the opulent Scio, the paradise of the Greeks, had ceased to exist. The charming country seats, which rendered it so remarkable, among all the islands of the Archipelago, the beautiful edifices in the town, the academy, the library, the noble cathedrals of St. Anargyrosto, of St. Victor, of the Apostles, eighty-six churches, and more than forty villages, had been consumed by the flames. There remained at Scio, on the sixteenth of May, (*thirty-five days* after the Turkish landing,) only the Catholics, spared at the solicitation of the consuls, *and in consideration of their hatred for the Greeks;* and a few thousand wretches escaped from massacre and concealed in the mountains. Fifteen or twenty thousand succeeded in making their escape to the islands of Samos, Tine, and Hydra. More than twenty-five thousand had been put to the sword, drowned, and *burned*, or had died of fatigue, had starved to death, or perished of diseases caught from the infection of so many bodies lying in the streets. All the rest were reduced to slavery. *According to the registers of the Turkish Custom House there had been, up to the twenty-fifth of May,* 1822, FORTY-ONE THOUSAND *individuals entered at that office, to pay duties as slaves sold!* After the first dictates of avarice were satisfied, fanatical mussulmen were seen to buy these miserable Christians, for the purpose of exercising all the refinements of cruelty in putting them to a lingering death. The port was filled with transport vessels, into which were driven indiscriminately, and tied with ropes, young girls, ladies of wealthy families and their children, to be carried to the slave markets in

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Asia. Many of these unhappy persons died in agonies of horror of what they already suffered or saw too plainly before them.—Those, who attempted by starvation to procure their release, were forced with blows to take food. Many young women, lately the boast and ornament of the city, found the means, by stabbing each other, to escape the fate which awaited them. For many months, the market of Smyrna was filled with goods of various kinds, clothing, and valuable furniture from the sack of Scio, *sold in lots with their late owners.* This recital, continues the French author, will make our readers shudder; but the principal features of it are from an eye witness—the editor of the Oriental Spectator—who wrote under the eyes of a Pacha, and who is habitually unfavourable to the cause of the Greeks. We have presented but a feeble sketch of the scenes that passed."

All attempts to enter into the secret miseries of a catastrophe like this must indeed be feeble. Twenty-five thousand fathers, husbands, and brothers, put to the sword, empaled, drowned, burned, and hanged; and forty-one thousand wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, and children, torn from the bosom of their families, sold *a vil prix*, at a base price:—sold to Turks, a name that carries horrors and indignities in the sound; sold to the Asiatic markets to be despatched by caravans to Syria, to Bagdad, and to Arabia; ladies, (of whose number we have seen several, the wives and daughters of respectable Greek merchants in different parts of Europe,) dragged with ropes about their necks into the Turkish transport ships;—these scenes form an amount of suffering, of extreme, insupportable suffering, on which the mind can with difficulty bring itself to dwell. It will be remembered that the Tunisian and Algerine squadrons formed a part of the Turkish fleet. America knows something of these wretches, for her citizens have been chained by the neck to the wheelbarrow in their fortresses. By the accounts from the Archipelago, the traffic in the miserable Greeks was pursued by none with greater eagerness than by these enemies of the human race; and when their own ships were filled with victims, to be transported from the delightful island of Scio to Algiers and Tunis, *neutral* vessels, Austrian, *Italian*, *English*, were chartered and freighted with fellow Christians, sold into slavery on the Barbary coast. In Constantinople, the slave market was filled with Sciotes; nay, on receiving there the intelligence of events in that island, not only were the ten hostages hung, but Sciote merchants, who had been for months in the capital, were shot at in the street like dogs, by the Janissaries. These things passed under lord Strangford's eyes; they were mentioned in the British parliament, and the noble English spirit kindled at the recital of such horrors. But unfortunately the British prime minister was shocked at the thought of "interfering with the internal administration of Turkey." We have seen an extract from a work published at Leipzig in 1821, containing an account of the excesses,

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which took place in Constantinople at the time when the Patriarch was hung. It was our intention to make an extract from it, but the tortures inflicted by the Janissaries on the Greeks, who fell in their hands, are too disgustingly horrible to be repeated.

We ask then whether it is not the right, nay, the duty of the civilized nations of the earth to interfere, and rescue a civilized, a christian people, from the hands of these wretches? Is it not too great an insult on the age, to see all the powers of Europe, save one, leagued together, and pouring their armies into every weak and decrepit state, that makes an effort to improve its institutions, under the pretence that the peace of Europe is in danger from Revolutionists; and yet see these same potentates upholding the Turkish despotism in the sickening cruelties, which it exercises over the inhabitants of one of the fairest portions of the earth? But the Greeks, we are told, are pirates and robbers, and deserve no better. What, pirates and robbers, that send one hundred of their young men annually, to the different Universities of Western Europe? Pirates and robbers, who, in one of their islands, had a library fund, yielding one thousand dollars annually, which is more than can be said of any city, town, or college in the United States of America? Pirates and robbers, who, almost with the Turkish scimetar at their necks, published the Constitution of Epidaurus? That the numerous islets of the Archipelago, especially in a time of war, may be the covert of freebooters, Greeks, as well as others, we are not disposed to deny. It was so in the time of Thucydides, and of Julius Cæsar, and will probably be so always. It is so in other parts of the world. We have heard it hinted, that several American citizens have engaged in piratical adventures in the West Indies, and on the coasts of the Spanish Main, and the gulf of Mexico, of late years. Is the American nation a horde of pirates and robbers? The Greeks, it is further said, are divided among themselves, they fight and pillage each other. We know they have had their dissensions in council, and we think it by no means improbable (though we have seen no proof of the fact) that bands of the different races, that have been thus unexpectedly brought in arms into contact with each other, may have had their fallings out, and perhaps come to blows. But there is not any trace of any wide spreading and serious division of councils. We have read all the intelligence of any note, that has been published from Greece, since the war began; and we can venture to assert, that there has been no degree of such an alarming dissention or division of opinion, as that which prevailed between the tories and patriots throughout the whole of our revolutionary war. There have been no scenes like the cartings, and the tarrings and featherings of Boston; no councils like the "Vermont council of safety," with its *birch seal;* we have not perceived that any thing at all like the Newburg letters has made its appearance from head quarters; not a Grecian general has aimed, like Arnold, to betray to the

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Turks the most important fortress in the Morea; one of the islands, it is said, has refused to confer on the general government, the power of laying a tax, which is no more than Rhode Island did in 1782; in short, there is no trace of *any division of parties* among them, and while Neapolitan patriots take to their heels, at the sound of an Austrian drum, and Castilian patriots bribed by French gold, shout for the "Absolute King," the Greeks, rising from a state of slavery, without an ally, a government, an army, a treasury, or a navy, have stood undivided and undismayed, and gallantly fought through three campaigns; each campaign bringing down the Turks in greater force and sending them back more signally defeated. In 1821, the Turks were, in some measure, taken to disadvantage. They had Ali Pacha on their hands in Albania; and 150,000 Russians in Bessarabia, ready to cross the Pruth. It was not remarkable that, under these circumstances, the Turks should be able to send no overwhelming force into the field, against the Greeks. In 1822, Ali Pacha was no more, and the Russian arm was withdrawn. The Turkish army penetrated with irresistible force into the Morea; but in six weeks was beaten back. This we were told, however, was because the Persians had fallen upon the Eastern frontier, and the Pacha of Acre had revolted. In 1823, the Pacha of Acre makes his submission, the Persians make peace; the Turks have no enemy to divide with the Greeks the weight of the blow, and yet the latter have, for the first time, gone to meet the Ottoman host, and not a Turkish army has been able to reach the great theatre of war.

A FRIEND TO GREECE.

*Cambridge, 3d Dec.* 1823.

## SAWNEY AT DONCASTER.

*By the Author of the Ayrshire Legatees, &c.*

* * * 'DEED, ye see that same job o' the horse, amang the lave o' my Yorkshire exploits, is a come-to-pass well worthy of a record. For, ye should known, an it were necessar' to tell you, that I was a stranger at Leeds, and very guarded I was in my dealings, 'cause and on account o' the notour character of the Yorkshire folk, for jinking in their bargains; and really whan my friend, and long correspondent there, offered, in a civil and free manner —that I must needs allow—his horse, to take me o'er to Doncaster, I swithered, and was in a sore hesitation of mind concerning the same, for I need not tell you, that there's no part of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk more unsettled among their customers, than their ways of dealing anent horses; nay, and what's very extraordinar among honest men, they make no secret of the glamour they have used in their traffic in that commodity. There-



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fore, as ye may well suppose, when Mr. Shalloons was so complaisant as to offer me his horse, I had a jealousy that he was not without an end for his own behoof; for which cause, and natural suspicion, ye may think I was not overly keen to comply with his obliging offer, for really, to speak God's truth, no man could be more well-bread and discreet than he was in making me that same offer. However, for all that I could either say or do, he was really so pressing with his civility, that it would have been a very coarse conduct on my part to have persisted in a denial.

Well, so ye see the horse being so proffered, and the proffer so consented to by me, on the day I had sorted out of the week I was to be there, for that aforesaid and same journey to Doncaster, the beast was brought to the door of the house where I staid, and there having laid my legs o'er the saddle, I found it a composed and canny brute, Mr. M'Lauchlan of Fuddy's fine gelding was no surer footed; and so, as ye may suppose, me and the horse, I on its back, rode our ways towards that same boroughs-town of Doncaster, and the farther I rode, and the mair I grew acquaint with the horse, the mair reason I had to be thankful for the very solid politesse of my civil correspondent.

But to make a short of a long tale, and no to descant and enlarge on the civility of the lads at the inns and taverns that we passed,—indeed, for that matter, they were ower gleg for me; for, to confess a fault, they thereby wiled from me a sixpence, where I would have gart a twal-pennies do at the door of ony stabler in all Scotland. But at the time I did na begrudge that liberality on my part, having so footy and well-going a beast for a bethank, as I had that aforesaid and the same. But I'll no say that, now and then, when I thought of the habit and repute of the Yorkshire folk, concerning their horses, I hadna a dread upon me that all wasna sound at the bottom—the more especially as the horse lost a shoe soon after we had passed through the first toll, the which I thought a remarkable thing. However, as I was saying, the horse and me arrived safe at the aforesaid and same boroughs-town of Doncaster, and no beast, after such a journey, could be in better order, than was that aforesaid and same.

But now I have to rehearse of what ensued. Ye're to know and understand, that there was then in Doncaster a grand ploy, which they call the Sen Leger, the which is a kind of a horse-race; but no like our creditable Leith races of old, and those sprees of moderation of the same sort that's ha'den in their stead at Musselburgh.—Really the King's visit was just a Sabbath till't—never was seen such a jehuing o' coaches, such a splashery o' horses, and swearing and tearing o' gentlemen and flunkies; it was just a thing by common.

But no to summer and winter about yon dreadful horse races, and the gambling there anent, enough to make a sober man's hair stand on end, I alighted at the door of an inn, and I gave the horse

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the same and aforesaid, that had so well brought me there, to an hostler lad; and went to see what I might be able to do in the way of custom among the shops. But the wearyful Sen Leger was ahint every counter; and upon the whole it was but a thriftless journey, I soon found, that I had come upon; and therefore I came to an agreement with myself, in my own mind, to go back to Leeds, and then think of coming northward. So having in that way resolved, I went back to the inns, and told the hostler lad to have the horse the same and aforesaid that I had come on ready betimes in the morn, and then I returned to the house of a correspondent that had invited me to sleep, because of the extortionate state of the inns. But I know not what came ower me—surely it a was token of what was to happen—I got but little rest, and my thoughts were aye running on the poor horse, the same and aforesaid, that had brought me from Leeds, and more especially anent the repute of the Yorkshire folk as horse-cowpers.

However, at the last, I had a composed refreshment, and I rose as I had portioned, and went to the inns, and there the hostler lad, at the very minute the hour chappit, brought forth, as I thought, the horse. But, think what was my consternation, when going to loup on I discovered, that it was nae mair Mr. Shalloons' horse than I was Mr. Shalloons.

"Lad," said I, "nane of your tricks upon travellers—that's no my horse."

"By glum!" says he, "it be's your horse."

"Na," quo' I, "I'll take my oath on't, that's no the horse I brought to this house."

"It be's your horse, sir, so on and be off," said he, in a very audacious manner.

"I'll never lay leg out o'er that beast in this world, for to a surety it's no mine. Deil's in the fallow, does he think what might come on me if I were catcht riding another man's horse in Yorkshire?"

"I tells you," quo' the hostler, "it be your horse—I wouldn't go never to tell no lies about it. A nice bit of blood it be too—no gentleman need cross better.—Please, sir, to mount."

"Mount!—do ye think I'm by mysel, and that I dinna ken ae horse frae another?" said I, "that horse is no mine, and mine he'll never be, so gang back to the stable, and bring the one I put into your hands yestreen, or I'll maybe find a way to gar you."

"Well, to be sure, if you be'nt a rum ane; why, sir, does you not see that there white foot?—your horse had a white foot—which be a testificate that this here horse be's your horse."

"I tell you, white foot or black foot, that's no my horse, and if ye dinna bring my own, I'll have you afore the Sheriff."

"D—n his green breeches!—I doesn't care—no, nothing at all—for Sir William Ingleby, for this be your horse; I'll tak my davy on't."

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"Horse!" quo' I, "that's a mare."

"By jingo, so it be's!" was the ne'er-do-weel's answer, and I saw him laughing in his sleeve; howsoever, he had a remnant of impudence yet left, and he said, "But your horse was a mare."

At this my corruption rose, and I could stand no more, but, giving a powerful stamp, I cried, "Deevils in hell!" which was a hasty word for me to say, "d'ye think I'll tak a mare for a horse?"

So he, seeing that I was in my imperative mood, as Mr. Andrew the schoolmaster says, put his tongue in his cheek, as I saw, and went into the house of the inns, and brought out a very civil, well-fared, gentleman-like man, the landlord, who said to me, with great contrition, that their stables being full, and some of the grooms drunk, my horse had been unfortunately hanged quite dead, and his skin gone to the tan-pit; but that, to make an indemnification, he had got one as like it as possible, and a much better than mine was; however, through inadvertency, a mare had been brought. "I shall not, however," said he, "make two words about it; your horse, I think was worth fifty guineas—I will pay you the money.'

"Fifty guineas!" quo' I; "nane o' your fifty guineas to me; he was worth sixty pounds if he was worth a farthing."

"I'll pay you the price," said the landlord, "and all the favour I ask in return is that you will not tell at what house the accident happened;" so he paid me the money, but really I was for a season not easy to think of the way that such a sum for a horse had come out of a Yorkshire hand into my pouch. Howsever, as the horse was dead and gone, I could make no better o't than to put up the notes, which I did, and came back to Leeds in a stage-coach, thinking all the way of what I should say to Mr. Shalloons; and in a terrible dread I was that he would not be content with the sixty pound, but obligate me to pay a tyrannical sum.

Howsever, having considered with myself, as soon as I arrived at Leeds, I went to him—aye thinking of the Yorkshire way of cheating with horses—and I said,

"Mr. Shalloons, yon's a very convenient and quiet beast of yours; would ye do a friend a favour, and sell't to me on reasonable terms?"

"It is," quo' he, "a very passable hack—I did not wish to part wi't; but as you have taken a fancy to him, you shall have him for forty guineas."

"Forty guineas, Mr. Shalloons," cried I—"Na, surely you could never look for that—thirty's mair like the price."

"Half the difference," said he, "and the horse is yours."

"Make it punds, Mr. Shalloons, and I'll tak him," qou' I.

"Well, pounds let it be," said he—so I paid him the five-and-thirty pounds out of the sixty, by the which I had a clear profit of five-and-twenty pounds, *præter* the price of my ticket by the coach, which is an evidence and a fact to me, that a Scotchman

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may try his hand at horse-flesh with a Yorkshireman ony day in the year, the Sen Leger fair-day at Doncaster not excepted.

## THE BONJA SONG.

Mr. R. C. Dallas, whose "*Percival; or, Nature Vindicated,*" entitles him to the favourable regard of that portion of the numerous class of novel readers, whose avidity is tempered by discretion, is the author of the following song. Having long resided in Jamaica, he was, no doubt, accustomed to the habits and manners of the negroes of that island, and familiar with the sounds of the Bonja. The contrast, which is drawn, in the ensuing stanzas, we have frequently witnessed in Virginia and Maryland, on those plantations, where the owner entertained proper feelings for the unfortunate beings *devolved upon him.* We have heard, also, similar sentiments, from many a dingy Orpheus, in a chimney corner, although they were not couched in as fine language as the strains of Mr. Dallas.

What are the joys of white man here?
What are his pleasures? say;
Me want no joys, no ills me fear,
But on my Bonja play.
Me sing all day, me sleep all night,
Me hab no care, my heart is light;
Me tink not what to-morrow bring,
Me happy, so me sing.

But white man's joys are not like mine,
Dho' he look smart and gay:
He proud, he jealous, haughty, fine,
While I my Bonja play.
He sleep all day, he wake all night,
He full of care, his heart no light,
He great deal want, he little get,
He sorry, so he fret.

Me envy not dhe white man dhen,
Me poor, but me is gay:
Me glad at heart, me happy when
Me on my Bonja play.
Me sing all day, me sleep all night,
Me hab no care, my heart is light;
Me tink not what to-morrow bring,
Me happy, so me sing.

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## ON CIBBER'S *CÆSAR IN EGYPT.*

When the pack'd audience from their posts retir'd,
And *Julius* in a general hiss expir'd;—
Sage Booth to Cibber cried—"Compute our gains,
These dogs of Egypt and their dowdy Queens!
But ill requite those habits and those scenes!
To rob *Corneille* for such a motley piece!
His geese were swans, but z—ds, thy swans are geese!"
Rubbing his firm invulnerable brow,
The bard replied,—"The critics must allow,
'Twas ne'er in Cæsar's destiny TO RUN!"
*Wilks* bow'd, and bless'd the gay, pacific pun.

*Mist's Journal*, 1724.

## NEAL'S VERTICAL PRESS.

*To the Editor of the Port Folio.*

AT the last meeting of the Mechanical Institute, the following report was presented; and as the subject on which it treats was deemed of sufficient interest to merit more general attention, I was authorized by the Society, to hand it for publication.

J. P. PARKE.

TO THE MECHANICAL INSTITUTE.

The undersigned committee, appointed to examine Mr. Neal's Vertical Printing Press, beg leave to report, that they have seen it in full operation, and that it differs from the common press, in the vertical position of the plattin, and consequently of the impressions—in the form moving on pivots, and in the application of the power; and, also in the addition of an apparatus for distributing the ink and inking the types; and an instrument for taking off the printed sheet and laying it on a table.

The putting on of the paper, raising the form to the plattin and pulling the impression, are all the manual operations required, and are performed by one person, the rest being done by the machinery.

Your committee are of opinion, that a considerable advantage is obtained, by the vertical position of the plattin, which dispenses with the usual movements of the tympan and frisket.

The power is of the progressive kind, and well applied, but does not differ essentially from that of the Ruthven (or Scotch) press.

The motion of the form on pivots instead of its sliding horizontally, is a valuable improvement; it possesses all the advantages of the old plan, is less liable to inaccuracy by wearing, and is performed with so much more ease as to enable the pressman to raise,

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at the same time, a weight of sufficient power to give motion to the machinery by which the ink is distributed to the types.

The apparatus for distributing the ink is well adapted to the purpose; the plan of inking types by rollers, though it may do for common printing, has not as yet attained the perfection of the common balls. The rollers must of necessity receive their motion from the resistance of the types; and will, therefore, in some degree slide as well as revolve, to which may be ascribed their imperfection. The rapidity with which they perform the operation may be an excuse for their being applied to this press.

The instrument for taking off the paper is too imperfect to be recommended.

Upon the whole, your committee are of opinion, that the press contains several improvements, that do credit to the ingenuity of the inventor; they cannot, however, refrain from expressing a wish, that some of the movements should be rendered more concise, and others so modified as to produce less shake or rattling.

All which is respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM MASON,
RUFUS TYLER,
JOSEPH SAXTON.

*Philadelphia, 11th December, 1828.*

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The city council of New Orleans sat with closed doors not long ago. After they were opened, a member moved to exclude a printer for publishing a piece of satyrical poetry, but the motion was not seconded.

—

At a public dinner lately held in Liverpool, a gentleman who was asked for a toast gave—"The Colossus of British Literature, sir Walter Scott." Presently, another gentleman rose, and requested permission to give—"The Colossus of *Roads*, Mr. M'Adam!" Poor Dr. Johnson was forgotten.

—

The following is an anecdote of the first lord Mansfield, which his lordship told himself from the bench:—He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character. "What kind of character can I give you," says his lordship. "O, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive." His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows—"The bearer John —, has served me for three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me. (Signed) Mansfield."—John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards when his lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man in a very handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman. "Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave

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you?" "O, my lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character. My new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. These, said he, are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe, his lordship adds he, discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman and I'll be d——d if you cheat me."

—

The following *piece of news* is gravely given in two papers of repute in Paris, the Journal des Debats, and the Courier Francais:

"Late accounts from North America announce that General Jackson has been elected President of the United States, over Mr. Williams, by 35 votes against 25."

—

The following is the inscription on the Monument at Lexington, where the first battle of the Revolution was fought.

SACRED
TO
Liberty and the Rights of Mankind!
*The Freedom and Independence of America, Sealed and defended by the blood of her sons.*
THIS MONUMENT
Is erected by the
Inhabitants of Lexington,
Under the patronage, and at the expense of the
Government of Massachusetts,
to the Memory of their
Fellow-citizens,
Ensign ROBERT MUNRO, JONAS PARKER, SAMUEL HADLEY, JOHN HARRINGTON, ISAAC MUZZY, CALEB HARRINGTON, and JOHN BROWN, *of Lexington;* and ASAHEL PORTER, *of Woburn;*
Who fell on this field, the first victims to the sword of British Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever memorable *Nineteenth of April*, 1775.—The die was cast! the Blood of these Martyrs was the cement of the Union of these States! then colonies.—And gave spring to the Spirit, Firmness and Resolution of their Fellow-Citizens. They rose as one man, to revenge their Brethren's Blood! and at the point of the Sword, to assert and defend their Native Rights!
They nobly dared to be Free!
The Contest was Long, Bloody and Affecting!
*Righteous Heaven approved the Solemn appeal!*
Victory crowned their Arms,
And the Peace, Liberty and Independence of the
United States of America,
Were their Glorious Reward!

## OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 21st, ultimo, in the 85th year of his age, SAMUEL SANSOM, formerly merchant of this city, and for a long time Treasurer to the Philadelphia Library Company and the Mutual Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from loss by Fire; both which institutions he served gratuitously, with scrupulous fidelity and exactness. The latter association, on his retiring from office, many years ago, expressed their sense of his services, by presenting him with a piece of plate, suitably inscribed. Having persevered from his youth in regular and temperate habits, he lived to see the third generation of his posterity rising around him; he retained a relish for his accustomed enjoyments to the latest period of life——and, in the words of the Poet,

From nature's temperate feast rose
—satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd,
and that he died.

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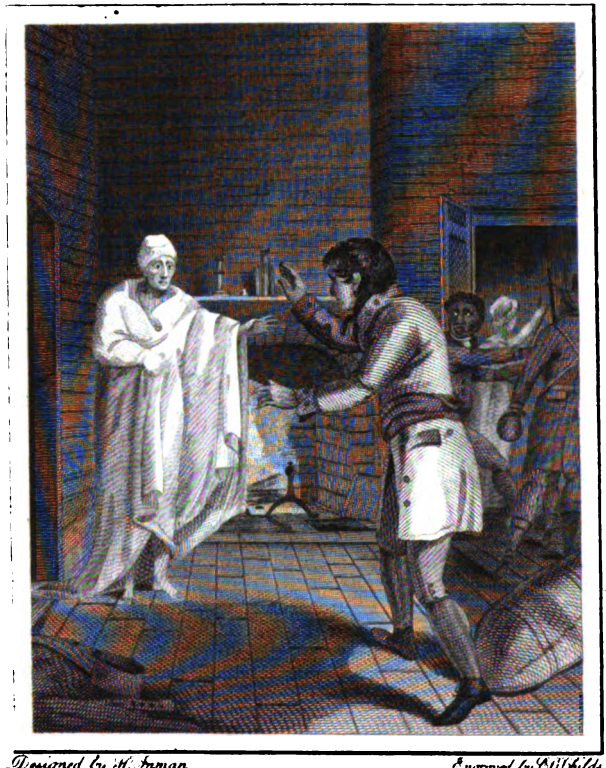

*Designed by W. Inman* *Engraved by C. J. Childs*

# THE SPY.

"When a figure entered the room that appalled the group"

*Vol. I. p. 100*

*Published by H. Hall. 1824*

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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

## THE MOHAWK CHIEF.

IN the month of September, 1814, while the war raged on our northern frontiers, a British and an American officer, traversed that part of Upper Canada which borders upon Lake Ontario. They were both decorated with the emblems of their profession and rank; but while their uniforms bespoke them to have been marshalled under hostile banners, their amicable intercourse and cheerful conversation, gave them the more agreeable appearance of friends.

The American officer had been the bearer of despatches from his general to the commander of the British forces; but in consequence of a misunderstanding between these chiefs, he had been detained within the hostile lines. While these exalted personages were settling a controverted point of etiquette, he remained in custody; but when the important matter was adjusted, he was informed that he might return to the American head quarters. This, to the unsophisticated mind of our young soldier, seemed to be but a simple operation, as a few miles only intervened between the contending armies; but he could not conceal his surprise on learning that he must rejoin his companions in arms by a circuitous route of several hundred miles; a precaution adopted by the British comman-



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der from motives of policy. The American knew but little of this art; nor had he yet learned to put implicit faith in the old adage that "the farthest way round is the nearest way home." He was obliged, however, to submit; and a British officer was appointed to escort him through that part of his majesty's dominions, which lay within his prescribed route. The duty of this gentleman was light, and by no means disagreeable, as his charge was on parole, and his business was simply to protect him from insults, and to conduct him by such roads as would prevent him from spying out the nakedness of the land. It only remains to be remarked of the Englishman that he was a middle-aged man, who had spent many years in the service of his king; a man whose good nature had received no tinge of fierceness from his profession, but who was kind, affable, and intelligent.

Such were the two travellers who now beguiled the passing hours with fireside anecdotes of their respective countries, or amused each other with details of feats in arms. Men of real courtesy, know nothing of those repulsive feelings which keep grosser minds asunder, and easily forget those local distinctions which create jealousies in vulgar breasts. Our soldiers seemed to be as social and as well acquainted as if they had served in the same regiment, and chatted as familiarly as if the weapons that now hung inoffensively by their sides had never flashed in opposing ranks. Their path led through a wild region, differing widely from the populous and well cultivated countries to which each had been accustomed, and destitute of those attractive embellishments which delight the traveller when parks, and villages, and country churches, and rosy milk-maids are constantly presented to his view. The continuous forest fatigued the eye with its monotony, and compelled the travellers to resort to their mental resources, except when their course led them along the margin of the Lake, and brought its beauties into the landscape—its blue waters, its glassy smoothness, its vastly extended plane, and its distant shores dimly discovered in the horizon. The afternoon was far advanced when they struck *Dundas Street*, an extensive wood so called, that stretched from a point far west of Ontario, nearly to Montreal, and which soon brought them to Dundas, a small hamlet composed of a few straggling huts. Here they found a tolerably comfortable house, dignified with the name, and professing to afford the comforts of a tavern; the latter of which had become quite desirable both to man and horse. It need scarcely be added that they determined to proceed no further that day.

They were shown into a small, but private apartment, where the British officer apologizing for the necessity of a short absence, left his companion to his own reflections. The meditations of a way-faring man, at a village inn, among the wilds of the frontier, are usually comprised within a narrow compass, seldom extending farther than from mine host in the bar to my landlady in the

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kitchen, and receiving impulse only from the pressure of appetite, and the prospect of food. On the present occasion, had the Egyptian Pyramids been within pistol-shot, our hero would scarcely have glanced at them; his appetite being "more to bread than stone." It was this concentration of his mental faculties, perhaps, that caused him barely to observe a horde of Indian warriors and their squaws, who scowled upon him with malignant ferocity as he entered the village, nor would he now have remarked them, had not the promise of an early supper restored his mind to something of its wonted elasticity. It was then, that casting his eyes through the window by which he sate, he discovered that he was in the midst of a large encampment of savages, hideously painted, and "hell-bent" on carnage. They were reposing in groupes upon the ground, or lounging about with their accustomed appearance of indolence; but their repose was that of the crouching tiger—their eyes often flashed fire; their dark looks were full of meaning—their whole demeanour fierce and portentous, announcing them to be on the eve of some fell purpose. Our young soldier shuddered as he beheld the deep workings of passion portrayed in the strongly marked features of these barbarians. He had passed through the towns of other tribes in his travels, and had once heard the Indian yell mingling in the din of battle; but he never before had seen them in such numbers, or closely inspected them while under the excitement of martial feeling; and he now looked in vain for that cheerful firmness, that sedate bearing, that generous emulation which distinguishes the civilized warrior. He saw only hatred, revenge, and thirst of blood.

From these reflections, he was roused by the opening of the door of the room in which he sat. Turning his head he beheld an Indian of large stature and imposing appearance, who advanced to the middle of the apartment, and deliberately surveyed him. Our hero was not in a humour for company: nor did he relish the character of his visiter; with whom he determined to have as little intercourse as possible. The latter, however, commenced a conversation after gazing at him for a short time.—

"You're an American officer?"

"Yes," replied the officer in a tone of indifference.

"Are you a prisoner?"

"No."

The repulsive manner in which these laconic answers were uttered, seemed by no means to please the forest chieftain, who drew himself up, and haughtily demanded—

"Do you know who I am, sir?—I am captain B— son of old Col. B— I command all these Indians."

A moment's reflection convinced the American of the folly of exasperating this redoubtable personage. He rose, approached the chief, and extended his hand:—

"I am happy to see you, captain B—, and proud of your ac-

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quaintance." B— returned his salutation, and again inquired if he was a prisoner.

"I am not, sir—"

"I thought not from your wearing your sword:—but how the devil did you get here?" The officer briefly explained his situation.

"Ah! that may be;" said B— "I wondered how you could be a prisoner, and be allowed to keep your arms and epaulet:—These British officers are d—d cunning fellows: they don't let their prisoners carry off plunder that way."—Observing that the officer had again seated himself by the window, he added, "You had better not sit by that window; them d—d Indians will shoot you."

"They would certainly not attempt to injure a person whom they supposed to be a prisoner; a man in their power, under the charge of a British officer—and in your company—"

"Oh the Devil! what do they care for all that:—they'll kill a white man whenever they get a fair chance:—they would not hurt you now, if they thought I would see them:—but they'd crack away from behind a tree, and run, and nobody would know who did it. They're as treacherous as Hell."

The officer removed his seat, and changed the subject: but B— interrupted him, and in the same abrupt tone as before, asked, "Do you Americans ever give quarter to an Indian?"

"Certainly— always:" was the answer.

"Well, you're an officer,—I don't like to dispute your word; but, excuse me, sir, I don't believe it?"

"But, captain B—, I assure you it is so—all civilized nations, all white people, make it a rule to spare the prisoner who asks for quarter. It is a law which they dare not break."

"So you all say," replied the Indian; "but I don't believe it, and I'll tell you why. When General Hull was going to invade Canada—before Brock took him,—there at Detroit—he sent out a long talk, a proclamation, he called it—in which he said that *no white man found fighting by the side of an Indian should receive quarter*—well, sir—if they kill the white man, what will they do with the Indian along side of him? Tell me that?"

"General Hull wished, I suppose, to discourage the employment of Indians by the British.—We abhorred their mode of warfare, and did not wish to be embroiled with the red-people. Besides, what General Hull did is no rule; his whole course was disapproved by the American people and the government, and he was disgraced by a court-martial for misconduct."

"That's all very well—but don't tell me—I know—General Hull made use of that expression, and I know very well that if white people wont give quarter to each other, its a d—d bad chance for the poor Indian to get it."

The officer attempted to argue the matter, and to convince the Indian that the American government had always observed the

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most humane policy in the conduct of the war, and that they had only deviated from it in a few instances, when the horrid cruelties of the British forced them into acts of retaliation.

"I have nothing to do with the British;" said B—"they employ me, it's true: but I don't like them.—I don't like any white people—and I have determined never to give quarter to an American—if I do I'll be d—d."

"Well, but Captain B—, you and I have now become somewhat acquainted—suppose I was to fall into your hands in the woods; should present my sword to you, and claim your mercy, what would you do?'

"I'll tell you what I'd do, sir; I like you very well: some of the Americans are d—d rascals—but I think you're a tolerable clever fellow—you seem to be a gentleman—but don't you calculate upon that; for if ever you were to fall into my hands, I'd have my tomahawk in your head, and the scalp off of your skull, in half a minute. —I've sworn to spare none, and by—! I don't mean to be caught in a lie! I was at Buffaloe, when it was burned," he added, growing warm with the subject. "We burned the houses, and turned the women out in the snow. We did a great business.—We killed some: some were burned: and some frozen to death—I pitched one little chap in the fire myself."— Thus he went on exulting in deeds of blood, and repeating various exploits too horrid to be related—until the return of the British officer, when he departed.

The reader has perhaps had enough of this tawny ally of the English: a few more words shall close this account of him. His father, usually called Colonel B—, was a man of courage and abilities, who succeeded in uniting several tribes under his control, and thus obtained a standing which rendered his friendship important to the British government. He was accordingly invited to make a visit to London, where he was much noticed and caressed. He became the firm friend of the English, and devoted his tomahawk and scalping knife to their service. His children were reared among the whites, and received a good English education. Two of them, a son and daughter, became respectable persons; but the one who is here described, returned to the savage life, with a mind embittered against the whites, from whom he declared he had learned nothing but to drink and swear; qualities which it must be allowed he had attained to a disgusting perfection. He had recently led his warriors against the Americans at Fort Erie, at that time besieged by the army of General Drummond; but the sight of a few bomb shells satisfied his curiosity, and he had retreated to Dundas, charging his followers with cowardice. The accusation had been retorted upon him, and hence the contemptuous language which he applied to his tribe. They were now on the eve of another expedition.

On the following morning the two officers renewed their journey, at the dawn of day. Their path again led through a wild

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country, devoid of interest, and presenting no incident to attract curiosity. After riding about eighteen miles they halted at a respectable farm-house, to breakfast. Here they found neatness, cordiality, and plenty. The good man was a native of Scotland, and possessed much of the intelligence, tempered with the gravity of his country. A small number of well chosen books, chiefly religious, lay scattered about the room, as if in daily use. A sweet girl, just grown, who was teaching a little school by the road-side, came in to help her mother to prepare a morning meal, and presided at the breakfast table. The heart of our young traveller was warmed into gladness by this simple display of peace and kindness, and the disagreeable images which had filled his mind, since his interview with the ferocious associate of Drummond, gave way to more agreeable subjects for reflection. He was again in contact with hearts that acknowledged a Creator, and once more he witnessed the enjoyments of the domestic circle. He reflected on the many privations incident to a military life; its dangers, its follies; its passions; and he could not avoid the conclusion, that he who treads the road to fame, sacrifices the dearest hours, the best delights, and the choicest blessings of existence.

## A REMARK ON BABY-BALLS.

BY MISS HANNAH MORE.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under Heaven," said the wise man; but he said it before the invention of baby-balls. This modern device is a sort of triple conspiracy against the innocence, the health, and the happiness of children; thus, by factitious amusements, to rob them of a relish for the simple joys, the unbought delights, which naturally belong to their blooming season, is like blotting out spring from the year. To sacrifice the true and proper enjoyments of sprightly and happy children, is to make them pay a dear and disproportionate price for their artificial pleasures. They step at once from the nursery to the ball-room, and by a preposterous change of habits, are thinking of dressing themselves, at an age, when they used to be dressing their dolls. Instead of bounding with the unrestrained freedom of wood-nymphs, over hill and dale, their cheeks flushed with health, and their hearts overflowing with happiness, these gay little creatures, are shut up all the morning demurely practising the *pas grave*, and transacting the serious business of acquiring a new step for the evening, with more cost of time and pains than it would have taken them to acquire twenty new ideas.

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For the Port Folio.

*Letter from the Rev. Mr. Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal of England, to the Rev. Dr. John Ewing, late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.*

Mr. Oldschool,

A correspondent in one of our daily gazettes, speaking of the two comets, which at present excite so much attention, concludes with the following remarks:—"In looking over the first volume of our Philosophical Transactions, I felt a sentiment of pride and pleasure that the occurrence of the transit of Venus in 1769 was observed with so much accuracy and precision in Pennsylvania, as to deserve and obtain the highest praise from the European astronomers. It is true, we cannot now, as we could then, boast of a Rittenhouse, *whose genius was pre-eminent;* but he had several coadjutors, who, *without pretending to his abilities,* were yet *correct and scientific;* and I hope it will not be found that we have in any respect degenerated."

I know not the grounds upon which this writer has ventured to place Mr. Rittenhouse above others who observed the transit of Venus, at the time here specified. Certainly there is nothing like it in the work which he cites. On the contrary, Mr. Rittenhouse appears in that volume, as the coadjutor of Dr. William Smith, in conjunction with whom he made observations at Norristown, in the neighbourhood of this city. He reported his results to Dr. Smith, and this gentleman made the communication to the Philosophical Society, from which institution, it is presumed, they derived their appointment.

It appears, from the 1st vol. of the "Transactions," that the whole design originated with Dr. Ewing; and there is reason to believe that the prosecution of it, through all the details to the final result, was confided to him. His communication to the society, dated 21st June 1768, commences in these words:—"As you have taken under consideration, the proposal which I made to you the 19th of April last, of observing the ensuing transit of Venus," &c. Dr. Ewing then proceeds to lay before the society a projection of the transit as seen from Philadelphia, together with the elements of the projection; and he concludes by proposing that provision be made, without loss of time, for erecting a small observatory, and he recommends that some proper persons be appointed to make the observations, at the expense of the society, &c. The tone of the letter throughout is that of one who is better acquainted with the subject, than those whom he addresses; and who is obliged to take some pains to convince them of the importance of his suggestions:—a conjecture which will not be considered very unwarrantable when the reader is informed that the same volume contains a method of destroying wild garlic, another of preserving peas from the worms—a third for preserving

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subjects in spirits;—together with instructions for putting up seeds and plants for transportation, and various other notable matters.

Not many years after this event, [in 1773] Dr. Ewing and his friend Dr. Williamsom, went to England to solicit pecuniary aid in behalf of the Newark academy, in Delaware. Although the war of the revolution was just breaking out, they were treated with the utmost cordiality, and many liberal subscriptions were received. The reputation of Dr. Ewing had prepared for him a cordial reception in the closets of the literary and learned of that day, with many of whom he maintained a correspondence several years after his return. By lord North, the minister, the most liberal offers were made to induce him to remain in that country.

While he was in London, he made some efforts to procure the means of establishing an observatory in this city. The Rev. Mr. Maskelyne, then astronomer-royal, at Greenwich, was applied to; and the reply of that eminent person will show the estimation in which our young American philosopher was held, by an individual, who of all the men then living, was best qualified to decide upon the pretensions of others, in this department of science.

It is in the following words:

SIR, *Greenwich, 4th Aug. 1775.*

I received your late favour, together with your observations of the comet of 1770, and some [copies*] of that of 1769, for which I thank you. I shall I believe communicate [them] to the Royal Society as you give me leave. In the present unhappy situation of American affairs, I have not the least idea that any thing can be done towards erecting an observatory at Philadelphia, and therefore cannot think it proper for me to take a part in any memorial you may think proper to lay before my lord North at present. I do not mean, however, to discourage you from presenting a memorial from yourself. Were an observatory to be erected at that city, I do not know any person there more capable of taking care of it than yourself. Should lord North do me the honour to ask my opinion about the utility of erecting an observatory at Philadelphia,† I should then be enabled to speak out, being always a well wisher to the promotion of science. You did not distinguish whether the times of your observations were apparent or mean time. I am Sir,

Your most humble servant,
N. MASKELYNE.

To the REV. DR. EWING, at
No. 25, Ludgate street.

* The observations were engraved on a sheet of large paper, of which it is supposed a number of copies were sent to Mr. M. O. O.

† The city councils, at the earnest solicitation of the American Philosophical Society, granted the use of the edifice in Centre Square for this purpose, several years ago. But nothing has been done with the premises, that we know of, by the society. O. O.

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At the period when this letter was written, a reputation for science, was to be acquired only by real merit. A membership in a learned institution was not then voted in return for a donation of books or shells; nor had it become an article of trade, as it is now, when an exchange of titles between two persons, members of different societies, can be calculated on, with nearly the same confidence as a return of tea for a cargo of dollars. Dr. Ewing, as well as Dr. Rittenhouse, was a modest man, whose labours were prompted by a love of science and zeal for the public good. Whether his observations were communicated to the Royal Society, as Mr. Maskelyne proposed, I never heard. Had he been sedulous of notoriety, there is no doubt that he could have obtained the envied privilege of adding F. R. S. to his name! It is known that his high character for learning procured for him a vote of the freedom of several cities in Scotland, where learning was held in high estimation. That custom has gone out of use abroad, and in our own country, we seem little disposed to honour any art or science but that which teaches us the most direct road to wealth or political power. Men of solid worth are driven into the shade and their places are filled by charlatans, who play the zany in newspapers and shake their cap and bells at fish-feasts.

Before I conclude, it may not be amiss to add, that it is by no means my object to disparage the merits of our self-taught philosopher. They were of a high order; and none knew them better or valued them more justly, than the individual whose claims I have undertaken to vindicate.

## THE MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of ———, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was



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easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the cielings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through: It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then reflecting on the danger of

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pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sort of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell, hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but

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it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame-work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he

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is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding: my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the church-yard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present

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day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

## HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.*

The Garden of Plants is certainly a most interesting spot. What can be more delightful than to wander about in the twilight of a fine autumnal evening, beneath those magnificent rows of ancient lime-trees, when the air is perfumed by the balmy breath of many thousand flowers—to listen, amid such a scene of stillness and repose, to the multitudinous voice of a mighty city—or to contrast a sound composed of such discordant and tumultuous elements with the wild and plaintive cries of some solitary water-fowl, which inhabit the banks of a little lake, in the centre of this Garden of Paradise! On the other hand, during the day-time, if less interesting to your sentimentalist, it is certainly fully more amusing to the ordinary class of visitors. Great part of one side of the Garden is laid out as a Menagerie, in which all sorts of wild animals are confined, or more properly speaking, detained—the extreme comfort and extent of the dwellings, with their beautiful conformability to the pursuits and manners of their inhabitants, almost entirely precluding the idea of any thing so harsh and rigorous as confinement. There the elephant, "wisest of brutes," occupies, as he ought to do, a central and conspicuous situation. He is not lodged, as he is with us, in a gloomy crib, in which he can scarcely turn himself round with sufficient freedom to perform the little devices taught him by his keeper, and which one sees how much he despises by the calm melancholy expression of his eyes. He dwells in a large and lofty apartment, opening by means of broad folding-doors into a capacious area, which is all his own. In this he has dry smooth banks to repose upon, and a deep pond of water, into which, once a day, he sinks his enormous body, causing the waters to flow over every part, except his mouth and probocis. Nothing can be more refreshing than to see him, after basking for some hours in the morning sun, till his skin becomes as parched and dry as the desert dust of Africa—to see him calmly sinking down amidst the clear, cool, waters of his

* History and description of the Museum of Natural History and Royal Botanic Garden of Paris. Translated from the French of M. Deleuze, assistant Botanist. By A. A. Royer. 2 vols. 8vo. with plates. Price 21s. London.

This work has been composed, by authority of the French government, from materials furnished by the Professors and Administrators of the Museum.

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little lake, and reappearing again, all moist and black, protruding his huge round back, more like a floating island, or a Leviathan of the ocean, than an inhabitant of terra-firma.

In this neighbourhood, too, there are camels and dromedaries, "the ships of the desert," as they are so beautifully called in the figurative languages of the east, either standing upright, with their long ghost-like necks, and amiable, though imbecile countenances, or couched on the grass, "and bedward ruminating," apparently well pleased to have exchanged the burning plains of Arabia for the refreshing shades of the Jardin des Plantes. No fear now of the blasting breath of the desert, or of those gigantic columns of moving sand which had so often threatened to overwhelm them, and the leaders of their tribe—no delusive mirage, tempting them still onwards, amongst those glaring, glittering wildernesses, "with show of waters mocking their distress." Even the wilder and more romantic animals seem here to have found a happy haven and a fit abode. The milk-white goat of Cachmire, with its long silky clothing, is seen reposing tranquilly, with half-closed eyes, upon some artificial ledge of rock, forming a beautiful and lively contrast to the dark green moss with which it is surrounded. Deers and antelopes repose upon the dappled ground, or are seen tripping about under the shade of the neighbouring lime-trees, while the enclosures, with their surrounding shubbery, are so skilfully arranged, and so intermingled with each other, that every animal appears as if it enjoyed the free range of the whole encampment, instead of being confined to the vicinity of its own little hut. The walks are laid out somewhat in a labyrinthic form, so that every step a person takes he is delighted by the view of some fair or magnificent creature from "a far countrie." Birds of the most gorgeous and graceful plumage, peacocks, golden pheasants, and cranes from the Belcaric Isles, solicit attention in every quarter, and are seen crossing your path in all the stateliness of conscious beauty, or gliding like sun-beams through groves of evergreen, "star bright, or brighter." In whatever direction you turn, you find the features of the scenery impressed with characters very different from those which are usually met with in Europern countries. At the head of the Garden, beyond the house which was once the dwelling of the illustrious Buffon, there grows a magnificent cedar, its head rendered more picturesque by a cannon-ball, which struck it during the Revolution;* and from a little hill in the neighbourhood, there is an extensive and beautiful view, not only of the Garden of Plants, with its fine

* "The largest of the pine tribe on the hillocks, is a cedar of Lebanon, P. Cedrus, the trunk of which measures twelve feet in circumference. The history of this tree, as recited to us by Professor Thouin, is remarkable. In 1736, Bernard de Jussieu, when leaving London, received from Peter Collinson a young plant of Pinus Cedrus, which he placed in a flower-pot, and conveyed in safety to the Paris Gardens. Common report has

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groves and shady terraces, but also of the city itself, with Mont Martre rising like an acropolis in the distance, the old square tower of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the golden dome of the Hospital of Invalids.

Between the Garden of Plants properly so called, and that part of it which is devoted to the uses of the Menagerie, there is a broad and deep sunk fence divided by stone walls into several compartments. These are the dwelling-houses of the bears, the awkward motions and singular attitudes of which seem to afford a constant source of amusement to the visiters. Bare leafless trees have been planted in the centre of some of these inclosures, to the top of which Bruin is frequently seen to climb, as if to enjoy the more extended view of the garden, and of the groups of people who crowd its walks. Some of these animals, when they perceive any one looking over their parapet, erect themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching forth their great paws, seem to ask for charity with all the importunity of a moaning beggar. Indeed, they are so much accustomed to have bread and fruit thrown to them by strangers, that the slightest motion of the hand is generally sufficient to make them assume an erect position, which they will maintain for some time, till their strength fail them, and they drop to the ground, testifying by a short and sullen growl their displeasure at having been obliged to play such fantastic tricks to so little purpose. An unfortunate accident befel one of the largest of these creatures some years ago. He was sitting perched near the top of his tree, when his footing gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground. A broken limb was the only disagreeable result of this misfortune. His temper of mind does not, however, appear to have been much molified by his decreased strength of body, for it was this same animal which caused the death of the unfortunate sentinel who had descended into his area, misled, as it was supposed, by an old button or bit of metal, which he mistook for a piece of money. The cries of this poor being were heard distinctly during the stillness of the night by those who dwelt within the garden; but, as there was no reason to dread the possibility of such an accident occurring, no assistance was offered. He was found by the guard who came to relieve him in the morning, lying dead beneath the paws of the bear, exhibiting, comparatively speaking, few marks of external violence, but almost all his bones broken to pieces. The bear retired at the voice of his keeper, and did not, in fact, seem to have been induced by any carnivorous propensity to attack the person whose death it had thus so miserably occasioned. It was rather what an old man in the

magnified the exploit by declaring, that Jussieu carried it all the way in the crown of his hat. It is now the identical tree admired for its great size." —Neill's *Journal of a Horticultural Tour through Flanders, Holland, and the North of France.*

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garden characterized as a piece of *mauvaise plaisanterie*, for it appeared to derive amusement from lifting the body in its paws and rolling it along the ground, and showed no symptom of fierceness or anger when driven into its interior cell.*

Turning to the right as you enter the lower gate of the Garden, opposite the Bridge of Austerlitz, now called the Pons du Jardin du Roi, you approach the dwellings of the more carnivorous animals, which are confined in cages with iron gratings, very similar to our travelling caravans. Here the lion is truly the king of beasts, being the oldest, the largest, and in all respects the most magnificent, I have ever seen. There is a melancholy grandeur about this creature in a state of captivity, which I can never witness without the truest commiseration.—The elegant and playful attitudes of the smaller animals of the feline tribe being so expressive of happiness and contentment, prevent one from compassionating their misfortunes in a similar manner; while the fierce and cruel eye of the tiger, with his restless and impatient demeanour, produces rather the contrary feeling of satisfaction, that so savage an animal should be kept for ever in confinement. He appears to lament his loss of liberty, chiefly because he cannot satiate his thirst for blood by the sacrifice of those before him; his countenance glares as fiercely, and his breath comes as hot, as if he still couched among the burned-up grass of an Indian jungle. But his companion in adversity appears to suffer from a more kingly sorrow—the remembrance of his ancient woods and rivers, with all their wild magnificence, "dingle and bushy dell," is visibly implanted in his recollection. Like the dying gladiator, he thinks only of "his young barbarians," and when he paces around his cell, he does so with the same air of forlorn dignity as Regulus might have assumed in the prison of the Carthaginians.

But, while we are indulging ourselves in "a world of fond remembrances," we are forgetting Mr. Royer's book, to which we had sat down with the intention of extracting an article. We shall therefore proceed in the first place to form a compendious sketch of the Garden and Cabinet, from the period of their origin to the close of last century, which we deem it the more necessary to do, as the subject has not yet found a place in English literature. We must, however, premise, that the nature and confined limits of our abstract will necessarily exclude a thousand interesting particulars regarding the history of individual plants and animals, for the elucidation of which we therefore refer our readers to the work itself, which is just about this time ready for delivery to the public.

* We understand that the bears are now removed to the new Menagerie, of wild beasts, and their places in the *Fosses* occupied by a breed of boars. Our old friend Marguerite, the great elephant, has been dead for some years



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The King's Garden in Paris, commonly called the Garden of Plants, was founded by Louis XIII., by an edict given and registered by the Parliament, in the month of May, 1635. Its direction was assigned to the first Physician Herouard, who chose as Intendant Guy de la Brosse. At first it consisted only of a single house, and twenty-four acres of land. Guy de la Brosse, during the first year of his management, formed a parterre 292 feet long, and 227 broad, composed of such plants as he could procure, the greater number of which were given him by John Robin, the father of Vespasian, the King's botanist. These amounted, including varieties, to 1800. He then prepared the ground, procured new plants by correspondence, traced the plan of the garden to the extent of ten acres, and opened it in 1640. It appears by the printed catalogue of the ensuing year, that the number of species and varieties had increased to 2360. De la Brosse died in 1648.

Such was the origin of an establishment, which has since attained so high a degree of prosperity, and has become the first school of Natural History in the world. We shall not consider it necessary to mention each subsequent change in the management and superintendence, but shall rest satisfied with alluding only to the labours of those whose appointment may be regarded as a prosperous era in the history of the garden. About the year 1652, Fagon, grand-nephew of De la Brosse, obtained a situation in the establishment, and travelled at his own expense through several provinces of France, and among the Alps and Pyrenees, and sent the fruit of his researches to the Garden. In 1665, the number of species and varieties amounted to 4000.

In the meantime, *Gaston D'Orleans*, brother of Louis XIII., had established a botanical garden at his palace of Blois, which had acquired celebrity through the works of Morison, and by a collection of drawings of the most remarkable plants. These drawings were chiefly executed on vellum, by Robert, eminent for his great skill as a botanical painter. After the death of Gaston, in 1660, Colbert persuaded the King to purchase the whole collection; and Robert was appointed painter to the Museum, where he continued his labours till his death in 1684. Other eminent painters have continually succeeded to the situation, and it is thus that the magnificent collection of drawings of plants and animals has been formed, which was at first deposited in the King's library, and now forms the most valuable part of that of the Museum.

Vallot, the chief director dying in 1671, Colbert united the superintendance of the Garden to that of the King's buildings, already held by himself, leaving to the first physician the title of Intendant only, with the direction of the cultivation. In the month of December he obtained a declaration from the King, regulating the administration of the Garden, and gave commissions to the Professors defining their duties. From this moment the establishment assumed increasing importance, and it would have ad-

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vanced still more rapidly, had the principal administration not been united with other offices. Fagon, who had for several years filled the botanical and chemical chairs with applause, being encumbered with other duties, meditated the resignation of his place, and, wishing to appoint a successor worthy of himself, he called, from a remote part of France, the afterwards so highly celebrated Joseph Pitton de Tournefort, then only twenty-six years of age, but who had already given promise of what he was one day to become. He was appointed to the chair of botany in 1683. Ten years after, Fagon became first physician. This appointment gave him the intendance of the Garden; and, from the singular respect in which he was held, the title of Superintendant was re-established in his favour.

The signal success of Tournefort in the cultivation of botanical science, is universally known. He was the first successfully to define the genera of plants, and the excellence of his groups exhibits the clearness of his conceptions, and ranks him as the father of that branch of the science. He died in 1708, in consequence of an injury received from a wagon in a narrow street of Paris, and left his collection of natural history, and herbarium, to the Garden. This herbarium is not extensive, but it is rendered valuable by the plants gathered in the Levant, and indicated in the *Corollarium* of the *Institutiones Rei Herbarium*. He was succeeded in the botanical chair by Danty D'Isnard.

D'Isnard retired after delivering a single course of lectures, and was succeeded by Antony de Jussieu, a name so justly celebrated in botany, in consequence of the impulse which his own labours, and those of his two brothers and nephew, have given to the science. In 1716, he visited Spain and Portugal, and brought back an immense accession to the Garden. It was this same Antony de Jussieu, who, in 1720, intrusted Declieux, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, with a young coffee tree, which, transported to Martinique, became the parent of the immense culture of the West Indies. Meanwhile, the cultivation of the Garden was confided to Sebastian Vaillant, who formed a very considerable herbarium, the genera of which were methodically arranged, and the species accompanied by tickets, indicating all the synonyms then known. This herbarium, which, at his death in 1722, was purchased by order of the King, forms the basis of that of the Museum. What chiefly signalizes the name of Vaillant, is his first public discourse on assuming the functions of Assistant Professor, (in the absence of the Principal,) in which he demonstrates the existence of two sexes, and the phenomena of fecundation in vegetables. Thus it was in the King's Garden that this great discovery, which had only been hinted at before, and was not generally admitted, was first announced, and supported by irrefragable proofs.

We shall pass in silence the unprofitable period of Chirac's administration of the affairs of the Garden, and proceed to the ap-

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pointment of Buffon in 1739, who was preferred to the situation in consequence of the dying request of Du Fay, his immediate predecessor. This illustrious writer was already distinguished by several memoirs on mathematics, natural philosophy, and rural economy, which had gained him admittance to the Academy of Sciences; but he was as yet unknown as a naturalist. Endowed with that power of attention which discovers the most distant relations of thought, and that brilliancy of imagination which commands the attention of others to the result of laborious investigations, he was equally fitted to succeed in different walks of genius. He had not yet decided to what objects he should devote his talents and acquirements, when his nomination to the place of Intendant of the King's Garden determined him to attach himself to natural history. As his reputation increased, he employed the advantages afforded by his credit and celebrity, to enrich the establishment to which he had allied himself; and to him are owing its growth and improvement till the period of its reorganization, and that extension and variety which rendered a reorganization necessary. If the Museum owes its splendour to Buffon—to that magnificent establishment, he, on the other hand, owes his fame. If he had not been placed in the midst of collections, furnished by Government with the means of augmenting them, and thus enabled by extensive correspondence to elicit information from all the naturalists of his day, he would never have conceived the plan of his natural history, or been able to carry it into execution; for that genius which embraces a great variety of facts, in order to deduce from them general conclusions, is continually exposed to err, if it has not at hand all the elements of its speculations.

We may now be said to commence the second period of the history of the Royal Garden. When Buffon entered upon his office, the Cabinet consisted of two small rooms, and a third, containing the preparations of anatomy, which were not exposed to public view: the herbarium was in the apartment of the demonstrator of botany: the Garden, which was limited to the present nursery on the eastern side, to the green house on the north, and the galleries of natural history on the west, still presented empty spaces, and contained neither avenues nor regular plantations.*

Buffon first directed his attention to the increasing of the collections, and to the providing of more commodious places for their reception. They were arranged in two large rooms of the building, which contains the present galleries, and which was formerly the dwelling house of the Intendant; and, soon after were opened to the public on appointed days. He next occupied himself in the embellishment of the Garden. Having cut down an old ave-

* The name of *Museum of Natural History* is of recent date; it was given at the period when the Garden assumed its present form, and was employed to designate the union of three former establishments, the King's Garden, the Cabinet, and the Menagerie.

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nue which did not correspond with the principal gate, he replaced it in 1740, by one of lime trees in the proper direction, and planted another parallel on the other side of the parterre. These avenues, which are now more than eighty years old, terminate towards the extremity of the nursery, and mark the limits of the Garden at that period.

The care of the Cabinet was at this time intrusted to Bernard de Jussieu, who had bestowed unceasing pains upon its arrangement and preservation. The extent of his knowledge, and the facility with which he seized the affinities of bodies, and classed them in their natural order, qualified him particularly for this task, rendered more difficult by the increase of the collections; but, being diverted by other occupations, and residing at some distance from the Garden, he expressed a desire to be relieved from an office which required unwearied activity and ceaseless assiduity. Buffon also felt that his researches in natural history needed the assistance of a man who had still all the ardour of youth, and who possessed, in a high degree, both the spirit of method, and a talent for observation. Gifted with that genius which seizes the principal characters of objects, and unites them in splendid combinations, he had neither time nor patience for the examination of details, to which the weakness of his sight was also an obstacle. He made choice of his countryman Daubenton, who was then twenty-nine years of age, and who, after studying botany under De Jussieu, and anatomy under Winslow and Duverney, had retired to Montbard, the place of his birth to practice medicine. Buffon invited him to Paris, and in 1745, procured him the place of keeper of the Cabinet, with a lodging in the Garden, and appointments which soon rose from 500 to 4000 francs per annum. He charged him with the arrangement of the Cabinet, and associated him to his own studies, in the descriptive part of his natural history, especially in the anatomy.

The first volumes of his great work on Natural History were published in 1749, and attracted the attention of all Europe. The subsequent labours of Linnæus, and the light which his classification threw upon the intricate and almost endless variety of subjects, no doubt contributed greatly to augment the number of zealous students, and to increase their confidence in the result of their labours; but the splendid writings of Buffon may be said to have been the first which excited a general interest in this delightful study. These two men may be looked upon as the great lights of the science of nature.

But to return to the history of the Museum. In 1766, the collection had so greatly increased, that Buffon, who had previously given up a part of his dwelling house, which he occupied as Superintendant of the Garden, now resigned it entirely, and removed to No. 13, *Rue des Fosses Saint Victor*. The Cabinet was then disposed in four large saloons, which contained the whole

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collection till the reorganization. These saloons were open to the public two days in each week, and the pupils had hours set apart for study. Daubenton was always present to give the necessary explanations; and foreign naturalists often resorted to him for instruction. His patience was inexhaustible, but the duties of his situation became too laborious for the exertions of a single individual, and his cousin, the younger Daubenton, was created assistant, with a salary of 2400 francs.

Antony de Jessieu, who still filled the chair of Botany, was no less assiduous in promoting the advancement of his peculiar department, not merely by delivering lectures, but by sending young men, at his own expense, to travel through the provinces, to collect seeds and plants. He formed a library of natural history and a considerable herbarium, which were of eminent service to his illustrious brother and nephew, and which have been always as much at the disposal of those who cultivate the sciences, as if they belonged to the establishment, with this advantage, that desired explanations are never withheld by the courtesy of the possessors. Antony de Jessieu died in 1758, and was succeeded by Lemonier, who being appointed first physician to the king in 1770, Antony Laurence de Jessieu, the present venerable Professor of Botany, succeeded to the chair. Sometime prior to this, J. A. Thouin, the head of a family since become distinguished by its services to the Garden, had obtained a situation as assistant cultivator in the establishment.

Buffon had now attained the meridian of his glory; his works, which assigned him the first rank amongst the authors of his time, had diffused a universal taste for the study of Natural History, while the collections he had formed facilitated the study of this science. In foreign countries, also, he enjoyed the highest reputation; and the authors of new observations, or discoveries, eagerly communicated them to a man of genius, by whom to be mentioned was a sort of passport to immortality. M. D'Angiviller, whose place as director of the King's buildings, and chief of the Academies of painting and sculpture, required him to point out the great man whose statues were to be executed in marble at the public expense, asked permission of the King to erect one to Buffon. This was, perhaps, the most flattering distinction which could be conferred on a living man, as it had till then been reserved for the memory of those who had rendered the most eminent services to their country. But the King, reading the judgment of posterity regarding the merits of Buffon in that of his cotemporaries, assented to the proposal, and the celebrated Pajou was charged with the execution. This statue is now in the library of the Museum. We may easily conceive how gratifying the circumstance must have proved to one so sensible of the love of fame, and withall sufficiently impressed with a knowledge of his own high attainments. "The works of eminent geniuses," he

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used to say, "are few; they are those of Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *my own.*"

The health of Buffon, which had suffered severely during the preceding year, being perfectly re-established in the beginning of 1772, he resolved to fix his residence once more in the Garden, and to employ his whole influence for the benefit of the establishment. With the aid of government, he purchased two houses adjoining the museum, one of which he destined for the dwelling of the Intendant, and removed into it accordingly; the first floor was appropriated to his household, and the others to such objects as had not yet found their place in the Museum. The return of Buffon forms an epoch in the history of the Garden. From that moment, every branch of the establishment rapidly increased, and the way was prepared for the improvements which have taken place since the new organization. It would far exceed our utmost limits if we were to give a detail of all the improvements introduced by Buffon during the sixteen years of his administration. Suffice it to say, that the Garden was more than doubled in extent, its plan and distribution became regular and beautiful, and every possible advantage was offered for the culture and study of vegetables: but the perfection of one part of the establishment only rendered the deficiencies of the rest more apparent. The Cabinet was not spacious enough to contain the vast accession of objects, and the Amphitheatre was both too small, and in other respects inconvenient.

In 1787, Buffon procured the purchase of the Hotel de Magny, with its courts and gardens, situated between the Hill of Evergreens, and the Ru de Seine; he there constructed the Amphitheatre, which now serves for the lectures of botany and chemistry, and removed the lodging of M. M. Daubenton, and Lacepede to the Hotel de Magny. The second floor of the Cabinet which was thus left vacant, was fitted up for the reception of the collections, and permission obtained from government to erect an addition to the former galleries; the work was immediately begun, and continued without intermission, but it was not completed till after the death of Buffon.

As the buildings became more extensive, and the objects were disposed in a more striking manner, more value was attached to the collections, and the celebrity of the establishment increased. Individuals offered specimens to the Cabinet, where they were seen inscribed with the name of the donor, in preference to retaining them at home; learned societies eagerly contributed to the progress of knowledge, by enriching a public deposit; and sovereigns, as an agreeable present to the King, sent to his museum duplicates of the curiosities in their own. The Academy of Sciences, for instance, having acquired Hunaud's anatomical collection, added it to that of Duverney in the Garden; the Count D'Angiviller gave Buffon his private cabinet; the missionaries in China sent him

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whatever interesting objects they could procure in a country where they alone could penetrate; the King of Poland presented a very considerable collection of minerals; and the Empress of Russia, not being able to induce Buffon to visit St. Petersburgh, invited his son, and on his return presented him with several animals from the North, which were wanting to the Cabinet, and with various objects of natural history collected in her dominions.

Meanwhile, the government neglected nothing for the perfecting of an establishment which did honour to the nation as a repository of light, and a centre of communication. More considerable funds than had before been granted, were placed at the disposal of M. Daubenton, for the purchase of objects interesting from their rarity or their utility to science; foreign trees were transplanted; the Cabinet of Zoology was enriched by the collection of Sonnerat in India, by that of Commerson, made in Bougainville's voyage round the world, and by a part of that brought by Dombey from Peru and Chili, of which half the objects were detained by the Spanish government, who even prevented the publication of his narrative; commissions of correspondence, accompanied by a salary, were also given to learned travellers, who engaged to collect objects for the Botanical Garden and the Cabinet. Nevertheless, it must be owned, that all these collections were not at that moment of much utility, and it is only at a later period, and since the new organization of the establishment, that their importance has been felt, and their end attained. Buffon was not a friend to method; he described the exterior form, the habits and economy of animals, and ascended to the most elevated general views; but he disliked the labour of distinguishing characters, and settling principles of classification. In the arrangement of the Cabinet, he wished to excite curiosity by striking contrasts, so that like his own writings, it should present a picture of the most remarkable things in nature, independent of system, which he regarded as the artifice of man. This manner of considering natural history, was particularly pleasing to a mind that delighted in contemplating the universe of things as a whole; and, indeed, in nature, where all is harmony, the most different beings are placed side by side, and the imagination seizes at once the links which unite, and the characters which separate them. According to Buffon, the end of a general collection was attained, when it captivated the attention, and led the beholder to seek in living nature what was thus imperfectly represented; it was even deemed a useful exercise to separate what related to a peculiar study, from the crowd of objects that surrounded it.

One of the worst consequences of this system was the neglect of whatever was not calculated to interest the public. When a collection arrived, the most remarkable objects were selected to fill the empty spaces, and the rest were preserved in boxes, or allowed to remain in the obscurity of their packing cases. As there

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was, at this period, no professor of zoology, or of mineralogy, the botanical garden was the only part of the establishment methodically distributed throughout. Yet, far from reproaching Buffon with not having effected what it was perhaps impossible at that time to perform, we should rather acknowledge our obligations to him for having assembled, not only the numerous collection of birds contained in his work, and that of fishes described by M. de Lacepede, but also a multitude of objects of all kinds, which have since been properly arranged, and have eminently contributed to the progress of natural history.

In 1784, Daubenton the younger being obliged by bad health to resign his place of keeper and demonstrator of the Cabinet, Buffon appointed, as his successor, M. de Lacepede, who was thus fixed in the pursuit of natural history, in which he has since made so eminent a figure, both as a professor and an author.

We have said that there was at this period chairs for botany, anatomy, and chemistry only; but as Daubenton and his assistant repaired daily to the Cabinet, naturalists were enabled to obtain explanations of the objects before them, and these private lessons were the more useful, as they were adapted to the capacity and knowledge of the hearers. Lemonier had been Professor of Botany since 1758, and Bernard de Jussieu demonstrator since 1722; but the former being obliged to reside at Versailles, and the latter finding himself weakened through age, M. de Jussieu, his nephew, was chosen to supply the place of both, and was thus charged with the lectures in the garden, and the botanical excursions in the country. During the last years of his life, Bernard de Jussieu intrusted the details of cultivation wholly to M. Andre Thouin, and it was a signal satisfaction to him to witness the replanting of the Botanic Garden. When he walked in the establishment, his former pupils crowded around him, listening to him with eagerness, and treasuring up with veneration his slightest words. Among his many services to the garden, must be reckoned the education of his nephew, who has made of botany a regular science, by developing and perfecting the natural method.

M. Desfontaines was appointed Professor of Botany about the year 1786, immediately after his return from Barbary with the plants of which he has since published the history. At the period of his appointment, the Botanic Garden was already very rich; and the instruction was no longer limited to the demonstration of medicinal plants; for the progress of the science since Tournefort, by the intermediate labours of Linnæus, Adanson, and de Jussieu, authorized and required a more philosophic plan. M. Desfontaines was the first to perceive the importance of a general knowledge of the nature of vegetables, the functions peculiar to each organ, and the phenomena of the different periods of their development, in order duly to understand their generic and specific characters; he therefore, divided his course into two parts; the



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first he devoted to the anatomy and phisiology of vegetables; the second to the classification and description of the genera and species. From that period, botanical instruction was no longer confined to the exterior forms of plants, but comprised their affinities, uses, and modifications. To the method of teaching adopted in the King's Garden since 1788, are to be ascribed those works which have made vegetable physiology the basis of botany, and led to the applications of this science in agriculture and the arts.

Buffon died on the sixteenth of April, 1788, and his place of Chief Intendant of the King's Garden was given to the Marquis de la Billarderie. We come now to the third and last period of our history, that which extends from the death of Buffon down to the present time, including the epoch of the new organization, to which we have already occasionally alluded. On the 20th of August, 1790, M. Lebrun made a report, in the name of the committee of Finances of the Constituent Assembly, on the state of the King's Garden, in which its expenses were estimated at 92,222 francs; 12,777 being necessary for repairs. This report, which was the signal for a new organization, was followed by the draught of a decree proposing the reduction of the Intendant's salary from 12,000 to 8000 francs; the suppression of several places, particularly that of commandant of the police of the Garden; an increased stipend to some of the professors; the creation of a chair of natural history, &c. &c.

The disorders of the revolution beginning at this period, M. de la Billarderie withdrew from France, and his place of Intendant was filled by the appointment of M. de St. Pierre, in 1792. St. Pierre undertook the direction of the King's Garden at a difficult conjuncture. That distinguished writer was gifted with eminent talents as a painter of nature, and a master of the milder affections; he knew at once to awaken both the heart and the imagination; but he wanted exact notions in science, and his timid and melancholy character deprived him of that knowledge of the world, and that energy of purpose, which are alike requisite for the exertion of authority. Nevertheless, he was precisely the man for the crisis. His quiet and retired life shielded him from persecution, and his prudence was a safeguard to the establishment. He presented several memoirs to the ministry, containing some very sound regulations, conceived in a spirit of economy which circumstances rendered necessary. In these memoirs may always be noticed the following words,—"After consulting the elders," by which term he designated the persons who had been long attached to the establishment, though without an official share in its administration.

At a period so pregnant with disaster to the fortunes of the King, it may well be supposed that the King's wild beasts would not meet with a kinder treatment than the rest of the family. In

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fact, the Menagerie at Versailles being abandoned, and the animals likely to perish of hunger, M. Couturier, intendant of the King's domains in that city, offered them, by order of the minister, to M. St. Pierre; but, as he had neither convenient places for their reception, nor means of providing for their subsistence, he prevailed on M. Couturier to keep them, and immediately addressed a memoir to the government on the importance of establishing a Menagerie in the garden. This address had the desired effect, and proper measures were ordered to be taken for the preservation of the animals, and their removal to the Museum; which, however, was deferred till eighteen months after.

A decree of the Legislative Assembly having about this time suppressed the universities, the faculties of medicine, &c., there was reason to fear that the King's Garden would have been involved in the same proscription; but, as the people were led to believe that it was destined for the culture of medicinal plants, and that the laboratory of chemistry was a manufacture of saltpetre, the establishment escaped destruction. At last, on the 10th of June, 1793, a decree for the organization was obtained, chiefly by the exertions of M. Lakanal, President of the Committee of Public Instruction. The following are some of the most essential articles:—

"The establishment shall henceforth be called the *Museum of Natural History.*

"Its object shall be the teaching of Natural History in all its branches.

"Twelve courses of lectures shall be given in the Museum. 1. A course of Mineralogy. 2. A course of General Chemistry. 3. A course of Chemistry applied to the Arts. 4. A course of Botany. 5. A course of Rural Botany. 6. A course of Agriculture. 7 and 8. Two courses of Zoology. 9. A course of Human Anatomy. 10. A course of Comparative Anatomy. 11. A course of Geology. 12. A course of *Iconography.*

The third section provides for the formation of a library, where all the books on natural history in the public repositories, and the duplicates of those in the National Library, shall be assembled; and also the drawings of plants and animals taken from nature in the Museum.

By the above decree, twelve chairs were established, without naming the professors; the distribution of their functions being left to the officers themselves. These were M. M. Daubenton, keeper of the Cabinet, and Professor of Mineralogy, in the College of France; Fourcroy, Professor of Chemistry; Brogniart, Demonstrator; Desfontaines, Professor of Botany; De Jussieu, Demonstrator; Portal, Professor of Anatomy; Bertrud, Demonstrator, Lamarck, Botanist of the Cabinet, and keeper of the Herbarium; Faujas St. Fond, Assistant keeper of the Cabinet, and Corres-

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In 1798, the Professors presented a memoir to the government, exposing the wants of the Museum. The magnificent collections which had been received were still in their cases, liable to be destroyed by insects, and comparatively useless for want of room to display them. There were no means of nourishing the animals, because the contractors, who were not paid refused to make further advances. The lions became sulky for lack of food; and even the tigers showed symptoms of displeasure, and forewent their "wonted cheerfulness." The same distress existed in 1799, which was the more to be regretted from the value of the recent collections. Of these the more important were the following:—In June, 1795, arrived the cabinet of the Stadtholder, rich in every branch of natural history, and especially of zoology. In February, M. Desfontaines gave the Museum his collection of insects from the coast of Barbary. In November of the same year, a collection was received from the Low Countries; and that of precious stones was removed from the Mint to the Museum. In February, 1797, the Minister procured the African birds, which had served for the drawings of Levaillant's celebrated work. In 1798, the collection formed by Brocheton, in Guyana, and the numerous objects of animated and vegetable nature collected under the tropics, by Captain Baudin and his indefatigable associates, filled the hot-houses and the galleries of the Museum.

The government manifested the most unceasing and lively concern for the establishment, and did every thing in its power to promote its interests; but "penury repressed their noble rage," and rendered it impossible to furnish the necessary funds for the arrangement of the collections, the repairs of the buildings, the payment of the salaries, and the nourishment of the animals. These last-named gentry were indeed placed under very trying circumstances; and shortly after this period, it was even deemed necessary to authorize M. Delauney, Superintendant of the Menagerie, to kill the least valuable of them, in order to provide food for the remainder.

The face of things, however, speedily changed. The events of November, 1799, by displacing and concentrating power, established a new order of things, whose chief by degrees rendered himself absolute, and by his astonishing achievements cast a dazzling lustre on the nation, and suddenly created great resources. The extraordinary man who was placed at the head of affairs felt that his power could not be secured by victory alone, and that, having made himself formidable abroad, it was necessary to gain admiration at home by favouring the progress of knowledge, by encouraging the arts and sciences, and by erecting monuments which should contribute to the glory and prosperity of the "great nation."

But the proceedings of Buonaparte in the bird and beetle line being less generally known than his floating at Tilsit, or his sink-

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ing at Waterloo, their narration will afford materials for another article. We shall then bring down the history of this magnificent establishment to the present times, and conclude by a description of its existing state.

For the Port Folio.

## WILLIAM PINKNEY, Esq.

Mr. Oldschool,

In casting our eye back and enumerating the great men of the present æra, the name of William Pinkney will generally be ranked among the foremost. His profound learning as a lawyer, and his consummate skill as an advocate, will not soon be forgotten. I have heard it said that it was his practice to pass the greater part of the night preceding the argument of a cause in declaiming the speech he intended to deliver. His devotion to study, to the exclusion of all amusement and company, was carried to an unusual excess. He declared, it is said, a short time before his death, that he had aimed to be at the head of the bar in this country, and if he did not flatter himself he had succeeded: but no man knew the labour it had cost him. I am glad to perceive that *Mr. Wheaton* has undertaken the biography of Pinkney; and trust that in his hands it may prove an ornament to our literature, and a monument to the fame of the deceased.

A Student

For the Port Folio.

## PROGRESS OF BENEVOLENT AND USEFUL INSTITUTIONS, PUBLIC ENTERPRISES, &c. &c.

The last Report of the Lehigh Coal Company, affords a pleasing presage of the success of that enterprise. During the year 1822, 68000 bushels of coal were transported to this city, which quantity was increased in the following year to 230,000 bushels. The prejudice at first excited against this fuel, has yielded to the experience of its excellence and economy. The company proposes to enlarge their works, so as to enable them to bring to market, next season, 500,000 bushels.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Bishop White and several others, among the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia, continues to give the best evidence of its usefulness. At its head, the Directors have placed a gentleman of piety, learning and experience, who is ably supported by the co-operation of three other

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male teachers, of liberal education and of undoubted moral character,—all of whom have been regularly instructed in the principles of this system, and are well qualified to communicate them to the mute children intrusted to their care.—There are sixty-nine pupils now under instruction; four of whom are supported from a fund provided by the neighbouring state of Jersey.—No pupils are received under nine years of age, between which period and that of fifteen, having been found to be the most suitable time for deriving superior benefits from the Institution. Pay scholars are charged $160 per annum for education, board, washing, and medical attendance. Day scholars pay $40 per annum. Every article of summer or winter clothing, necessary for the Institution, (excepting hats) is now made within its walls, and a considerable surplus remains to be applied to domestic uses, or sold. It is very justly remarked, by the writer of the Report, from which we derive this abstract, that the employment of the pupils in this department, without interfering with their scholastic duties, or depriving them of every desirable recreation, produces those habits of useful industry which are essential to their future support and happiness. The skill acquired by some of the females in making straw and gimp bonnets is such, that at a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania, the first premium for this manufacture was awarded to their specimen. The ladies' committee, we are informed, continue their useful attentions to the domestic concerns of the Institution. Under their unremitting and laudable superintendence, the girls' department exhibits propriety of conduct, regularity in their different avocations, and a considerable proficiency in all the various branches of female occupation, which they are endeavouring to obtain from their highly respectable matron and female teacher, who enjoy the undiminished confidence of the board.

Public attention has very recently been called to the institution of a "PROVIDENT SOCIETY FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE POOR," by a sensible and practical address from a committee appointed for that purpose. (M. Carey, J. J. Janeway, Benj. Allen.) The obligation to provide for the poor, is admitted on all hands; and they do it most effectually, who combine with immediate relief, the habits of industry, which lead to cheerfulness, health, and independence. There are many, say the Committee, who are extremely desirous of employment; who instead of wandering from door to door, are known to suffer in secret. This description of persons is not confined, as these gentlemen state, to the "widow and the fatherless." Many a father, reckless of that precept, in which he who neglects to provide for his own family, is stigmatized as worse than an infidel, squanders in gratifications of his own palate, what would give comfort to his fire-side. It is not long since we heard it remarked by a sexagenary, that of all those families which were considered, forty years ago, as of "the first circle," or "the old

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standards," there was scarcely one, at present, in which some of the descendants or connections were not to be found reduced to the necessity of earning a support, or deriving it from public or private benevolence. Let parents of the present day ponder upon this appalling truth; as it may *compel* them, in the education of their children, to combine useful knowledge with the arts of embellishment.—The committee has referred to a number of facts to demonstrate the utility of their project. A society of ladies in this city, from slender funds, we are told, has found employment for 500 persons. In New England, an establishment, similar to that which is here proposed, has become a source of profit. By a judicious attention to the wants and the ability of the poor, in his parish, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, from the pittances collected at the church-door, not only relieved every object of distress, but established several schools. The success of the measures adopted by our philanthropic countryman, in regard to the beggars of Munich, is well known. We cannot put into operation such decisive means as he employed; but this society may do much, if the public co-operate heartily with the individuals who have undertaken this christian service. Every consideration of duty and interest, calls for our united exertions, to remove the growing evil of pauperism; and if we consulted only our own personal comfort, that would imperiously bid us not to let "the sweat of industry dry, and die."*

The Legislature of Maryland has passed an Act to incorporate the *Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.* It is a simple act of incorporation for a company to cut the proposed canal, without appropriation or pledge; capital, six millions of dollars, shares one hundred dollars each. Unless one and a half millions be subscribed over and above the old Potomac stock and claims, the law is to be void. It is likewise subject to the ratification of Congress and of Virginia, so far as it reserves certain rights to the state to connect with, or continue the canal at pleasure, provided the navigation of the main canal be not thereby impaired.

The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company has at length fixed upon the following as the most eligible route for a canal across the Delaware Peninsula, viz: Beginning on the Delaware river near Newbold's landing, where an artificial harbour and a tide lock must be provided, the Canal should be cut through St. George's meadows to St. George's mill dam; there to be lifted by a lock of eight feet:—thence through St. George's mill dam, through the dividing ridge of the peninsula, and through Turner's mill pond, to a lock of six feet fall at Turner's mill dam; and thence along Broad and Back Creeks to a tide lock near the mouth of Long Creek.

* The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to.——— *Cymbeline.*



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It was adopted on the recommendation of several engineers, who were unanimous in their preference of this over all the other courses. As ample funds have been provided, we hope that it will not be long before the astonished Bay shall hear our River roar.*

## LICENTIOUS POETS.

Unfortunately for the cause of morality, too many writers have been contented to seek notoriety, by clothing licentious sentiments in the glitter of poetical imagery; while every thing which could refine the heart, and extend the common charities of our nature, has been overlooked or derided. The worst passions of mankind have been brought forward, as the objects of a perverted imagination; and characters have been deified, with no other claim to the worship they have received, than a terrible superiority in the hardihood of committing crimes, or in the sophistry of palliating them. It would be equally absurd and false to deny the praise of

"Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn,

to many poems, which the friends of virtue, if they read at all must read with regret. It is, notwithstanding, consolatory to look around, and find that the highest mental excellencies, have been most frequently ennobled by an association with virtuous principles, and by a reference to worthy ends. In fact, it invariably happens, that, should a poet commence his career with the most rare endowments, they will be debased by their employment in the cause of irreligion. The very purpose which they are meant to advance, will weigh them down by a kind of moral gravitation, insensible perhaps to the writer, but palpable to all whose judgment is unbiassed by the love of evil, or whose respect for the sanctions of divine and human law is unimpaired. A poet of this perverted school may for a while astonish and delight: but the splendid medium through which he has dazzled and misled, will pass away; and the sober decisions of good sense, good feeling, and good principle, will rank him as he is. He will be eventually denied a place upon that eminence of renown, where the mightiest, and the holiest of his brethren shall repose through an immortality of admiration and reverence.

For still this sovereign principle we find,
True in the individual as the kind;
Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
The moral pow'rs and powers of intellect:

* The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar.
*Thomson's Winter.*

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Still these on those depend, by union fine,
Bloom, as they bloom, and, as they fade, decline.
Talents ('tis true,) gay, quick, and bright, has God
To virtue oft deny'd, on vice bestowed;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To paint the insect's, than the eagle's wings,
But of our souls the high-born loftier part,
Th' ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, lab'ring thoughts intense,
Creative fancy's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, VIRTUE, these to thee alone belong:
These are celestial all, nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould.
Chill'd by the breath of Vice, their radiance dies,
And brightest burns, when lighted at the skies;
Like vestal flames, to purest bosoms given
And kindle only by a ray from Heaven.

GRANT'S *Poem on the Restoration of Learning in the East.*

Milton, himself an illustrious exemplification of his own remark, has a passage in his prose works to the same effect; "True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth, and that whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

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For the Port Folio.

## REES' CYCLOPÆDIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In looking over an English magazine for 1817, I find it stated that a Mr. Churchill is preparing "corrections, additions, and continuations to Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia," which will form a companion to that work.

Can you inform me whether this supplement has been published?

The American edition of this great work is very deficient, in regard to our domestic science and literature; although in the prospectus assurances were given, and repeated on the covers of the first volumes, that it should be "revised, corrected, enlarged, and adapted to this country, by several literary and scientific characters."

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Who these "characters" are, or whether they were any better than "men in buckram," I should be glad to know. Would it not be worth the while of a few gentlemen of general acquirements to compile an addition to this work? So little has been done, that it might almost be said that the whole field of American science and literature is yet open. P.

For the Port Folio.

## TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.*

These letters were first communicated to the world, through the medium of that excellent journal—the *Christian Observer*. They were not intended originally for the press, but were permitted to be published chiefly with a view, as the writer states, to exhibit to the readers of that work, "somewhat of the bitter evils of slavery; a subject respecting which he fears even the religious part of the British public are [is] not yet sufficiently informed or impressed."

This being his object we must express our surprise that the traveller did not rather bend his course to the West Indies, where examples in abundance might have been seen, and reported to those who have it in their power, to mitigate the evils which furnish such copious themes for commiseration to the philanthropists of the present day. In this great work of emancipation, we have gone before the people of the old world; we have given them an example which they had better imitate, than weary themselves in perpetual lamentation over our alleged inconsistency and injustice. The overflowings of British sympathy, for these hardships, would be welcomed by the blacks of Jamaica; while they serve only to irritate American readers, who regard them as little more than the ebullitions of affectation or prejudice. We cannot forget that it was the cupidity of British subjects which first darkened our soil, with this abandoned race, and that our abhorrence of the traffic formed one of the main causes of the Revolution. We are doing all that we can to eradicate the curse which has been entailed upon us; and we must confess that it moves our spleen when we behold these pilgrims of philanthropy leaving the scenes of domestic oppression and wretchedness, to shed their tears in the cotton fields of Georgia. They remind us, with a sneer, of "the first principle of our government," that all men are by nature free, &c; as if it were not as much a fundamental law of their own constitution; and

* Remarks during a Journey through North America, in the years 1819, 1820 and 1821, in a series of Letters; with an appendix containing an account of several of the Indian tribes; and the Principal Missionary Stations, &c. Also a Letter to M. Jean Baptiste Say, on the comparative expense of Free and Slave Labour. By Adam Hodgson, Esq. of Liverpool.

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as if it were not as flagrantly violated by a press-gang as by a slave-holder. In justice to Mr. Hodgson, however, it must be admitted, that he is not to be ranked among the class of tourists upon which we have been animadverting. He is an intelligent man; an impartial witness, and we believe, an active Christian. He can see no difference in principle between selling a gang of negroes in the city of Washington, and executing, in the city of London, a bill of sale of a similar gang in our own West India Islands." p. 180.

The following passage is quoted at length in justice to this writer; and because it contains some facts which we think will be new to many of the cockney travellers, whose sensibility is so deeply wounded, when they hear that we do not permit negroes to sit at the same table with us; and who are ready to faint at the sound of an overseer's whip, while they can witness *the removal of a pauper*, at home, without emotion. But to the present purpose.—

"The melancholy feelings with which I quitted this scene were not diminished by the reflection, that it was *my* country which first transported the poor African to these western shores; that it was when they were the shores of a British colony, that slavery was first introduced, by British ships, British capital, and with the sanction and encouragement of a British parliament. Would that I could forget that in a single year (1753) no less than thirty thousand slaves were introduced into America, by a hundred and one vessels belonging to Liverpool alone; and that the efforts of many of the American states to abolish the importation of slaves, were long defeated by the royal negative which was put on those acts of the colonial legislature, which had for their sole object, the extinction of the slave-trade; and that Burke was but too well justified in stating in parliament, that 'the refusal of America to deal any more in the inhuman traffic of Negro slaves, was one of the causes of her quarrel with Great Britain!' Would that I could forget that if America has still her slave holding states, we free Britons have also our slave holding colonies; and that in neither the one nor the other, has one step yet been taken towards the emancipation, however remote, of the injured Africans!"

Mr. H. cites a few instances of barbarity, which will certainly produce as lively emotions of disgust here, as they may have excited in the minds of his English readers: although we do not think they evince a greater depravity of feeling, than is exhibited at some of the British sports, which are patronized by the votaries of fashion, and the scions of nobility. In some cases we think Mr. Hodgson has been imposed upon by persons who have been themselves deceived. Of this nature, is the anecdote related at p. 217, of a gentleman in Maryland, who formed a Sunday-school, for the laudable purpose of teaching his slaves to read the Bible, and who encountered so much opposition from the prejudices of his neighbours, that he was obliged to arm himself when he visited his seminary. This anecdote is said to have been communicated to the author by

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a member of the Young Men's Bible society of Baltimore; but we think it has not been accurately repeated. We are tolerably well acquainted with the history of this state, since the era of Bible societies, and we never heard of any person being obliged to put himself in "the armour and attitude of war," when he chose to indulge himself in the occupation of teaching his *slaves*.

Mr. Hodgson, we understand, is a partner in a commercial house in Liverpool. He is also the treasurer of a church missionary society. In perusing his letters, therefore, we are not following the obscure footsteps of a Fearon or a Faux, and noting the price of potatoes and pumpkins; but we are in company with a gentleman of enlarged and liberal views, who is at once an amusing and an instructive companion. He visited the Canadas, and traversed the United States from their northern to their southern limits. This extensive route comprehended the states of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee. "I have crossed," he says, "the Alleghany in Tennessee, the Blue Ridge in Virginia, and the Green Mountains in Vermont. I have sailed on those inland seas, and traversed those boundless forests, which are associated with our earliest conceptions of this western world. I have seen the St. Lawrence precipitate its mighty torrent down the Falls of Niagara, reflect upon its calm expanse, the frowning battlements of Quebec, and then flow majestically to the wintry shores of Labrador; and the Mississippi, rising in the same table land as the St. Lawrence, rolling its turbid waters for three thousand miles, to the orange groves of Louisiana, and, at last, falling into the Gulf of Mexico, under nearly the same latitude as the Nile. I have conversed with the polished circles of the Atlantic cities; the forlorn emigrant of the wilderness: the Negro on the plantation; and the Indian in his native forest. In successive intervals of *space* I have traced society through those various stages which in most countries are exhibited only in successive periods of *time*: I have seen the roving hunter acquiring the habit of the herdsman; the pastoral state merging into the agricultural, and the agricultural into the manufacturing and commercial."

We cannot undertake to tread very closely upon the heels of the traveller, through this wide-spread region; particularly, as the generality of our readers are more or less acquainted with all that he has described.

His account of the manner in which emigrants are treated on their arrival in Canada, offers nothing very tempting; not one in five hundred of them, he says, who does not feel bitterly disappointed on his arrival at Quebec. Land is given to them in *fee-simple*, but the *fees-of-office* are so onerous, that the poor subject is ruined by the royal bounty. Mr. Hodgson was invariably told that "if a settler had but very little money, it would be much

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more to his advantage to *buy* land, than to *receive* it from government." p. 12. He thinks, very justly in our opinion, that as an acquisition to the United States, neither the American government nor the people, regard that country as particularly desirable. He sets down Mr. Birkbeck as a wild and sanguine speculator, who might have invested his property to much greater advantage in some of the Atlantic states. Intemperance is stigmatized as the crying sin of the Union; but a proper discrimination is made between the different sections. Thus, in the Eastern States, "it is not uncommon, but in the Middle, and still more in the Southern States, it prevails to a lamentable extent." Yet he acknowledges that he has "not seen six instances of brutal intoxication since he landed in America." The decanters of brandy placed on the dinner tables at inns, of which guests partake without additional charge, are always used with moderation; and, upon the whole, he is of opinion decidedly, that the sin of drinking to excess, prevails less extensively here than in England. He pays a just tribute to the propriety of demeanour which distinguishes our females, in all ranks of life; than which, he says, nothing struck him more. Pilfering, house-breaking, highway robbery, and murder, he finds far less common here than at home. The same remark is made of indelicate and profane language, in comparing England with the Eastern states; though he thinks the practice equally prevalent in the middle and far more so in the Southern Atlantic states. In opposition to our boast of republicanism, but in accordance with language which is daily heard among us, he divides our society into classes. In the first, he places what are termed the Revolutionary Heroes, who hold, he says, a sort of patent of nobility. The young ladies in this circle, he found "particularly agreeable, refined, accomplished, intelligent, and well bred." In the second class, he includes the leading political characters of the present day,—the more eminent lawyers, the well-educated merchants and agriculturists, and the most respectable of the *novi homines* of every profession. The young ladies of this class, are characterised as lively, modest, and unreserved; easy in their manners, and rather gay and social in their dispositions.

This classification is more fanciful than just. That we have our "first circles" and our "*not the most genteel society*," cannot be denied by the sturdiest advocate of democracy. But it would be utterly impossible—not to say dangerous—to lay down any general rule for determining the *caste*. Revolutionary merit cannot achieve the first rank in our fashionable society, unless it has something more solid than laurels to boast; nor are talents or the profession of the individual, a sufficient passport. Wealth is the most powerful talisman. He who bears the golden bough in his hand, may cry *Open Sesame* at every door. Though his speech be rude, and his origin as obscure as that of the Nile, a man of unquestionable opulence may woo and wed, among the proudest of "*the old stand-*

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*ards.*" The sudden loss of the head of a family, will banish his children from the envied saloons of fashion, until an alliance with the heir of some wealthy—nobody, enables them to emerge from obscurity, and reclaim their station. Such occurrences are familiar to every one; and yet we daily hear the most animated discussions about the pretensions of individuals to be admitted into this or that circle! Distinctions in social society will always exist; and we can only lament, that those which prevail in this country, are not more congenial with the principles of our political institutions.

In Philadelphia the ladies dress more to Mr. H's taste than in any place that he recollects. It is truly observed, that sensible men among us, are disgusted with the extravagant pretensions which are maintained in our public prints, when this country is compared with others; but he should have added, that this vaunting is confined chiefly to editors of a limited range of intellect.

Mr Hodgson was put to no small inconvenience, as every decent person must be, by our beastly habit of "*spitting*, without regard to time, place, or circumstances." It is, indeed, a most offensive peculiarity in American manners, and deserves marked reprobation. He condemns the profusion and waste usually exhibited at meals, and, by an association of ideas which is not difficult to trace, remarks that he has only seen three beggars, since he landed. He celebrates, in no stinted terms, the kindness and hospitality, the good sense and intelligence, which he met with every where. "The American character," he says, "to be estimated correctly, must be regarded as a whole; and as a whole it has been calumniated to a degree derogatory, both to the intelligence and the generosity of my country. *The Americans have been exasperated into unfriendly feelings* by our real jealousy and apparent contempt, &c. p. 93.

Mr. Hodgson is much surprized at the appearance and conversation of some of our American legislators; and we must confess that they are in general a very raw set of people. He does not know that a large majority of these ignorant and often illiterate persons are guided by wiser heads, behind the curtain, in all matters of moment. The business, however, of state legislation, is not very intricate; and as these sagacious bodies assemble once, and in some instances, twice a year, their blunders are soon rectified. A diverting anecdote, which has much *vraisemblance* in it, is related at p. 222. During the sitting of the legistare of Indiana, at Corydon, a member proposed "a removal of the seat of government to some other place, on the plea that the price of boarding and lodging at Corydon was extravagant—eighteen shillings per week, and the fare bad. The representative from Corydon, replied sharply, and told him that he got better living at that place than he ever got at home; and that if he would be satisfied with such food as he was accustomed to at home, the tavern keeper would

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maintain him for half price." That such exhibitions are, as our traveller states, a very legitimate source of amusement, we shall most readily admit; but we are pleased to find that he has the candour to acknowledge, what his countrymen generally do not, that these are accidental excrescences, which will disappear, as our country fills up, and education is more diffused. Let it be recollected, that these Solons, are infinitely more harmless than the tawny savages, who, but a few years ago, were tenants in common with wild beasts of these very territories; and the most ridiculous scenes which they have ever exhibited, were not more preposterous than some which have been witnessed among the representatives of a people, who have long boasted of their superior refinement in the courtesies of life.

We hesitate, from an apprehension of being suspected of heterodoxy, in adverting to the practical evils which this intelligent traveller has observed in our systems of state-government. But they are so glaring, that their existence must be admitted by all but the zealots of party. The introduction of persons in so important a station, who are obviously incompetent to discharge its duties, is an objection which would naturally occur to a foreigner, but the force of it is greatly diminished when we reflect that their attention is frequently called to the humblest objects. "Permit me,"—said one of our legislators who had never spoken before—"permit me to say something on this bill, respecting swine; for I was born among hogs, and bred among hogs, and know more about hogs than any man in this house."

Another great and lamentable evil, is the subserviency to popular opinion, which pervades the holders of offices. We have such a thirst for the influence or the rewards, which flow from official station, that we have not courage to follow the dictates of our own judgment; but suffer ourselves too frequently to be moved by the machinations of unprincipled demagogues. "Independently of the injurious moral effects of an insatiable appetite for popularity in the individual," says Mr. Hodgson,—"a constant reference to popular favour, imposes very inconvenient trammels on the representative, in the discharge of his legislative duties. He is too apt to consider himself as addressing his constituents, rather than the legislative assembly, and to think less of the effect his speech is likely to produce in favour of his argument in the capitol, than in favour of himself at home. As an incentive to activity, this may have a good effect; but the efforts to which it prompts, especially in the way of oratorical flourishes, do not always produce advantages to the public, commensurate with the care and trouble, 'the anxious days and sleepless nights,' they may have cost the individual."

That there is a great deal of this sort of *captandum* declamation, in which much time and money are wasted, cannot be denied; still our traveller thinks it "impossible for an unprejudiced stranger



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to visit the beautiful Senate-chamber and House of Representatives, without being struck with the intelligence and practical skill of congress; the regularity of their proceedings: their ready, perspicuous, forcible, business-like style of eloquence, and, with some exceptions, their habitual courtesy and attention to the feelings of opponents." p. 227.

We do not know whether these letters have been republished in Great Britain; but we hope they will be circulated among the readers of that country, in a separate form. Their merit as a literary performance, entitles them to this distinction; while the facts and observations with which they abound, will have no inconsiderable influence in dissipating the mischievous libels of prejudiced and malevolent scribblers.

## ON DIVERSIONS AND HOLIDAYS.

It is frequently remarked by those, who have visited the savage nations on the northern continent of America, that deformities of person are hardly ever seen amongst them; and that, in a greater degree than could be expected from their stature, strength, agility and hardihood, are the qualities belonging to almost every individual of every tribe. These circumstances too the observers unanimously ascribe to their treatment in childhood; to their being allowed, during the years of infancy, to range without restraint wherever inclination leads them; to bask in the sun, or to roll in the snow or the mire; to sport in the stream; or to climb the rock or the mountain in search of pastime or employment.

Nature, indeed, has wisely given to children an incessant and almost irresistible propensity to that motion and activity, which she has made necessary to the well being both of body and mind. Confine them to their place, and they are wretched; let them run at large, and they are happy. And it is found by observation and experience that this continued exercise is not more requisite to the growth and strength of the limbs, than to the due improvement and exertion of the intellectual powers. As far then, as is compatible with the advancement of literature, and the security of good morals, let not the example of the savage and the dictate of nature be neglected amongst us. Our children, whether at home or at school, should be permitted in their hours of relaxation, to seek their own amusement according to their own fancy; to play with as little direction or restraint as is consistent with health and safety. Their own choice is necessary to the enjoyment of their sport; and consequently to its continuance. The interference of the parent or teacher soon generates indifference; and indifference to their amusements seldom fails to be accompanied, as its cause or its effect, with a general indifference and insensibility of mind.

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These sports too must be changed solely according to their own discretion or caprice. If with a view to adapt his amusements to his age, to the season, or the situation, you prescribe whether your son shall pursue his top or his hoop, he immediately pursues it with languor, or throws it aside in disgust: and when his pleasure is destroyed, the expected benefit of exercise is lost.

That the diversions of boys, at least after the years of infancy, and the acquisition of the alphabet, should not be made subservient to the attainment of learning, has already been observed. Science may by all possible means be rendered amusing; but amusement must not clandestinely be made the handmaid of science. The youth cannot be cheated into knowledge. The attempt has, indeed, the recommendation of Locke; but, I believe, it never yet had the recommendation of success. As soon as the purpose of such pastime is discovered, the pastime itself is considered as a task. Play derives its principal attractions from liberty and variety. The acquisition of science requires steady attention to a single object; even when the delight of novelty has been succeeded by fatigue and disgust.

Play may certainly be rendered an incentive to study, by being granted as its reward. But this must be the gift only of the time and the opportunity. The choice of his sports must still be left to the youth himself; and the most valuable part of the boon will always be its freedom. This freedom I venture to recommend with the greater earnestness; because with the same vigour and animation, with which he pursues his diversion, he will generally, when he returns to them, pursue his studies. The desire of superiority and the love of honour will attend him from the play ground to the school; and the companions and rivals, who give spirit and pleasure to his amusements, will invigorate his application to science.

Nor should the more hardy and even dangerous diversions be too strictly restrained. They give to the rising generation activity of body and vigour of mind; the capacity of making manly exertions, and bearing fatigue without inconvenience; and courage and confidence in themselves and their own powers. Advantages, like these, are surely worth some risk in the purchase. Animation, activity and spirit in youth every where procure respect and applause for their possessor; but contempt and ridicule are universally excited by the delicate nursling of domestic education, who shivers at the approach of every shower, and consults his thermometer before he ventures into the open air. Nor is this risk so great as is frequently supposed. It is by no means ascertained that the proportion of accidents is greater in the most numerous of our public schools, than in the most limited and vigilant of our private seminaries. I certainly would not directly encourage any amusements, which are either illiberal in their nature, or dangerous to personal safety. But the master must often connive at

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what he cannot prevent; and what, though frequently condemned by parental tenderness or maternal timidity, is almost always beneficial in its tendency and its effects. Delight in hardy and gymnastic exercises, and the desire of that honour, which excellence in them never fails to procure, will often turn the attention aside from less virtuous pursuits; and weaken the force of passions, which are sometimes too powerful to be directly resisted; and which might otherwise be indulged to the irreparable injury of the constitution, of all the faculties both of body and mind. In the heathen mythology the goddess of the chace was the enemy of love.

It has, no doubt, by this time occurred to the reader, that I do not greatly applaud the boasted system of our academies, in having an usher constantly with the pupils in the play-ground. To a teacher of understanding and spirit this is a most irksome task; and one of a different description commonly evades it. If the usher restrain the freedom and vivacity of the children in their sports, he restrains them in what I consider as equally delightful and beneficial; and if he do not restrain them, his attendance can have hardly any other effect, than to weaken, by his familiarity with his pupils, the weight and influence of his advice or instructions. This duty, as it is called, may with more advantage be entrusted to the care and honour of the monitors of the school. They may be made responsible, and they will not decline the responsibility, that none of their school-fellows shall transgress the boundaries prescribed; or be guilty of any gross offence against propriety or good morals. To this an additional and valuable security may easily be contrived. The premises of the academy may without difficulty be so arranged, that the customary sitting-rooms of the master and the principal teachers may overlook the whole circuit of the play-ground. Improper language may then be heard; improper conduct may be seen; and any attempt to range beyond the precincts will be immediately detected. All the benefits expected from the attendance of an usher may by such means be obtained, and its evils at the same time avoided: and any childish irregularities, at which the master may think it prudent to connive, he will not be supposed to have observed.

But while we condemn that constant and excessive restraint, of which the natural tendency and the usual effects are to produce artifice, meanness, and effeminacy; and often to aggravate the vicious propensities, which they profess to correct; yet it must not be forgotten, that the opposite extreme is still more dangerous and destructive. When the pupils are permitted to walk beyond the precincts of the academy, an usher should undoubtedly attend them; and when they are indulged in the recreation of bathing, an expert swimmer, for obvious reasons, should be always at hand. When they are more advanced in age, some restriction should be laid upon such amusements, as obviously threaten their health or

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parsonal safety; and upon all such company, as may be likely to subject them to inconvenient expense, or to endanger their principles and morals. But on points like these, it is difficult to prescribe general rules. Such regulations cannot be devised as will apply to every possible occurrence. What is proper or improper in each particular case, what is to be granted or refused, must be decided, at home by the authority of the parent, and at school, by the discretion of the master. The observations that have been made, are intended rather to assist their judgment, than to direct their conduct.

To these remarks upon puerile diversions may properly be subjoined a few observations on the important subject of holidays at school. If these are to be considered as seasons of total idleness; if attention to literature is to be entirely suspended; then, indeed, should they, if granted at all, be granted with a very sparing hand. But the very principle on which they are so frequently allowed, and allowed with so much propriety, by our public schools is, that there is authority to enforce a task. The student will work with additional vigour half the day, on condition that he may play the rest: and this continual interchange of labour and relaxation, of his diligence and its reward, is equally pleasing and beneficial; equally conducive to his health, his comfort, and his improvement.

But in our academies the circumstances are so different, that the same principle does not by any means apply to them with the same force. In them a holiday can rarely be granted, but it will interfere with the attendance of some occasional master; the pupils will lose a lesson in dancing, fencing, or drawing. And this consideration ought to have its weight with parents against taking their children home so frequently for a holiday on useless and trivial occasions; for a birth-day, or an election; a play, a ship-launch, or a review. With respect to *day scholars*, where such are admitted, instead of performing any task that may be required, half of them will bring notes or messages of excuse; and though these excuses are a perpetual source of vexation to the master, and a perpetual injury to the progress of his scholar, yet will he never be able to prevent, and he will not venture to disregard them. With respect to the boarders, if they are to be confined within the usual limits, they will in all probability be weary of the day before it is at an end; and a diminution of study will not be compensated by an increase of enjoyment. But if a more extensive excursion can be contrived for them, and no material business will be lost, a holiday may be given with good effect, when a fit occasion appears to require it. It may be granted as the reward of extraordinary merit in the pupils; or in commemoration of some national advantage. A holiday given on such occasions, will make pleasure the vehicle of patriotism, and relaxation the herald of virtue.

It is obviously most convenient that the two principal holidays, or vacations, should divide the labours of the year into two equal

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portions; and the customary duration of a month for each seems reasonable both for the master and the scholar, unless, indeed, some deduction may be made from the winter recess, in order to extend the period of relaxation at the more agreeable season of the year. Were the literary improvement of the student only to be consulted, a month's total omission of business would certainly be too long. But to the master it is as little as can be allowed; to examine and arrange his domestic affairs; to visit, or to receive, the private friends of his family; to see and converse with the parents or guardians of his various pupils; to relax his attention from the exertions and fatigues of his profession; and to recover that health and strength, that vigour and activity of body and mind, which the faithful discharge of his official duties for five months together will not fail to have impaired.

Nor are such recesses without their advantages to the student. They are suitable opportunities to cultivate and improve the mutual affection between parents and their offspring; which by too long a separation would unavoidably lose something of its force. They are the proper seasons for the youth to become acquainted, and to form friendships, with the connections of his family; to acquire the established modes of address and good manners in general society; and to attain some knowledge of the world, under the most eligible of all protection; the protection of those, who from the ties of nature, of habit, and of duty, are the most attached to his person, and the most interested in his welfare.

During this period, indeed, the conduct of the parent is of the utmost importance to the learning, as well as the virtue, of his son. The vacations should not be seasons of total idleness, or incessant dissipation. Were they to be considered merely as the opportunities of relaxation from literary pursuits, they are, as has just been observed, already too long for the advantage of the student: yet almost every parent seems willing to increase them, by taking his son from school a week before the commencement of the recess, and detaining him at home another week, beyond the time fixed for its termination. This proceeding is, indeed, equally injurious to his progress in science and his habits of application. It will require no small proportion of the succeeding season to bring him again to the point where his teachers had left him; to recal the knowledge that was fading from his memory; and to fix attention anew upon his business and his studies. This practice of the parents I have always considered as decisive of the much agitated question respecting tasks for the holidays. I would not destroy the pleasures of the recess, by loading the pupil with business; nor would I render his return to school an object of terror, by the extent and difficulty of the exercises which he would be called upon to produce. But I would enjoin enough to keep his studies in his recollection; to remind him that, for the present, learning is his most important pursuit; the improvement of his

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intellectual faculties, the great duty required at his hands. The tasks, that I would recommend, should be of two kinds; composition in prose or verse, which, when once finished, is always ready at the call of the master; and the repetition of a portion of his Greek or Latin grammar, which, it is obvious, he ought not to be suffered to forget. The parent should himself insist upon the due performance of the task required; and not request, at the conclusion of the recess, excuse and pardon for its omission. This not only encourages the idleness of his own child; but leaves him to suppose that the master tyrannically imposes such labours, as it is not necessary or beneficial for him to perform.

A portion of these vacations might be usefully and agreeably employed upon what either does not usually form a part of the system of a school, or might too much interfere with studies of more immediate necessity; in attention to the fashionable accomplishments of music, dancing, or drawing; in attaining some knowledge of the principles of mechanics, or of natural and experimental philosophy. These pursuits would be considered rather as a relief, than a continuance of labour; they engage the mind without fatiguing it; and often recommend science by presenting it in the company or the garb of pleasure.

Strange as it may appear, it is yet necessary to caution parents against encouraging in the minds of their children a mean opinion of their master and their school. It is customary with many of them, as was observed on a former occasion, to make frequent inquiries of their sons respecting the temper, the abilities, the table, and the whole conduct of the teacher; and thus tempt them to sit in judgment upon the character, which they should have been taught implicitly to respect; to censure or despise, where they ought only to reverence and obey! Nor is this always the weakest or the worst part of their conduct. At one time the child is not to be teazed with his books; because he will have more than enough of them at school; at another, he must be indulged with wine and delicacies; because no such comforts are allowed at school. At home he must be allowed to share in the entertainments of the evening; because he will be compelled to go early to rest at school; and for any improper conduct the penalty usually threatened is, to be sent back immediately to school. Thus the place of his education is rendered an object of terror or detestation. The school is *a house of correction;* of which the master bears the lash and the keys.

It cannot be necessary to warn a parent not intentionally to deprave the sentiments or morals of his son by his own conversation or example. But he may with propriety be cautioned against negligence on the subject. I need not quote the authority of the Greek philosopher to prove the proneness of children to the imitation of the words and actions of those around them; and it is universally acknowledged that this proneness operates in its full

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force in the imitation of vice and folly. The presence of his child should therefore be, according to the advice of the Roman satirist, an additional restraint upon the language and behaviour of the parent: and it should be a peculiar object of his concern, not to introduce his son into any company, or not to suffer him to continue in it, where such vulgarity or licentiousness of manners may be exhibited, as the youth ought not to copy in his own conduct; or where such conversation may take place, as he cannot hear without prejudice to the purity of his mind. Cato thought it improper to enter the bath in company with his own children: and Charles the Fifth of France dismissed a nobleman from his court in disgrace; because he had uttered some licentious expressions in the presence of the prince his son.

The vacations are undoubtedly the seasons when the parents and the children ought to receive mutual gratification by the indulgence of their mutual affections; but the mistaken fondness of the former should not retard the improvement, or relax the principles, of the latter. The tenderness of the father must be in some degree tempered by the firmness of the philosopher. In a case where his own comfort and duty, and the virtue and happiness of his offspring are equally concerned, he may reasonably be required to support for *a little month* something of the regularity and discipline, which he expects the master to sustain for the rest of the year; and which, without his countenance, assistance, and example, either cannot be sustained at all, or must be sustained with great difficulty, and to no valuable purpose.

## ON RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

It was once observed to me in conversation, by a man of the first eminence in the profession, that schoolmasters were not the teachers of* religion to their pupils: and another of distinguished reputation declared, that he had never called upon his scholars to learn even the Church Catechism; and in the course of many years he had in a single instance only been censured for the omission. How far the opinion of the former was an important and dangerous mistake, it shall be the business of the present disquisition to examine; and in whatever degree the declaration of the latter marks the indifference and negligence of the age on this awful subject; in the same degree it increases the obligation and the

* It may be proper to observe, that throughout this chapter, when I speak of religion in general, I mean by it, a belief in the existence, and the moral government of God; and consequently in a reference of our actions to his laws, and a responsibility in a future state for our conduct in the present.

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difficulties of the schoolmaster, and ought to increase his diligence and zeal.

To produce again the various and important testimonies, by which the truth of the Christian revelation has been so frequently and so decisively maintained, would lead me far beyond the limits, which the nature of my undertaking allows to any separate portion of the work; and fortunately such a detail, if not foreign, is at least unnecessary, to the present purpose. The obligation of a schoolmaster to give religious instruction to his pupils may, I think, be unanswerably proved; whether Christianity be, what we are taught to believe it, the dictate of divine revelation; or, what modern philosophy affects to deem it, the mere expedient of human policy.

Whatever may be maintained respecting the origin and the cause of the corruption of human nature in its present state, the existence of such corruption cannot be denied. No man, who has attentively considered what has passed in his own mind, what he has seen in the conduct of others, or what all history has told him, will be inclined to doubt the weakness of our judgment, the tendency of our passions to excess, and the actual wickedness of mankind. To whatever cause this corruption is to be ascribed; whether to the native defects of our frame and constitution; or to some deviation from the purity in which we were created; whether the narrative of Moses is to be received as a truth of divine authority, or merely as *an apologue to account for the origin of moral evil:* it is admitted on all hands, that the effects of this corruption ought by every possible means to be restrained and counteracted; and especially by the precepts, which education should instil, and the habits, which it ought to establish. It is admitted too, that the doctrines and precepts of Christianity are adapted, above all others, to the attainment of this important object; that they are the best calculated in themselves, and have been found the most efficacious in practice, to control the affections, to rectify the judgment, and to regulate the conduct. To teach this religion to his pupils, then, will be one of the first and most indispensible duties of a schoolmaster.

The cause of the corruption of our nature has not been hypothetically stated, as if the point were really doubtful in itself, or the probabilities on both sides of equal weight; but only to show that on either supposition, the argument is valid, and the obligation of the teacher unquestionable. In justice, however, to the religion we profess, it should be observed, that the account in scripture of the cause, the consequence, and the remedy, of human depravity is rational, intelligible, and consistent; and that no other hypothesis has yet been advanced possessing equal or similar claims to our assent. It will be soon enough to insist on the superiority of its external testimony, when any other system shall



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be produced, of which the internal evidence can be placed in competition with the narrative of our Bible.

The ablest politicians of all ages and nations have admitted religion to be, not only an useful and valuable engine of state, but an indispensible bond of union in all civilized society; the firmest basis of government, and the best principle of obedience to its laws. That christian philosophers should have recommended christian principles is, indeed, naturally to be expected; and their testimony or their authority might be questioned, because they might be suspected of partiality to their own opinions and faith. But the same political utility is insisted on by the authors of antiquity, who never heard of christianity; and by the infidels, who have rejected it in our own times. Aristotle has allowed that laws merely human are not sufficient to render the members of a community wise and good; and Plutarch has declared, that it were as easy to build a city in the air, as to form a political establishment without religion. Bolingbroke has observed, that *the doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state has so great a tendency to enforce the civil laws, and to restrain the vices of men, that reason, which cannot decide for it on principles of natural theology, will not decide against it from principles of good policy:* and Montesquieu admits that *the doctrines of christianity deeply engraven on the heart, would be infinitely more powerful than the false honour of monarchies, the humane virtues of republics, or the servile fear of despotic states.* Bayle himself allows the value of religious principles; for he considers their utility as the cause of their invention and existence; and it is now generally received as a maxim, that a society of atheists could not long subsist. Great names have not been adduced on this occasion, as if sound argument could not easily be found; but to save the time and trouble of again discussing a question, which their reasoning and authority have already decided; and to show, that the testimony of the enemies of christianity, as well as the judgment of its friends, is uniformly in favour of the opinion, that has been advanced. In whatever degree, then, deference is due to the sentiments of the most sagacious statesmen, as well as of the soundest divines, to the decisions of the wisest and the best men in every civilized nation of the world; in the same degree will it be incumbent upon the schoolmaster to teach the principles of religion to those, whose morals, as well as learning, are entrusted to his care.

If the fundamental articles of christianity, and a future state of rewards and punishments have not been proved to universal satisfaction to be true; they have not and they cannot be proved to be false; and the unanimous and unvaried sentiments of the good and pious have borne ample testimony to the temporal comforts and advantages of a settled faith in the doctrines, and an habitual obedience to the precepts, of the religion we profess. Supposing then, for a moment, that the arguments which maintain,

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and those which oppose, the truth of the christian revelation, are of equal weight; that the probabilities for and against a state of moral responsibility are a balance to each other; still to make some provision, by integrity and piety, for the awful and inestimable chance of a life to come, is as much the dictate of prudence and policy, as we believe it to be of virtue and duty. In the mean time the good man enjoys, under every vicissitude of fortune, the consolations of conscience and of hope; and he forfeits no pleasure, which his own reason would not condemn; he subjects himself to no labours, which are not their own reward. This reasoning has, indeed, long been familiar amongst us; but it has become familiar only because it has been allowed to be just; and it will again prove the propriety and the duty of educating our children in the principles and the habits which our religion has enjoined.

It is clearly the object of the preceptor to prepare his scholars to become virtuous and useful members of the community, in which providence has placed them; to enable them to provide for their own subsistence, and to lend their aid to the subsistence of others; to maintain their own rights, and to perform their own duties, without interrupting the duties or violating the rights of their fellow subjects. It will therefore be incumbent upon him to teach them, not only a knowledge of those sciences, which it may be necessary for them to understand; but submission to the laws, which they will be required to obey; not only to support the political establishment of the state, but to embrace the doctrines and the worship of a christian church.

How far it may be innocent or prudent for any man to publish what he conceives to be truth, or to teach what he deems to be right, at the risk of unsettling the opinions or disturbing the peace of the society, from which he receives protection, is a question of equal difficulty and importance; but which it is not necessary to the present purpose to determine. Peculiar circumstances may, indeed, be imagined, cases of extremity may easily be stated, in which it would be justifiable to put every thing to hazard; but it must be admitted, as a general principle, that where any man acts ministerially in a public capacity, the laws of the land ought to be the guide of his conduct, and the keeper of his conscience. Assuming christianity to be, what we are taught to believe it, a revelation from heaven, the question on the duty of teaching it to our children is at once and for ever decided. Nor have I supposed the possibility of its being the mere expedient of human policy, as if I thought its divine origin could rationally be doubted; but that I might discuss the point before me on the ground most favourable to those, who differ from me in opinion. To the utmost liberality of sentiment, I hope I have conceded enough; to the modern affectation of it, certainly too much. I shall no longer, therefore, even in argument, compromise the interests of truth and the dignity of divine revelation. The doctrines of our scriptures I shall

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consider as sacred and inestimable truths; before which sophistry should be silent, and presumption abashed; and the precepts I shall not only receive with reverence, as the laws of God; but contend for them with zeal, as the bulwark of the happiness of man. *For my own part,* says Addison, *I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of;* and to this I will venture to add, for it is little more than the fair and natural inference, that the doctrines and duties of religion are almost the only study, which we are not at liberty to cultivate or to neglect. They constitute the only science, which is equally and indispensibly necessary to men of every rank, every age, and every profession. Admit the authenticity of the Bible, and the principal object of education immediately becomes as obvious, as it is important; to regulate the sentiments, and form the habits of beings, degenerate, indeed, and corrupt by their own fault; but made by their Creator rational in their faculties, and responsible for their conduct. If it be the business of education to prepare us for our situation in life, and the business of life to prepare us for the happiness of eternity; then do we perceive a system of perfect order and beauty in itself; and equally consistent with what we observe in the world, and with the wisdom and goodness of its almighty author. Science immediately finds its proper level, and its due estimation. *The end of learning,* in the opinion of Milton, *is to repair the ruins of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him and to imitate him.* The speculations or the discoveries of reason and philosophy become truly valuable, when they conduct us to religious faith and obedience. But the *Lyceum,* the *Portico,* and the *Academy* have no real beauty or utility, unless when they form the vestibule to the temples of christianity. The only principle of action universally to be depended on; the only rational and intelligible motive to moral duty; the spirit that should at once direct and animate every part of human conduct, is obedience to the will of God, and the hope of his favour and reward. The christian religion then, the first and the last, the greatest and the best, of all human concerns, cannot without equal guilt and folly be neglected in education. It should, indeed, pervade its beginning, its progress, and its end. It should form the basis of that, of which it alone can constitute the perfection.

The truth and excellence of christianity, supported by the commands of its author, constitute the obligation to teach it to those entrusted to our care: and one circumstance, which peculiarly brings the obligation home to the schoolmaster is, that instruction on this subject, above all others, must be early begun and constantly continued. In this point, as in almost every other, man is the creature as much of custom as of conviction; and it is generally confessed, that if sentiments of religion are not impressed upon the mind in infancy or in early youth, they will seldom be

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impressed with sufficient force and effect. The heart will soon be occupied with other thoughts and other habits; and will not without reluctance receive such novel opinions, as tend to impose additional restraints upon its appetites and propensities. A vacant mind may, indeed, be seized at any period with the terrors of superstition, or the reveries of enthusiasm; but in youth only can be taught such a steady and rational system of faith, as shall form the principle of duty, and the comfort of affliction, through all the vicissitudes of life.

Religion, again, will have little value and little efficacy, unless it take possession of the affections, as well as the understanding; and it can take firm possession of the affections only while they are capable of deep and lasting impressions. It is commonly observed, that after a certain period of life, the heart does not readily admit new attachments; that men, advanced beyond the season of youth, seldom form new friendships; or do not form them with the warmth, the fondness and the delight of their earlier years. On the subject of religion the same principle will apply with at least the same force. He who does not adopt it in early life, seldom adopts it with cordiality and zeal; and it is generally suspected, that he who changes his system of faith and worship, and might therefore be supposed to choose from rational grounds of preference, acts rather from indifference, than conviction; from regard to interest, more than to truth. A change of profession is usually considered as a proof of the absence of the principle.

To this reasoning I am aware of but one objection; of one source only of the doubts of the schoolmaster upon the subject. It has been maintained, that as religion is a point, on which a man is responsible to his Maker alone, human laws can have no right to interfere with it; and that every individual should be left at full liberty to choose his own, without any influence from persuasion, prepossession, or authority. This objection is perhaps sufficiently repelled by the considerations that have been already adduced; and it might quickly be shown to suppose such an exemption from prejudice, as the weakness of human nature, and the course of human affairs, will never suffer to take place. But its futility may easily be yet further exposed.

That for his religion, as far as the soundness of his faith, the purity of his motives, and the moral merit of his actions are concerned, every man is accountable only to his Creator, will be fully admitted. But this is a very imperfect account of religion, or at least of its effects: and in every thing beyond this the notion is as erroneous, as it is pernicious. Religion is little more than an empty name, but as it is the principle and the rule of conduct: and as soon as this religion appears in the words and actions of the professor; from that moment it affects the interests of society, and must be subject to its laws; it becomes a point, in which one man is accountable to another, and each individual to the community.

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It is far from being intended to assert, that every man ought not, at every period of life, to reject for himself in religion, whatever on due examination he judges to be erroneous; and to adopt whatever appears to him to be founded in truth. It is as far from being intended to determine under what restrictions of prudence or authority every man should be allowed to publish and propagate his opinions. The purpose here is only to maintain, what it does not seem easy to deny, that if the community do not, by instruction and education, endeavour to establish in every rising generation such moral and religious principles, as will essentially and steadily influence their future conduct, it will not consult either the virtue and happiness of its members, or its own peace and safety.

If, according to the objection, every man must be left at liberty to choose his own religion, it ought to be shown by what motives he may be induced to pay so much attention to the subject, as ever to make an option; or if an option should be attempted, by what means he may be enabled to make it with impartiality and wisdom. If long study and much instruction be necessary to the acquisition of a language; if the labour of years be required to attain dexterity in a mechanical operation; and if previous discipline and custom be indispensible to prepare a man for almost every situation in society; is it to be supposed that he will possess ability and inclination to adopt a religion, and to obey its laws, without time, without assistance, and without application! Is that principle of action, which the politician allows to be the most useful, which the christian believes to be the most essential to moral duty, and which saints and martyrs have shown to be the most powerful in the human mind, is this principle to be left to the uncertainties of chance and choice, to be established or neglected as it may happen, without direction from authority, without information from instruction, and without stability from habit!

If, again, he must be suffered to make his own choice of a system of faith, he must of course be left without any religious principles till the choice be made: and the absurdity would hardly be greater, and the danger would be less, were he left without science, till he had on his own judgment determined what he ought to learn; or without the control of laws, till he had found leisure, abilities, and inclination to frame such as should restrain his own passions, and regulate his own conduct.

It may yet be observed, and it will not be disputed, that it is the privilege of the parent, not of the preceptor, to determine in what religious creed the pupil shall be instructed; and consequently, when the son is placed at school, the father will be justified in prescribing or prohibiting instruction in such articles of faith, as his own judgment shall approve or condemn. This is, no doubt, a case of considerable difficulty to a conscientious schoolmaster. But it is a case, which ought never to happen. The parent, who

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places his son under the care of a teacher, whose religious tenets differ essentially from his own, appears to me to fail in a very important article of his duty; and to hazard, for some inferior consideration of literature or convenience, the future virtue and happiness of his own offspring: and the master, who receives pupils under such circumstances, is probably driven by his necessities to consult his immediate interest, rather than his judgment or inclination.

With respect to the mode of teaching religion to youth, I know not that any great improvement can be made upon the course usually pursued. One general caution may be given; of which the advantages will be considerable, if it be judiciously observed. To reason with our children upon every subject and every occasion is too much the fashion of the present day. Let them be taught religion at least, in the first instance, rather by authority, than by argument. Let the objections of the infidel and the subtleties of the metaphysician be kept, as much as possible, out of their sight; and the fundamental doctrines of christianity inculcated, as truths too simple to be misunderstood, and too certain to be disputed. When the schoolboy reads in his Bible, that *in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth*, he believes the fact related, without any difficulty respecting the existence or the power of the Creator, the properties and the distinctions of matter and of spirit. But if you attempt to show him by logical deduction, that no effect can be produced without an adequate cause; that the world could not make itself, and was therefore made by an incomprehensible being, whom we call God; you will probably perplex rather than convince him; you will teach him to question what he would otherwise have steadily believed; or you will at best procure only that feeble and indecisive assent, which will neither secure his mind from scepticism, nor his conduct from depravity. When, again, he peruses the injunction of the Apostle, *let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for the powers that be are ordained of God;* he makes no question but that divine, as well as human, authority has commanded his obedience to the established laws of his country; and he considers sedition and insurrection as offences, not less against the precepts of religion, than against patriotism and good morals. But if you undertake to prove that subordination is necessary to the well being of society; that the smaller number must always govern, and the greater obey; and that it is more advantageous to himself to submit to restraint in his own person, than that others should be allowed to act without control; in all probability he either will not understand what you have endeavoured to teach; or he will conclude that what it requires so much argument to support may possibly be erroneous or false. He may be led to adopt the dangerous and ruinous notions, that he is not bound to believe more than can be scientifically proved, and that civil policy has principles and objects of its own, independent of

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the authority of the Deity, and without reference to the precepts of his revelation. It is equally known and lamented that too early an introduction to controversy has often made in theology a sceptic, and in morals a latitudinarian. Let the youthful student be kept far from it, then, till the exercise of his faculties on other subjects has enabled him to comprehend, not only the true force of the arguments, which the several disputants may have respectively employed, but the various causes from which it happens that differences of opinion may always exist amongst mankind, without any diminution of the certainty of truth, or of the obligations of moral duty.

Every child should be taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, as the first duty of every morning, and the last of every evening; even while his memory is yet exercised more than his understanding: and on the sabbath day, he should be required regularly to attend the public service of the church; as soon as he is of an age to comprehend the necessity of silence and decency. He cannot, indeed, for a time be expected to obtain much information, or to practise much devotion; but habit is as necessary in this case, as in all others, and acquires additional importance from the importance of the object. The catechism should be constantly and carefully taught; and as some portions of it are not, and from the nature of the subject, cannot be well adapted to the capacities of the younger pupils, some easy and familiar explanation should at the same time be put into their hands, and committed to memory. Once a day at least prayers should be read by the master to his scholars; and though rational devotion cannot perhaps always be expected from them; yet some good effect will be produced. The more serious will be immediately benefitted; right habits will be begun; and the most careless and dissipated will at some future period of their lives recollect with advantage the attention of their teacher to the duties of religion.

Nothing will impress the value and the doctrines of christianity more strongly upon the mind and memory, than seasonable and frequent reference to them in the ordinary lessons of the school. Comparisons, as the subjects happen to arise, between the reveries of heathen philosophy, and the truths of divine revelation; between the ethics of Cicero and of the Evangelists; and between the theology of the Iliad, and of the Bible, are never heard without attention, and seldom without advantage. These observations too appearing to be incidental and occasional, and being mixed with the facts and characters of the lesson, are listened to without prejudice, and remembered with facility. They seem to proceed, not so much from the duty required of the teacher, as from his own conviction; to be less the dictate of a master, than the advice of a friend.

It is hardly necessary to observe that I would by no means con-

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fine religious instruction to any particular description of pupils; to those destined for any peculiar profession. Christianity is equally the concern of all, and in the education of all should be constantly kept in view. Just notions of the Creator and his providence, of the moral government of the world, and of the conditions of our salvation, are as necessary to guard the integrity of the merchant, and to guide the honour of the soldier, as to form the principles of the legislator, or to constitute the lessons of the divine.

On this subject, however, above all others, the best instructions of the master must fail of their effect, if not countenanced and supported by the influence of the parent. The attendance on private and public worship will always be thought an irksome task at school, unless the example be followed, and the habit continued at home. That some parents are not themselves sufficiently informed to instruct their children in the doctrines of christianity; and that others cannot, or will not, find leisure to communicate the information they possess; that some are extremely negligent respecting the religious principles of their offspring; and that others think they have done all that is required, when they have placed them at a seminary of established reputation; all these considerations not only form an additional, and perhaps a conclusive, argument, that the schoolmaster is under an indispensible obligation to teach religion to his pupils; but greatly augment the difficulty of executing with success, what this obligation requires. Let me then press it upon the affections, as well as the understanding of the father, not to counteract, by his conversation or his actions, the religious lessons of the teacher. What it may not suit his talents or his convenience to teach, let him at least contribute the weight of his authority to enforce. Would they once reflect seriously on this momentous subject, the schoolmaster could hardly doubt their concurrence with his efforts. Except a few hopeless devotees of modern philosophy, *who would not wish his son to be a Christian!* Whatever may be the laxity of his own principles, or the defects of his own practice, hardly a parent can be found who would not wish that his offspring should be directed by the precepts, and supported by the doctrines, which the gospel has revealed.

For the Port Folio.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

So far we have experienced an unusually mild winter. The Delaware has not yet been "locked in icy fetters," and the Schuylkill has enjoyed nearly the same freedom. Moving ice has occasionally interfered with commercial pursuits, and thus afforded the weary merchant a little respite. The season has been congenial



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to most feelings and friendly to the poor. For several days past the Mercury in the thermometer has risen almost to summer heat. Among the curiosities of the season, a comet has made us a visit, but whether he comes the harbinger of good to man, or shakes his fiery tail in anger, the revolving year must show.

Another visiter whose designs are less equivocal and whose hand has been lifted against the inhabitants of this peaceable city, arrests more serious attention. For many years we have been exempt from that worst of all human plagues,—the small-pox,—which loathsome disease it was fondly hoped, and generally believed, had been entirely exterminated by vaccination. Recent experience, however, has proved that our community was not so universally protected as was generally supposed; and that many of the thoughtless poor had neglected the divine preventive held out to them so liberally by public provision, and were ready to admit the stranger into their houses. In this way many have fallen victims to a disease which all might escape by adopting in time a gentle precaution.

The small-pox infection now existing seems to be possessed of uncommon virulence, so that its effects are not entirely confined to those who are unprotected; but many who have had both small-pox and cow-pox have felt its influence. But whilst among the unprotected, the disease has in the majority of cases proved fatal, no well attested instance of death after vaccination has yet been recorded, and but one or two are spoken of after previous small-pox. The disease, as it has appeared among the *protected*, though in many instances ushered in by symptoms of considerable violence, has almost uniformly been found to subside rapidly; especially when abstinence, and a suitable cooling treatment have been adopted and persevered in. The eruption usually makes its appearance on the fourth day, and seldom continues longer than the fifth or sixth before it begins to dry away. At the same time all the constitutional symptoms subside rapidly and no secondary fever takes place as in confluent small-pox. No pits or marks are left on the skin, except in a few cases where there has been accidental irritation or improper interference. This affection has been looked upon by the faculty as something new and identified with the varioloid of the English and Scotch writers. It doubtless proceeds from the virulent infection of small-pox, of which disease it is a modification. It is only to be found among those who by some means have been rendered exempt from genuine small-pox. From this affinity and a general resemblance to the milder forms of variola, the term varioloid has taken its rise: an appellation which in our opinion implies no specific difference from small-pox, but will be found useful in designating a spurious form of disease, distinguished from its parent by most of its features and a much more lenient character. Ω.

*Philadelphia, 11th February.*

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## NATURAL HISTORY—THE RAIL.*

From *Wilson's* Ornithology.

Of all our land and water-fowl, perhaps none affords the sportsmen more agreeable amusement, or a more delicious repast, than the little bird now before us. The amusement is indeed temporary, lasting only two or three hours in the day, for four or five weeks in each year; but it occurs in the most agreeable and temperate season, is attended with little or no fatigue to the gunner, and is frequently successful; it attracts numerous followers, and is pursued in such places as the birds frequent, with great eagerness and enthusiasm.

The natural history of the *Rail*, or as it is called in Virginia the Sora, and in South Carolina *Coot*, is, to most of our sportsmen, involved in profound and inexplicable mystery. It comes, they know not whence, and goes, they know not where. No one can detect the first moment of their arrival, yet all at once the reedy shores, and grassy marshes of our large rivers swarm with them, thousands being sometimes found within the space of a few acres. These, when they do venture on wing, seem to fly so feebly, and in such short fluttering flights among the reeds, as to render it highly improbable to most people that they could possibly make their way over an extensive tract of country. Yet, on the first smart frost that occurs, the whole suddenly disappear as if they had never been.

To account for these extraordinary phenomena, it has been supposed by some that they bury themselves in the mud; but as this is every year dug into by ditchers, and people employed in repairing the banks, without any of those sleepers being found, where but a few weeks ago these birds were innumerable, this theory has been generally abandoned. And here their researches into this mysterious matter generally end in the common exclamation of "what can become of them?" Some profound inquirers, however, not discouraged by these difficulties have prosecuted their researches with more success; and one of those, living a few years ago near the mouth of James' river in Virginia, where the Rail or Sora are extremely numerous, has, (as I was informed on the spot) lately discovered that they change into frogs! having himself found in meadows an animal of an extraordinary kind, that appeared to be neither a frog nor a Sora; but, as he expresses it, "something between the two." He carried it to his negroes and afterwards took it home, where it lived three days; and in his own and his negroes' opinion it looked like nothing in this world but a real Sora changing into a frog! What farther confirms this grand

* RAIL—Rallus Virginianus. *Sora*, Catesb. i. 70.—*Arct. Zool.* p. 491, No. 409.—*Little American Water Hen, Edw.* 144.—*Le Râle de Virginie; Buff.* viii, 165.

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discovery, is the well known circumstance of the frogs ceasing to hollow as soon as the Sora comes in the Fall.

This sagacious discoverer, however, like many others renowned in history, has found but few supporters, and, except his own negroes, has not, as far as I can learn, made a single convert to his opinion. Matters being so circumstanced, and some explanation necessary, I shall endeavour to throw a little more light on the subject by a simple detail of facts, leaving the reader to form his own theory, as he pleases.

The Rail or Sora belongs to a genus of birds of which about thirty different species are enumerated by naturalists; and those are distributed over almost every region of the habitable parts of the earth. The general character of these is every where the same. They run swiftly, fly slowly, and usually with the legs hanging down; become extremely fat; are fond of concealment, and wherever it is practicable, prefer running to flying. Most of them are migratory, and abound during the summer in certain countries, the inhabitants of which have very rarely an opportunity of seeing them. Of this last, the Land Rail of Britain is a striking example. This bird, which during the summer months may be heard in almost every grass and clover field in the kingdom, uttering its common note, *crek, crek*, from sunset to a late hour of the night, is yet unknown, by sight, to more than nine-tenths of the inhabitants. "Its well known cry," says Bewick, "is first heard as soon as the grass becomes long enough to shelter it, and continues until the grass is cut; but the bird is seldom seen, for it constantly skulks among the thickest part of the herbage, and runs so nimbly through it, winding and doubling in every direction, that it is difficult to come near it; when hard pushed by the dog, it sometimes stops short, and squats down, by which means its too eager pursuer overshoots the spot, and loses the trace. It seldom springs but when driven to extremity, and generally flies with its legs hanging down, but never to a great distance. As soon as it alights it runs off, and before the fowler has reached the spot, the bird is at a considerable distance."* The *Water Crake*, or Spotted Rail of the same country, which in its plumage approaches nearer to our Rail, is another example of the same general habit of the genus. "Its common abode," says the same writer, "is in low swampy grounds, in which are pools or streamlets overgrown with willows, reeds, and rushes, where it lurks and hides itself with great circumspection; it is wild, solitary, and shy, and will swim, dive or skulk under any cover, and sometimes suffer itself to be knocked on the head, rather than rise before the sportsman and his dog." The Water Rail of the same country is equally noted for the like habits. In short, the whole genus possess this strong family character in a very re-

* *Bewick's* British Birds, vol. i. p. 308.

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markable degree. These three species are well known to migrate into Britain early in the spring, and to leave it for the more southern parts of Europe in autumn. Yet they are rarely or never seen on their passage to or from the countries, where they are regularly found at different seasons of the year; and this for the very same reasons that they are so rarely seen even in the places where they inhabit.

It is not therefore at all surprising, that the regular migration of the American Rail, or Sora, should in like manner have escaped notice in a country like this, whose population bears so small a proportion to its extent; and where the study of natural history is so little attended to. But that these migrations do actually take place, from north to south, and *vice versa*, may be fairly inferred from the common practice of thousands of other species of birds, less solicitous of concealment, and also from the following facts: On the twenty-second of February, I killed two of these birds in the neighbourhood of Savannah, in Georgia, where they have never been observed during the summer. On the second of May following, I shot another in a watery thicket below Philadelphia, between the rivers Schuylkill and Delaware, in what is usually called the *Neck*. This last was a male, in full plumage. We are also informed, that they arrive at Hudson's Bay early in June, and again leave that settlement for the south, early in autumn. That many of them also remain here to breed, is proved by the testimony of persons of credit and intelligence, with whom I have conversed, both here, and on James' River, in Virginia; who have seen their nests, eggs, and young. In the extensive meadows that border the Schuylkill and Delaware, it was formerly common, before the country was so thickly settled there, to find young Rail in the first mowing time among the grass. Mr. James Bartram, brother to the botanist, a venerable and still active man of eighty-three, and well acquainted with this bird, says, that he has often seen and caught young Rail in his own meadows in the month of June; he has also seen their nest, which he says is usually in a tussock of grass; is formed of a little dry grass, and has four or five eggs of a dirty whitish colour, with brown or blackish spots; the young run off as soon as they break the shell, are then quite black, and run about among the grass like mice. The old ones he has very rarely observed at that time, but the young often. Almost every old settler along these meadows, with whom I have conversed, has occasionally seen young Rail in mowing time; and all agree in describing them as covered with blackish down. There can, therefore, be no reasonable doubt as to the residence of many of these birds, both here and to the northward, during the summer. That there can be as little doubt relative to their winter retreat, will appear more particularly towards the sequel of the present account. During their residence here, in summer, their manners correspond exactly with those of the Water Crake of Britain; so that, although

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actually a different species, their particular habits, common places of resort, and eagerness for concealment, are as nearly the same as the nature of the climates will admit.

Early in August, when the reeds along the shores of the Delaware, have attained their full growth, the Rail resort to them in great numbers to feed on the seeds of this plant, of which they, as well as the Rice birds and several others, are immoderately fond. These reeds, which appear to be the *Zizania panicula effusa* of Linnæus, and the *zizania clavulosa* of Willdenow, grow up from the soft muddy shores of the tide water, which are alternately dry, and covered with four or five feet water. They rise with an erect, tapering stem, to the height of eight or ten feet, being nearly as thick below as a man's wrist, and cover tracts along the river of many acres. The cattle feed on their long green leaves with avidity, and wade in after them as far as they dare safely venture. They grow up so closely together, that, except, at or near high water, a boat can with difficulty make its way through among them. The seeds are produced at the top of the plant, the blossoms or male parts occupying the lower branches of the panicle, and the seeds the higher. These seeds are nearly as long as a common sized pin; somewhat more slender, white, sweet to the taste, and very nutritive, as appears by their effects on the various birds that feed on them, at this season.

When the reeds are in this state, and even while in blossom, the Rail are found to have taken possession of them in great numbers. These are generally numerous in proportion to the full and promising crop of the former. As you walk along the embankment of the river at this season, you hear them squeaking in every direction like young puppies; if a stone be thrown among the reeds, there is a general outcry, and a reiterated *kuk, kuk, kuk*, something like that of a Guinea fowl. Any sudden noise, or the discharge of a gun, produces the same effect. In the meantime none are to be seen, unless it be at or near high water; for when the tide is low, they universally secrete themselves among the interstices of the reeds, and you may walk past or even over them, where there are hundreds, without seeing an individual. On their first arrival they are generally lean, and unfit for the table: but as the reeds ripen, they rapidly fatten, and from the twentieth of September to the middle of October, they are excellent, and eagerly sought after. The usual method of shooting them, in this quarter of the country, is as follows: The sportsman furnishes himself with a light batteau, and a stout experienced boatman, with a pole of twelve or fifteen feet long, thickened at the lower end to prevent it from sinking too deep in the mud. About two hours or so before high water they enter the reeds, and each takes his post; the sportsman standing in the bow ready for action, the boatman on the stern-seat pushing her steadily through the reeds. The rail generally spring singly, as the boat advances; and at a short distance a-head, are

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instantly shot down; while the boatman, keeping his eye on the spot where the bird fell, directs the boat forward and picks it up while the gunner is loading. It is also the boatman's business, to keep a sharp look out, and give the word *mark*, when a Rail springs on either side without being observed by the sportsman, and to note the exact spot where it falls, until he has picked it up; for this once lost sight of, owing to the sameness in the appearance of the reeds, is seldom found again. In this manner the boat moves steadily through and over the reeds, the birds flushing and falling, the gunner loading and firing, while the boatman is pushing and picking up. The sport continues till an hour or two after high water, when the shallowness of the water, and the strength and weight of the floating reeds, as also the backwardness of the game to spring as the tide recedes, obliges them to return. Several boats are sometimes within a short distance of each other, and a perpetual cracking of musquetry prevails along the whole reedy shores of the river. In these excursions it is not uncommon for an active and expert marksman, to kill ten or twelve dozen in a tide. They are usually shot singly, though I have known five killed at one discharge of a double-barrelled piece. These instances however are rare.

The flight of these birds among the reeds is usually low; and, shelter being abundant, is rarely extended to more than fifty or one hundred yards. When winged and uninjured in their legs, they swim and dive with great rapidity, and are seldom seen to rise again. I have several times, on such occasions, discovered them clinging with their feet, to the reeds under the water, and, at other times skulking under the floating reeds, with their bill just above the surface. Sometimes when wounded, they dive, and rising under the gun-wale of the boat, secrete themselves there, moving round as the boat moves, until they have an opportunity to escape unnoticed. They are feeble and delicate in every thing, but the legs, which seem to possess great vigour and energy, and their bodies being so remarkably thin, or compressed, as to be less than an inch and a quarter through transversely, they are enabled to pass between the reeds like rats. When seen they are almost constantly jetting up the tail. Yet, though their flight among the reeds seems feeble and fluttering, every sportsman who is acquainted with them here, must have seen them occasionally rising to a considerable height, stretching out their legs behind them, and flying rapidly across the river where it is more than a mile in width.

Such is the mode of Rail-shooting in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. In Virginia, particularly along the shores of James' river within the tide water, where the Rail, or Sora, are in prodigious numbers, they are also shot on the wing, but more usually taken at night, in the following manner: a kind of iron grate is fixed on the top of a stout pole, which is placed like a mast, in a light

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canoe, and filled with fire. The darker the night the more successful is the sport. The person who manages the canoe, is provided with a light paddle ten or twelve feet in length; and about an hour before high water, he proceeds among the reeds which lie broken and floating on the surface. The whole space for a considerable way round the canoe, is completely illuminated; the birds stare with astonishment, and as they appear, are knocked on the head with the paddle, and thrown into the canoe. In this manner from twenty to eighty dozen have been killed by the negroes, in the short space of three hours!

At the same season, or a little earlier, they are very numerous in the lagoons near Detroit, on our northern frontiers, where another species of reed, of which they are equally fond, grows in great abundance. Gentlemen who have shot them there, and on whose judgment I can rely, assure me, that they differ in nothing from those which they have usually killed on the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill; they are equally fat and exquisite eating. On the sea-coast of New Jersey, where these reeds are not to be found, this bird is altogether unknown; though along the marshes of Maurice river, and other tributary streams of the Delaware, and wherever the reeds abound, the Rail are sure to be found also. Most of them leave Pennsylvania before the end of October, and the southern states early in November; though numbers linger in the warm southern marshes the whole winter. A very worthy gentleman, Mr. Harrison, who lives in Kittiwan, near a creek of that name, on the borders of James' River, informed me, that in burning his meadows early in March, they generally raise and destroy several of these birds. That the great body of these Rail, winter in countries beyond the United States is rendered highly probable from their being so frequently met with at sea, between our shores and the West India Islands. A captain Douglas, informed me, that on his voyage from St. Domingo to Philadelphia, and more than one hundred miles from the capes of Delaware, one night the man at the helm was alarmed by a sudden crash on deck, that broke the glass in the binnacle, and put out the light. On examining into the cause, three Rail were found on deck, two of which were killed on the spot, and the other died soon after. The late Bishop Madison, of Virginia, assured me, that Mr. Skipwith, formerly one of the American Consuls in Europe, informed him that on his return to the United States when upwards of three hundred miles from the capes of the Chesapeake, several Rail or Soras, I think five or six, came on board, and were caught by the people. Mr. Skipwith, being well acquainted with the bird, assured him that they were the very same with those usually killed on James' River. I have received like assurances from several other gentlemen, and captains of vessels, who have met with these birds between the main land and the islands, so as to leave no doubt on my mind of the fact. For, why should it be considered incredible, that a bird which can

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both swim and dive well, and at pleasure fly with great rapidity as I have frequently witnessed, should be incapable of migrating like so many others, over extensive tracts of land or sea? Inhabiting, as they do, the remote regions of Hudson's Bay, where it is impossible they could subsist during the rigours of their winter; they must either emigrate from thence or perish; and as the same places in Pennsylvania which abound with them in October, are often laid under ice and snow during the winter, it is as impossible that they could exist here in that inclement season. Heaven has therefore given them, in common with many others, certain prescience of these circumstances, and judgment as well as strength of flight, sufficient to seek more genial climates, abounding with suitable food.

The Rail is nine inches long, and fourteen inches in extent; bill yellow, blackish towards the point; lores, front, crown, chin and stripe down the throat black; line over the eye, cheeks and breast fine light ash; sides of the crown, neck, and upper parts generally olive brown, streaked with black, and also with long lines of pure white, the feathers being centered with black, on a brown olive ground, and edged with white; these touches of white, are shorter near the shoulder of the wing, lengthening as they descend; wing plain olive brown; tertials streaked with black and long lines of white; tail pointed, dusky olive brown, centered with black; the four middle feathers, bordered for half their length with lines of white; lower part of the breast marked with semicircular lines of white on a light ash ground; belly white; sides under the wings deep olive, barred with black, white and reddish buff; vent brownish buff; legs, feet, and naked part of the thighs yellowish green; exterior edge of the wing white; eyes reddish hazel.

The females and young of the first season have the throat white, the breast pale brown, and little or no black on the head. The males may always be distinguished by their ashy blue breasts and black throats.

During the greater parts of the months of September and October, the market of Philadelphia is abundantly supplied with Rail, which are sold from half a dollar to a dollar a dozen. Soon after the twentieth of October, at which time our first smart frosts generally take place, these birds move off to the south. In Virginia, they usually remain until the first week in November.

Since the above was written I have received from Mr. George Ord, of Philadelphia, some curious particulars relative to this bird, which, as they are new, and are communicated by a gentleman of respectability, are worthy of being recorded, and merit further investigation.

"My personal experience," says Mr. Ord, "has made me acquainted with a fact in the history of the Rail, which, perhaps, is not generally known; and I shall, as briefly as possible, communicate it to you. Sometime in the autumn of 1809, as I was walking



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in a yard, after a severe shower of rain, I perceived the feet of a bird projecting from a spout. I pulled it out, and discovered it to be a Rail, very vigorous, and in perfect health. The bird was placed in a small room, on a gin-case: and I was amusing myself with it, when, in the act of pointing my finger at it, it suddenly sprang forward, apparently much irritated, fell to the floor, and stretching out its feet, and bending its neck until the head nearly touched the back, it became to all appearance lifeless. Thinking the fall had killed the bird, I took it up, and began to lament my rashness in provoking it. In a few minutes it again breathed, and it was sometime before it perfectly recovered from the fit, into which, it now appeared, it had fallen. I placed the Rail in a room, wherein Canary birds were confined; and resolved that, on the succeeding day, I would endeavour to discover whether the passion of anger had produced the fit. I entered the room at the appointed time, and approached the bird, which had retired on beholding me, in a sullen humour into a corner. On pointing my finger at it, its feathers were immediately ruffled; and in an instant it sprang forward, as in the first instance, and fell into a similar fit. On the following day the experiment was repeated with the like effect.

"In the autumn of 1811, as I was shooting among the reeds, in pursuit of Rail, I perceived one rise but a few feet in advance of my batteau: When the bird had risen about a yard, it became entangled in the tops of a small bunch of reeds, and immediately fell. Its feet and neck were extended, as in the instance above mentioned; and before it had time to recover, I killed it. Some few days afterwards, as a friend and I were shooting in the same place, he killed a Rail, and as we approached the spot to pick it up, another was perceived, not a foot off, in a fit. I took up the bird, and placed it in the crown of my hat. In a few moments it revived, and was as vigorous as ever. These facts serve to prove, that the Rail is subject to gusts of passion, which operate to so violent a degree, as to produce a disease, similar in its effects to epilepsy. I leave the explanation of the phenomenon to those physiologists who are competent and willing to investigate it. It may be worthy of remark, that the birds which were thus affected, were all females, of the Rallus Virginianus, or common Rail.

"The Rail, though generally reputed a simple bird, will sometimes manifest symptoms of considerable intelligence. To those accustomed to Rail-shooting it is hardly necessary to mention, that the tide, in its flux, is considered as an almost indispensible auxiliary; for, when the water is off the marsh, the lubricity of the mud, the height and compactness of the reeds, and the swiftness of foot of the game, tend to weary the sportsman, and frustrate his endeavours. Even should he succeed in a tolerable degree, the reward is not commensurate to the labour. I have entered the marsh in a batteau at a common tide, and in a well-known haunt have beheld but few birds. On resorting to the same spot, on the next

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better tide, I have found abundance of game. The fact is, that the Rail dive and conceal themselves beneath the fallen reed, merely projecting their heads above the surface of the water for air, and remain in that situation until the sportsman has passed them; and it is well known, that it is a common practice with wounded Rail, to dive to the bottom, and holding upon some vegetable substance, to support themselves in that situation until they are exhausted. During such times, the bird in escaping from one enemy, has often to encounter another, not less formidable. Eels and cat-fish swarm in every direction, prowling for prey; and it is ten to one if a wounded Rail escapes them. I have beheld a large eel carry off a bird that I had shot, before I had time to pick it up; and one of my boys, in bobbing for eels, caught one with a whole Rail in its belly.

I have heard it observed, that on the increase of the moon, the Rail improves in fatness, and decreases in a considerable degree with that planet. Sometimes I have thought the remark was just. If it be a fact, I think it may be explained on the supposition, that the bird is enabled to feed at night, as well as by day, while it has the benefit of the moon, and with less interruption than at other periods."

For the Port Folio.

## A WINTER IN WASHINGTON.*

This is the title of a performance which the recent taste for American novels, has added to our stock of agreeable literature. There is rather a misnomer in both parts of it, since we have a winter in Washington, and a summer in the country; and the latter presents the more busy scene of action. Moreover, the only novel-like incidents, of any interest, relate, not to the Seymour family but to their friends. Many detached scenes are creditable to the talents of the writer; and the moral tone of the whole, is honourable to his character. The domestic manners are generally American; but the dialogues are deficient in vigour and polish. The landscapes are all our own; and they are described with a feeling which seems to be alive to all their wonderful beauties. Mrs. Seymour is a pattern for mothers; but the portrait is injured by a daubing of pedantry, which diminishes its effect. It is not very uncommon for mothers in this country, to be solicitous about the morals of their children; and they are generally very careful to instil correct sentiments into their minds; but the most cultivated among them is rarely furnished with appropriate passages from the poets for all occasions; nor, if she were so gifted, would it be graceful

* A Winter in Washington or Memoirs of the Seymour family. In two vols. New York. Bliss and White. 1824.

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or natural, to exhibit them with such prodigality, as they are poured out from the stores of this good matron's memory. The Seymour family is, however, a pleasing picture of domestic love and virtue.

We should be unjust to the purity which distinguishes polite society in our country, if we did not protest, with emphasis, against Mrs. Mortimer; a flippant and disgusting exotic, transplanted from the *haut-ton* of London; which, we trust, will never flourish in our soil.

Our married ladies are not seen, at all times and in all places, without their husbands. When this does occur, the conclusion generally follows, that the husband is destitute of that tenderness and consideration, to which the sex and character of his partner are entitled, and which no man withholds who has the feelings of a gentleman. Mr. Mortimer is not said to be a brutal husband; and even if he were, the conduct of his wife would be without excuse. The excellent Mrs. Seymour talks of her, and to her as her amiable cousin, her lovely and sweet cousin, &c. but she ought to have been indignant and disgusted at seeing a married lady, surrounded by beaux, who incessantly pour into her greedy ears hyperbolical flattery, and unwarrantable professions. Such a woman, were she beautiful as Helen, would be frowned out of an American drawing room, with silent, but deep emotion. We cannot account for such a blemish, in a performance which bears abundant marks of being the production of a correct mind.

The period selected by this author, is during the memorable era of Mr. Jefferson's administration. Of the private character of this individual, he seems to be an ardent admirer; but his enthusiasm leads him into the relation of incidents and conversations which are calculated to excite a smile, rather than respect. Thus we are told that "our beloved president," as he is always called, "who far more truly merits the title of 'Father of the People,' than Augustus," was once waited upon by the citizens of Washington, for the purpose of ascertaining his birth-day, which they wished to celebrate. This was very civil; but what reply did these dignitaries receive? "The only birth-day I ever celebrate" answered the President, "is the *fourth of July*, the birth-day of our country's liberty." This is bad enough; but the author makes it worse, by the commentary of one of his personages, who exclaims,—"There spoke the true patriot; it was a reply worthy of a Roman in Rome's best days!"

The phrase itself is rather the worse for wear, among the sophomores of our academies; but we never saw it so mawkishly applied.

The baron de Humbold is dragged in, head and shoulders, to bear a part in this preposterous idolatry. He is made to utter the following remark, to Mrs. Seymour:

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"Your good President has said, in his Notes on Virginia, that it is worth while to cross the ocean, to see the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge. With how much more force might he have said, "to see the majesty of a republic."

"And yet," said Mrs. Seymour, "you crossed the ocean, to *examine* rivers and mountains."

"These were not the objects which brought me to the United States," replied the traveller; "no: had there not been more interesting objects, I should have been contented with exploring," &c.—"No madam: neither your Alleghany nor your Potomac, could have excited curiosity, after visiting the Andes and the Amazon. It was your towering institutions, and not your towering mountains: your great men, and not your great rivers, that I came to examine and to study!"—or rather, said he, after pausing a moment, "I should speak more truly, if I said *great man;* for, in truth, *I should never have come to the United States, had it not been for your excellent President!!*"

On another occasion, this traveller pays a visit to the "good President," and finds him surrounded "by a half dozen or more of the most lovely, Hebe-like children,"—who were "puzzling their grandfather with enigmas," &c. Whereupon "our good President," is made to remind his unexpected guest of the old story of Henry IV!!

The traveller is outrageously shocked at the licentiousness of a gazette which he found on the President's table, and he asked, very naturally for one who had come so far to contemplate the majesty of a republic—why he did not have such a fellow hung? Mr. Jefferson replied, that he would protect the spirit of freedom which dictated that abuse. We are not furnished with the title of this paper, nor the name of its editor; but nobody knows better than Mr. Jefferson, what can be effected by means of the press.

Our author undertakes to present us with a view of the House of Representatives, when an important question of peace or war was to be determined. There was a great crowd, of course, to hear "the most eloquent orator in the assembly;" and we feel a little curiosity to know something of the peculiar cast of his attractive eloquence. We are simply told that the manner of the speaker was easy and graceful—his voice full and harmonious," &c. as may be read of every town-meeting declaimer. "Attention hung upon his accents, conviction followed his reasoning," &c; Something like this we have seen before; but the following is new, and brings the matter home.

"For five *long* hours he spoke; sometimes pausing to rest, taking a glass of water to refresh himself; often changing his position; now gracefully leaning against the back of his chair; now standing erect, with outstretched arm; now eagerly bending forward, as if the better to reach the hearts of his hearers."

This is called "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" but flesh and blood, at least among the ladies, we are informed, could

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not stand it—" without refreshment!" Then the gentlemen " ingeniously contrived, by tying baskets and handkerchiefs, full of oranges and cakes, to long poles, which they handed," &c. We are told that the orator " kindled enthusiasm in all who listened;" but what between his see-sawing on the chair, and the mounching of the cakes and oranges, the scene must have been any thing but dignified or impressive.

The following passage represents the eloquent member in repose after his laborious exhibition.

" Seeing Mrs. Mortimer, who was sitting on the steps which led up to the floor of the house, he glided from the group of friends who clustered round him, and throwing himself on the step below the one on which she sat—

' An alms,' said he, ' I beg an alms; pray have compassion on me, and divide with me that orange you are holding in your hand, for I am really exhausted." p. 14.

" While eating his orange, he leaned on his elbow, and looking in her face, listened with not unpleased attention to the compliments she bestowed on him."

Now if this had appeared in the pages of an English traveller, we think it would be regarded as a libel upon the dignity of our congress and a gross caricature of the manners of our ladies.

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For the Port Folio.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

### REPORT ON CHEMISTRY.

***Analysis of the principal varieties of coal of Great Britain.*** Dr. Thomson has recently made an analysis of the different varieties of coal found in Great Britain, under the names of caking coal, splint coal, cherry coal, and cannel coal. The finest variety, named from its fragments melting and uniting in a mass, is the New Castle coal, and that which occurs in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The splint coal, so called from its fracture, is adapted to making coke and smelting iron ores. The cherry coal abounds near Glasgow and Birmingham, readily catches fire, and burns with a clear yellow flame. The cannel coal occurs in the greatest abundance at Wigan in Lancashire, and is remarkable for its great combustibility, and the vivid light which it emits.

Dr. Thomson's analysis had three principal objects in view; to ascertain the incombustible matter in each variety, the relative quantities of coke and volatile matter, and the ultimate constituents.

The caking coal yielded 1 1-2 per cent of ashes, 77 per cent of coke, and, in the ultimate analysis, 75 1-4 per cent of carbon.

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The splint coal gave 9 1-2 per cent of ashes, 65 per cent of coke, and 75 per cent of carbon.

The cherry coal, 10 per cent of ashes, 52 per cent of coke, and 74 1-2 per cent of carbon.

The cannel coal, 11 per cent of ashes, 40 per cent of coke, and 65 per cent of carbon.

The other ultimate constituents consist of hydrogen, azote, and oxygen, in various proportions, except for cannel coal, which according to Dr. Thomson, contains no oxygen. The cherry and cannel coal, contain by far the greatest quantity of hydrogen; the former in the proportion of 12 per cent, and the latter in that of 22 per cent.

We have given the above remarks, because the subject of coal is one of great and growing interest to our citizens, both with reference to its use as fuel, and in gas illumination. A careful analysis of our coals, conducted on the plan pursued by Dr. Thomson, is at present, a great desideratum, and might lead to important results.

On the subject of gas lighting, it may be interesting to mention, that Mr. Timothy Dewey, who was sent to England by the gas light company of New York, to obtain precise information on the best methods of conducting gas illumination, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Annals of Philosophy, giving the result of his observations, after visiting the principal gas works in Great Britain and France. The letter itself is published in the December number of the Annals, and contains some valuable information. The principal subject, which has recently engaged the attention of writers on this species of light, has been the relative value of coal and oil gas: but Mr. Dewey, we think, very justly considers, that no absolute decision of this question can be made. It must depend upon the relative prices of coal and oil in different places, the value of the coal for the purpose, and the quantity and value of the coke produced. Hence it must happen, that in some cities, oil gas will be preferred; while in others, coal gas, in quantities to produce the same intensity of light, will be cheaper.

The great advantage of oil gas is, its consisting almost entirely of olefiant gas, that species of carburetted hydrogen, which all admit to be the most proper for illumination; while coal gas is made up of olefiant gas, light carburetted hydrogen, free hydrogen, azote and carbonic oxide, mixed in ever-varying proportions, its value depending upon the greater amount of olefiant gas which it may contain. Hence it is that, to produce the same intensity of light, it requires 3 1-2 times the quantity in bulk of ordinary coal gas, that gas does: for the illuminating power of coal gas being represented by one, that of oil gas is three and a half—equal bulks of the two being compared. We give the results obtained by Mr. Dewey, which coincide very nearly with those obtained by Messrs. Faraday and R. Phillips.

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From this statement, one great advantage of oil gas over gas from coal becomes evident. The pipes laid down to conduct it may be three and a half times less than for coal gas, and the gasometers and distilling vessels employed, in the same proportion smaller. Mr. Dewey also states, that the manufacture of oil gas requires less expenditure at first, and fewer hands to conduct it. It is on these accounts, and that oil is cheap, and coal comparatively dear in New York, that Mr. Dewey intends to recommend to his employers, to begin with the manufacture of oil gas.

*Compounds of Carbon with Chlorine.*—Mr. Faraday has the singular merit of having first effected the combination of these elements. It is well known that the combination cannot be effected by direct means, charcoal having been intensely ignited by galvanic electricity in chlorine, without undergoing the least change. But by subjecting the compound of olefiant gas with chlorine, repeatedly to the action of fresh portions of chlorine, the hydrogen is gradually replaced by the chlorine, until the former principle is entirely excluded, when nothing remains but the carbon and chlorine in combination. Already three compounds of these elements have been distinguished.

*Ignition of finely-divided platinum by a jet of Hydrogen.* Some very surprising results have lately been obtained by professor Dœbereiner of Jena. Having ascertained that the protoxide of platinum had the power of converting alcohol into acetic acid and water, by causing it to attract oxygen from the air, he was led to ascertain the effect of the same oxide on different gases. On trying hydrogen, a considerable quantity of it was absorbed, and the oxide became red-hot. The oxide thus charged with hydrogen, being allowed the access of air, is immediately deprived of its hydrogen, and afterwards reduced to the metalllic state. In this state, it has no effect on alcohol, or power to absorb hydrogen, but causes this latter gas to combine with oxygen, producing water.

Finding these results produced by metallic platinum, Dœbereiner next tried the effect of the finely divided platinum, obtained by exposing to a red-heat, the precipitate thrown down by a solution of sal ammoniac, from muriate of platinum. It was found that this metallic powder, sometimes called spongy platinum, had the power of causing mixtures of hydrogen and oxygen to explode, and that when a jet of cold hydrogen from a capillary orifice, was directed upon a small portion of it, it became instantly red-hot, and in a few seconds inflamed the gas. What makes this wonderful phenomenon more extraordinary, is, as Dœbereiner remarks, that it takes place between the lightest and heaviest species of ponderable matter. The author of the discovery considers the phenomenon to be due to electricity, supposing the hydrogen and platinum to form a galvanic combination, in which the former has the ordinary relation of zinc, or is electro positive.

The experiments of Dœbereiner have been confirmed by Dulong

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and Thenard, who have made some additional observations; among which the most interesting are the facts, that other metals, such as gold, palladium, and iridium, produce analogous effects, and that platinum in the state of foil, if crumpled, will equally produce the explosion of oxygen and hydrogen.

As yet, no proof has been adduced of the occurrence of chemical composition or decomposition, as productive of the ignition observed. The hydrogen does not unite with the platinum; and the mixture of atmospheric air with it, is not essential to the ignition, since Mr. Faraday has ascertained that the action of hydrogen alone, in close tubes, produces the same effect.

For the Port Folio.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The last production from the Waverley mine, has at length arrived, and all the reading world is doing homage at *St. Ronan's Well.* We are soon lead to expect a tale of horror;—

> A weary place, 'tis said, in days of yore;
> But something ails it now—the place is cursed,

and we are not disappointed. The interest is well supported throughout, the characters are admirably delineated, and the termination is as tragical as the most pensive reader could desire. The publication has been unaccountably delayed in Edinburgh; which has given rise to a diverting imposture in London, in the appearance of a pretended German translation. It is entitled "Walladmor," and purports to be published at Berlin, by Herby. Our readers will recollect that a trick somewhat similar was played on the Continent, in regard to one of the preceding tales from the same pen.

It is said that Mrs. Radcliffe left several inedited MSS., some of which are in a fit state for publication.

A literary Censorship has been established at Geneva, once the cradle of literary freedom.

Another overland Expedition in North America, to be entrusted to the command of captain Franklin, is mentioned in the English papers.

A new periodical is advertised in London, under the title—the Westminster Review. Like all new publications, of this description, it abounds in fair promises.

Mr. Blaquiere is preparing a work on the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution, together with some account of the manners and customs of Greece, anecdotes of the Military Chiefs, &c.

Mr. Coleridge has succeeded Mr. Gifford, as the editor of the Quarterly Review, at a salary of nearly 5000 dollars. This gen-



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tleman was formerly a republican in his political sentiments, but as he has been some time in training in an office under the government, we presume he has qualified himself for this new station.

The Philadelphia Recorder, a weekly paper which was commenced last year by the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal church in this city, has been transferred to the Rev. Edward R. Lippitt, by whom it is now conducted.

Dr. Green, late President of Nassau Hall, is the editor of the Presbyterian Magazine in this city. In this respectable office he acquits himself with that ability, which his piety, his learning, and his long experience in the labours of the church, entitle his readers to expect from him.

"The Christian" is a weekly paper, recently established here by an apostle of Unitarianism. We know not who is the editor of this journal, but we are amused at observing how kindly he coaxes our straight-coated Quakers.

"La Corbeille" is the title of a weekly paper, devoted to literary pursuits, of which the first Number has just been issued in Philadelphia. The editor, professes to be a "gallant cavalier" in devotion to the ladies; but his sails will not be filled by their gentle breath, if his hostility to the companions of their leisure hours, be so unrelenting, as might be inferred from the following paragraph:

"Circulating Libraries may also be taken into the account, as productive of the effect we allude to. The facility with which Novels are procured from these depots of Utopian small wares, have a powerful influence in impeding the circulation of sound literature and useful knowledge. This kind of reading induces a sickly diathesis of the mind, which incapacitates it from relishing aught but the lachrymal sentiment, or incredible adventures of the respective Mysteriarchs. The simple and wholesome food presented to it, is rejected with disgust. It is too strong for its assimilating faculties. Persons thus situated are in a mental marasmus, from which nothing can relieve them, but the sure, though drastic operation of the sad realities of life."

Mr. Lemuel G. White, who calls himself *Professor of Elocution*, has published "A Selection from Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, in which all those words subject to an incorrect pronunciation, are brought directly into view; with original notes designating those which are acknowledged to be exceptions." If this gentleman had contented himself with the selection, we should have been disposed to thank him; but *his* notes serve only to leave the matter in the same uncertainty which Mr. Walker did so much to remove. His preface is a wretched piece of composition. It is pedantic, ungrammatical, illogical, and not always intelligible. Let the *Professor* read the following once more, and tell us what it means: "Having been employed for many years in teaching elocution, *during* the course of which, independent of my regular pro-

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fessional experience, I *have* paid an *indiscriminate* attention to public speakers generally, of the pulpit, bar, and stage, with a view of ascertaining the best usage, (as some objections have been made to Mr. Walker as the standard,) but finding them differ so much from each other, and ascertaining, as I afterwards did, from conversation with those gentlemen whose pronunciation I had *inspected*, that the difference arose more from accident than design, as all professed to pronounce according to the same standard, differing only in proportion to the different degrees of attention they had paid to the subject." This is the whole of the sentence, and the reader must make what he can of it. At p. vii. we are informed that this professor, had ascertained from the best speakers, that there were "*certain* exceptions" to Mr. Walker's standard; but the next sentence commences with these words: "This being generally understood, and no general understanding relative to the number and designation of those exceptions having taken place," &c. In this certainty or uncertainty, whichsoever it be, Mr. White has undertaken to decide "when and how far we may differ from the standard." But even here he allows an appeal to the public; "whose decision after all, to deny were it possible is not just, and were it just is not possible." So, we are just where we were before the professor levied this tax of fifty cents upon us for what he modestly calls a "judicious selection." After wading through this tissue of contradiction and self-sufficiency, we had only patience enough to look at one of the original notes, in which we found that Mr. White abandons Walker, in the pronunciation of the word lieutenant for the authority of the dandies and Midshipmen who talk of a lu-ten-nant.

The *New Monthly Magazine* advertises, as a book *very desirable for young persons*, "Conversations on the Bible, by a lady." This is the title of a work, it is known to some of our readers, which was published at the Port Folio office, not long ago; but we cannot say whether the London is a republication of the American work.

The Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, informs his readers, with no little complacency, that two editions of his miscellany are published in this country. Here he is under a mistake. An attempt was made in New York with one edition, but the patronage was so small, that the enterprise was abandoned. Phillip's "Monthly" was tried, and it failed also. Campbell's New "Monthly" is on its trial in Boston, and we think it deserves no better fate. There is so much foppery in the English Journals, particularly the first and the last which we have just mentioned, such dandyism, such incessant efforts to be smart, so many far-fetched conceits, and such affectation in the style of most of the articles, that we have no patience with them. They are filled with newly coined words and eccentric combinations of expression; a practice which was amusing while it was new, and did very well for a short time, by way of variety; but

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too much of such trifling is disgusting, and its general adoption by the modern writers of Great Britain, displays a lamentably depraved taste. There is, moreover, among them, a constant effort at drollery, a jeering and ironical manner which runs through most of these productions, without pause or resting place, which is exceedingly wearisome. If there were no other objection to Blackwood, his vulgar humour, and coarse indecency, would exclude him from our literary circles.

The first edition of *Salmagundi*, having made its appearance in London, has produced a fresh tribute of admiration from the critics of that metropolis, to the talents of *Washington Irving*, Esq. —its principal author. Even the bigotted *Courier*, which can find little to praise, beyond the pale of Church and State, concedes to our countryman a concentration of the powers of Goldsmith and Mackenzie—the purest of English writers.

The *Times* admits that "the happiest efforts of the happiest British writers do not excel the productions of this transatlantic classic. In the choice of his subject, "whether humorous or pathetic," he is allowed "to possess the most exquisite taste of any author in any age or nation."

Mr. Irving is said to be at present in Paris, where he is engaged in literary occupations, which will detain him abroad for several years.

The Eclectic Review concludes an account of two or three books of travels through this country, by some political speculations which may be read with interest:—"What influence the American states are likely to exert on the future destinies of Europe," the writer remarks, "is a consideration fraught with intense interest; but we can at present merely suggest it as a subject for reflection. Already have they made their voice heard in the Cabinets of Europe. To that continent, at least, no holy father, or holy alliance, can extend the withering despotism which has blighted the nations of the Old World. To those persons who feel any apprehension that Popery will regain its ascendency, that the Beast will recover its dreadful vitality, the existence of Protestant America must be a source of the most heart-cheering consolation. In this light, it presented itself to the noble band of Emigrants who laid the foundations of their Republic in that distant hemisphere, and taught the wilderness to blossom, in a sense which seemed more than to realize the language of prophecy. * * * * But if the nascent greatness of the United States is important in an ecclesiastical point of view, it is still more so in relation to the moral interests of society. The influence of their example cannot be extinguished, nor is there any quarantine that can guard the territories of the Absolute Proprietors of Europe against its extending there. The Bourbon and the Muscovite may see with dismay the rising importance of a second England in the West: like the kindling of a second sun in the same hemisphere, the phenomenon

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———with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.

Not only so, but there are the fleets of America, if England is found unfaithful to her ancient character and her true interests, to guard the great high-way of the Atlantic against all ambitious intruders, and to dispute with Russia the naval superiority she is fondly aiming at. Backed by such arguments, an American minister will know how, in times not very distant, to make the name of his country respected both in cabinets, and at congress; and the Republic which Admiralty hirelings have laboured to render contemptible, may be eventually, if not a formidable rival, no insignificant ally."

## EXPLANATION OF THE EMBELLISHMENT.

*From the Spy.*

"Every thing was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms, for he refused to move an inch, when a figure entered the room that appalled the group; around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed from which he had just risen, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Even Katy and Cæsar thought it was the spirit of the elder Birch, and they both fled the house, followed by the alarmed Skinners."—vol. i. p. 160.

## PRIZE POEM,

*Written by* THOMAS WELLS, ESQ. *of Boston, for the New Orleans Theatre.*

When first o'er Learning, Persecution trod,
And fettered Letters felt his iron rod;
Long, long in darkness bound, the Muses slept,
Each haunt left bardless, and each harp unswept;—
Till, bursting through the gloom, dramatic fire
Apollo darted o'er each slumbering lyre;
Through clouds of Dulness shot his attic light,
And chased the shades of Superstition's night:
Loud pæans, then, broke forth, from every tongue,—
The temples echoed—and the chorus rung—
Warm with new soul, young Music smote the strings,
To Song gave life—to Inspiration wings!
Genius, by Freedom roused, shook off his yoke,
And from his deep, oblivious dream, awoke!

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Awoke, and saw the *Drama's* towering dome,
Swell its asylum arch, and call him *home;*
Allured to *higher worlds*, he took his flight,
And rose to realms of *empyrean* height;
Explored the winding paths, of Fiction's bowers,
And gathered, for the *Stage*, his *deathless* flowers.
Her ample page, redeeming Learning spread,
And o'er the night of Mind, her radiance shed;
Taste polished life—the Arts refined the Age—
And Virtue triumphed as she reared the stage.
Patrons! this night, our cause to you we trust,
As Guardians of the Drama's rights—be just!
Support from you, the child of Thespis draws,
Warms in your sun, and thrives on your applause;
At your tribunal, he expectant stands,
And craves indulgent judgment at your hands;
Your willing smiles, then let his efforts share,
And, to your shelter, take the Buskin's heir!
O, let your *presence*, let your plaudits, cheer
Our Protean toil, and give us welcome here!
And yet, no purchased favor we would ask;
Unbiassed, and unbought, fulfil your task.
Before your critic bench, we humbly bend,
And to your righteous voice, ourselves commend;—
No servile suppliants, to your court, we sue,
But, praise and censure, claim alike, from you:
Assembled here, to *your* decree submit,
And hail in you the arbiters of wit.
And now, in scenic beauty drest, thou Dome—
The shield of Morals and of Song the home—
The nurse of Eloquence—the school of Taste,
Hence, be thy altars by the Muses graced.
Within thy walls, perhaps, by Genius led,
Shall future Shaksperes sing, or Garricks tread;
In Roman grace, and majesty of mein,
Some Kemble reign, the Monarch of the scene;
Her fire of soul, some Siddons here impart,
Shoot through each quivering nerve, and storm the heart;
On rapid wing, still speeds the auspicious time,
When, Bards our own, the Olympic Mount shall climb;
When, round their consecrated shrines, shall throng
*Our* buskined Heroes, and *our* sons of *Song;*
In attic pride, *our* Drama then, shall rise,
And, nobly daring, claim the Thespian prize:
To classic height exalt the rising age,
And give, to peerless, lasting fame, the Stage.

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## PRIZE ODE.

**The following ode written by Charles Sprague, Esq. was pronounced lately at the Boston Theatre, on the occasion of the '*Shakspere's Jubilee*,' which has been brought forward at much expense, by the managers. This is undoubtedly *one* of the best productions of the kind which has been produced by the poets of our country.**

God of the glorious Lyre!
Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
While Jove's exulting quire
Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
Come! bless the service and the shrine
We consecrate to Thee and Thine!

Fierce from the frozen north,
When Havock led his legions forth,
O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyers spread:
In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair Science round her altars wept,
And Wisdom cowled his head.

At length, Olympian Lord of morn,
The raven veil of night was torn,
When through golden clouds descending,
Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
O'er nature's lovely pageant bending,
Till Avon rolled all-sparkling to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the Mulberry's shade,
Wrapped in young dreams a wild-eyed Minstrel strayed:
Lighting there and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the Bard his song;
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell;
And round his brows a garland curled,
On his lips thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world!

Then *Shakspere* rose!
Across the trembling strings
His daring hand he flings,
And lo! a new creation glows!
There clustering round, submissive to his will,
Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.
Madness with his frightful scream,
Vengeance leaning on his lance,
Avarice with his blade and beam,
Hatred blasting with a glance.

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Remorse that weeps, and Rage that roars,
And Jealousy that dotes but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
Waking Laughter's merry swell,
Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell,
From the feudal towers pale Terror rushing,
Where the prophet bird's wail
Dies along the dull gale,
And the sleeping monarch's blood is gushing!

Despair that haunts the gurgling stream,
Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
And swan-like there her own dirge breathes,
Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,
Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast,

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb,
Where his plighted victims lie,
Where they met, but met to die:—
And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
Through the dewy arbour peeping,
Where Beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
To youth's devoted tale is listening,
Rapture on her dark lash glistening, [spot,
While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy
Thus rise the phantom throng,
Obedient to their master's song,
And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.

For other worlds war's Great One sighed in vain,
O'er other worlds see *Shakspere* rove and reign!
The rapt Magician of his own wild lay,
Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey,
Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,
Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise:
Time yields his trophies up, and death restores
The mouldering victims of his voiceless shores:
Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep;
The fireside legend, and the faded page,
The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,
All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,
To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear;
With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

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Mark the sceptered Traitor slumbering!
There flit the slaves of conscience round;
With boding tongue foul murders numbering,
Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
At his own dull scream behold him waking.
Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
For him the *living* furies burn;
For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.
Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
Echoes round the vale of death,
Where through the maddening ranks the God of slaughter rides,
And o'er their spouting trunks his reeking axle guides!
Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdaining shield,
The panting Tyrant scours the field,
Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven,
He falls, unwept and unforgiven,
And all his guilty glories fade.
Like a crushed reptile in the dust he lies,
And hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless King—
Yon whitelocked, weeping Sire;—
Where heaven's unpillared chambers ring,
And burst their streams of flood and fire;
He gave them all—the daughters of his love;—
That recreant pair!—they drive him forth to rove.
In such a night of wo,
The cubless regent of the wood
Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
And caverns with her foe!
Yet one was ever kind,
Why lingers she behind?
O pity! view him by her dead form kneeling,
Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.
His aching eyeballs strain
To see those curtained orbs unfold,
That beauteous bosom heave again.—
But all is dark and cold.
In agony the Father shakes;
Grief's choking note
Swells in his throat,
Each withered heart-string tugs and breaks!
Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.



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Down! trembling wing—shall insect weakness keep,
The sun-defying eagle's sweep?
A mortal strike celestial strings,
And feebly echo what a seraph sings?
Who now shall grace the glowing throne,
Where, all unrivalled, all alone,
Bold *Shakspere* sat, and looked creation through
The Minstrel-Monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
On whose proud note delighted wonder hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
One spot shall spare—the grave where *Shakspere* sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But nature's laureate Bards shall never die.
Art's chisselled boast, and glory's trophied shore
Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still rolls th' Olympic Car in Pindar's fame:
Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes passed away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay:
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
Stands all-immortal in her Maro's strains:—
So, too, yon giant Empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,
To time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her *Shakspere* end!

O Thou! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipped band—
Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
Deep in the West as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In time's full hour shall spring a glorious race.—
Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
And deck for Thee, the vaulted temple there!
Our Roman-hearted Fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke,
But Thou, harmonious Monarch of the mind,
Around their Sons a gentler chain shall bind:—
Once more, in Thee, shall Albion's sceptre wave, [save!
And what her mighty Lion lost, her mightier *Swan* shall

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# OBITUARY.

For the Port Folio.

Richard O' Brien, Esq. late Consul General of the United States to the Barbary Powers. [æt. 73.]

The character and history of this very extraordinary man are too generally known to need any statement here. A mind of native vigour, and the most ardent feeling, was in him still further strengthened by a series of adventures the most interesting and diversified. He was, in succession, an active and experienced seaman, a successful adventurer in the privateering exploits of the revolution, a brave commander in the regular naval service, a captive slave in Algiers, Consul General to Barbary, member of the Pennsylvania legislature, a worthy farmer, and lastly, an ardent party politician. The merit of his public services have been officially acknowledged by three successive Presidents; and will long be remembered by his country.

Ebenezar Warren, long a distinguished and useful citizen in the county of Norfolk. [Mass.] He was born at Roxbury near Boston, in the year 1749, and continued there until after the revolutionary war began. When the British troops marched from Boston, on the night of the 18th April, he quitted home and joined in the battle of Lexington on the 19th, and was one of three brothers who were in arms on that day; the others were Gen. Joseph Warren, afterwards killed at Bunker Hill, and the late Dr. John Warren, of Boston. He was a member of the State Convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, and frequently elected to the State Legislature. In the year 1793 he was appointed Justice of the Common Pleas, and filled the office honourably till the abolition of the Court in 1811. Judge Warren was remarkable for the possession of an extraordinary memory, and was often resorted to for the decision of questions of fact not determined by records; but he was not less remarkable for his patriotism, soundness of judgment, and uniform uprightness of character.

In Chester county, Pa. Mr. Benjamin Peck, a revolutionary soldier, aged seventy years. He nobly served his country seven years, in the "times that tried men's souls." The substance of the following epitaph was prepared some years since by himself, and he had contracted with a stone cutter to place it upon his tombstone:

Here lies poor Peck—who in his day
Was nothing but a *Peck of clay;*
Yet, as his earthly course he ran,
Each measure prov'd he was a man,
He long had known life's empty bubbles,
And felt himself a *Peck of troubles;*
Now low he lies, as all men must,
And soon will be a *Peck of dust.*

At his seat on James river, in Chesterfield, Va. Mr. William Martin in the 89th year of his age. He descended from the French Refugees, who, in 1700, settled in Powhatan, on James River, on a grant of 10,000 acres of land from King William. He lived with his lady (who survives him) upwards of 63 years. It is somewhat singular that his was the first death and corpse in his house, though it had been built about sixty years; that he never lost a child, though he raised nine, nor a grandchild, till after he had 19. The number of his descendants still living is 104. Mr. Martin afforded an example of that plainness and simplicity of manners that prevailed three generations antecedent to the present. In his moral and religious character he was exemplary, and endeavoured to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour by a godly, righteous, and sober life.

Thomas Penn Gaskell, Esq.

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The following additional particulars, respecting this gentleman, whose death was announced in our last, will be read with some interest in this city.—He was heir-general of the celebrated legislator William Penn. being, through his mother, sole representative of Springett Penn, Esq. only son of that distinguished character, by his first wife, Gulielma-Maria, daughter and sole heiress of sir Herbert Springett, who gloriously fell at the battle of Banbury, in the cause of the Royal Martyr. His estate in the county of Cork, Mr. Gaskell inherited by lineal succession from his illustrious ancestor, vice-admiral sir William Penn, to whom it had been granted by the Protector Cromwell, to whom he was allied through their common consanguinity with the ancient and renowned house of Hampden. The present house of Pennsylvania descends from the founder's second marriage with Hannah Callowhill. The present pretenders to this feudal dominion, as co-regents, are the Hon. John Penn, as representing the senior, and the Hon. William Penn, as representing the junior branch.

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURENCES.

*Maine.* Twenty-two individuals, who were lately burnt out at Brunswick, petitioned the legislature to grant them each 100 acres of land, on condition that they should settle on the same. This was refused. A Mr. William Vance, indignant at this want of feeling and liberality, has given them the quantity from his own possessions.

*New Hampshire.* This state pays $90,000 annually, for the support of schools. The population is upwards of 244,000.

*Massachusetts.* Mr. Lloyd, one of the senators from this commonwealth, has proposed in the senate of the U. S. to inquire into the expediency of cutting a canal for vessels of war from Barnstable bay to Buzzard's bay, through the isthmus of Cape Cod This would enable coasting vessels to avoid the dangerous navigation round Cape Cod; and after the completion of the Rariton canal, and that between the Chesapeake and Delaware, it would give an inland water communication from Albemarle sound to Massachusetts bay.

Experiments have been made to ascertain the qualities of the Worcester coal, compared with the Lehigh and Rhode Island coal; which have produced the most favourable results.—The quantity of flannels manufactured in the neighbourhood of Boston, last year, exceeded 15,000 pieces of 46 yards each. It is expected that double that quantity will be made during this year.—The senate have passed a resolution, 22 to 15, to expunge from their records the famous resolution of June 1815, by which it was declared that "it is not becoming a moral and religious people, to express any approbation of military or naval exploits, in a wicked and unnecessary war, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coasts and soil." The majority, it is to be presumed, hold the converse of this proposition.—In the counties of Worcester, Middlesex, Norfolk and Bristol, there have been manufactured about 300,000 Bonnets in a year, at an average price of $2, 75 per bonnet, amounting to $825,000 —employing 25,000 persons, most of

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whom are females, from the age of 4 to 20 years. Those who platted the straw have been enabled to support themselves, and to assist others in destitute circumstances. The business now is at a stand. The bonnets that three years ago, would command $2,75, will not now sell for more than $1,25; in consequence of the introduction of Leghorns.

An animal was killed last year, in Chester, which had all the distinctive characters of the common Lynx of Europe, (Felis Lynx, *Lin.*) Its colour was rather darker than that of the gray fox, and its fur was very fine and thick. It measured from the snout to the extremity of the tail, three feet eight inches; length of the tail, four inches; height two feet one inch. There are two kinds of the Lynx, which inhabit the northern parts of the United States and Canada. The largest is called *Loup cervier* by the Canadians, and the other, *Chat cervier*. Both resemble the common Lynx of Europe and Asia, and are ranked with the same species by some naturalists. The *Chat cervier* is the same animal usually denominated wild cat by the people of New England, and for the destruction of which a bounty is paid by many towns. The real wild cat is seldom, if ever found in this part of the United States. It is shaped like the domestic cat, and has a long tail. The Loup cervier is not often found so far south as Massachusetts.

*Rhode Island.* A small sum was lately granted by the legislature for copying the ancient records of this state. They are supposed to contain much curious and valuable information respecting our colonial history.

This state, which has hitherto been governed under its original charter from the British crown, is to hold a convention, in June next, for the purpose of forming a constitution.—The number of widows in Newport is *said to be* 639, being a twelfth part of the whole population. If Gen. Ogle's motion to tax the bachelors in Pennsylvania should prevail, those who have the magnanimity to resist unconstitutional attacks upon the luxuries of life, and prefer voluntary exile to submission, must beware how they wend their way towards Rhode Island.

*Connecticut.* The common school fund amounts to nearly two millions. The amount paid to the several towns, in 1818, from this fund, was $70,000.

*Vermont.* Among the petitions referred over to the next session, was one with which the legislature of Vermont has been favoured for a number of years past, and which grew out of a paltry law-suit about twenty-four dozen hen's eggs; an affair which will probably remind some of our readers of Amy Dardin's horse, which was paraded on the floor of congress so many years, to the vast annoyance of Mr. Randolph. The petition has been uniformly rejected for a number of years past, until at the late session a bill for the petitioner's relief passed the house, and was sent to the governor and council, who returned it, on the last day of the session, non-concurred in; a quorum not being present, the bill has gone over to the next session.—On the subject of manufactures, Mr. Keyes made the following speech: "Mr. Speaker, I have on the best coat in the house; it has been to congress two sessions, and thus far through this session of the legislature; it was spun in my own house, and dressed by one of our small establishments. The very hat I have on when I went to congress. To be sure, the dandies did'nt like it; but 'tis good enough. We must encourage economy while we encourage manufactures."

A new sect of religious enthusiasts has appeared lately and begun their march from Hartford. They are deplorably ignorant and infatuated.

The following is the inscription on the tomb of the first person who

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fell in the Revolutionary war, in this state.

In memory of William French, son of Mr. Nathaniel French, who was shot at Westminster, March ye 13th, 1775, by the hands of cruel ministereal tools of George ye 3d in the Corthouse at a 11 a clock at night in the 22d year of his age.
Here William French his body lies
For murder this blood for vengeance cries
King George the third his tory crew
Tha with a bawl his head shot threw
For Liberty and his country's good
He los his life his Dearest Blood.

*New York.* The navigation of the Oswego river is to be improved by a canal round its falls, which it is said will not cost more than $200,000. It will open a communication between the Erie canal and Lake Ontario and draw much trade to this state, which now goes to Canada.

It is proposed to construct a canal from the Erie canal at Montezuma to the foot of Cayuga lake, and thence to Geneva, at the foot of Seneca lake. These lakes are each forty miles in length, and may be united with the Erie canal by a branch canal of twenty miles in length, and thus open a navigation of one hundred miles through a fertile country, reaching within twenty miles of the Susquehannah navigation, and about forty miles of the Tioga coal mines in Pennsylvania, and thus ensuring an abundant supply of coal in exchange for gypsum and salt.

The report of the superintendant of common schools, states the following facts: all the counties, 54 in number, and all the towns, 684, have, (with the exception of 27 towns) presented their reports for the last year: that there are in this state 7382 common schools: that within the last year 331 new school districts have been formed and organized: that 400,534 children were instructed for the space of eight months: that 25,861 more children were educated during the year 1823 than during 1822: that $182.802 of public money has been expended during the last year, for the support of common schools, and to this may be added more than $850,000 from the funds of individuals, making more than *a million of dollars.*

*New Jersey.* Steel of the best quality is now manufactured in this state from domestic iron.

Hemp, flax and tow cloth have also been manufactured to a large amount. At *Paterson* three hundred thousand dollars have been invested in edifices and machinery for this purpose.

*Pennsylvania.* Capt. David Maffit, one of the port wardens of Philadelphia, having lately applied to the new governor, for a renewal of his commission, made the following statement of his public services in the late war and in that of the revolution. In the last war he made 34 captures—amount of tonnage captured, 7,375—number of guns, 114—number of men 515. Part of the time he sailed in the schooner Atlas, of 13 guns and 115 men, and the remainder in the Rattle-snake, of 17 guns and 113 men. In the first war he was present at the striking of 67 of the hostile flags.

The new governor although invited to his distinguished station by an *overwhelming* majority, has already been burned in effigy, by a portion of his own liege adherents, on account of some appointments, which were not to their taste. Such proceedings are a stain upon the commonwealth, and must be deprecated by every friend to order, be his political opinions what they may. Of the reasons by which the governor was swayed, this rabble must be perfectly ignorant; but they surely ought to presume that they were well founded.

*Delaware.* The legislature has *resolved* that Cæsar A. Rodney, a citizen of this state, recently appointed minister to the republic of

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Buenos Ayres, was compelled, by the rudeness of Capt. James Biddle, the commander of the vessel which had been provided for him, to leave the ship at Rio Janeiro, 1200 miles from the place of his destination. They regard it as "a solemn duty which they owe to the Union," to express their conviction that the conduct of the gallant commander is "an insult to the national dignity and sovereignty." Whereupon they request their senators and representatives in congress to use their best efforts to have an inquiry instituted into the conduct of capt. B. Neither the Union nor congress seems to have paid any attention to these tremendous denunciations, and the incensed "*Delawarians*," as they designate themselves, in this novel indictment, have vented their indignation on a harmless bag of straw, which was tarred and burned. And so the affair has ended in smoke!

*Maryland.* The general assembly recently passed a resolution instructing the senators and representatives of that state in congress, to use their influence to prevent a congressional caucus nomination of president and vice president. Mr. Edward Lloyd, one of the senators —a gentleman of independent character, repelled this interference, with proper spirit. The following is the concluding paragraph of his reply to the governor:

'Permit me sir, through you, to inform the legislature, that, as a representative of the state, I shall cheerfully, promptly, and honestly co-operate with them in the discharge of our public and legitimate functions; that to the will of the people I shall always yield with due submission: but, in my private capacity, I must claim the exercise of those rights which are secured to me by the laws and constitution of my country." Mr. Hayward, one of the representatives from the same state, also repelled the very unwarrantable privilege assumed in this legislation without jurisdiction. In his letter to the governor, he says, "I have determined to give to the preamble and resolution that construction only, by which, alone, according to the conceptions of my understanding, the legislature can be justified or excused to the people, viz. as the simple expression of the opinions and feelings of certain individuals of Maryland, possessing, under the bill of rights, the constitution and the laws of the state, no greater privileges than are common to me and to every other citizen, and nothing more." This letter was laid before the senate by the governor; and the senate communicated it to the assembly, whose proceeding on the subject is a curious specimen of mock dignity, venting itself in puerile and vulgar declamation. They declare, in their answer to the senate, that if Mr. Hayward's letter "had been transmitted to them directly from the hands of the writer of it, it would probably have met with that reception from them, and have found that place in their hall, which, however high the respect they might entertain for the author of it, they could not but deem due to its intrinsic merit and delicacy—a place under their tables!"

*Virginia.* The petition of Robert Douthey, who prayed to be exempted from the penalties of the act against duelling, has been rejected by the legislature, by a large majority. He had sent a challenge to a gentleman by whom he had been rudely contradicted at the Bar; but no duel had actually taken place.—A hose company at Fredericktown lately passed resolutions denouncing a "congressional caucus as an unwarrantable attempt at dictation:" upon which the *National Intelligencer* aptly remarks,—"It is fortunate that the hose of our friends at Fredericktown is not long enough to reach us at Washington, or they might throw cold water on the congressional caucus."

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*North Carolina.* Gold continues to be found in this state; but in too small quantities, it would seem, to tempt any regular scientific investigation.

*Kentucky.* The mania of banking has been carried to an extent in this state, which has produced the most serious embarrassments. The *Occupying Claimant Law*, so called, has been decided to be unconstitutional by the supreme court of the United States. This has given rise to propositions in the legislature, of a highly inflammatory and reprehensible description. In the career of folly, the governor takes the lead. "I need not be told," says this champion of *state rights* against *the rights of moral honesty*,—"that the general government is authorised to use physical force to put down insurrection, and enforce the execution of its laws. I know it; but I know too, *with equal certainty*, that the day when the government shall be compelled to resort to the bayonet to compel a state to submit to its laws, will not long precede an event of all others most to be deprecated."

This governor seems to have forgotten the memorable opposition of the Pennsylvania legislature, which marshalled a force of some thousand men to protect "the just rights" of this state, against a decision of the supreme court. If it has escaped him, it may not be amiss to remind him, that the decision in that case was enforced by the mere summons of an ordinary *posse comitatus;* without any intervention from the government. The following resolutions have been passed by the legislature of Kentucky:

*Resolved*, That they do *most* solemnly protest against the doctrines promulgated in that decision, [of the supreme court,] as ruinous, in their practical effects, to the good people of this commonwealth, and subversive of their dearest and most valuable political rights.—[Agreed to, 55 votes to 42.]

That, in the opinion of this legislature, the decision of the court of appeals of Kentucky, in the cases of *Blair against Williams*, and *Lapsley against Brashear*, are erroneous, and the laws declared therein to be unconstitutional are, in the opinion of this present general assembly, constitutional and valid acts.—[Agreed to, 57 to 39.]

That any effort which the Legislature may feel it a duty to make, for the *contravention* of the erroneous doctrine of that decision, ought not to interfere with, or obstruct the administration of justice according to the existing laws, which, whether they were or were not expedient, are believed to be constitutional and valid; and which should, when it shall be thought expedient to do so, be repealed by the *legislature*, and not by the appellate court.—[Agreed to, 56 to 40.]

It would save a vast consumption of time, if this legislature would, at once, procure from the other states, an amendment of that part of the constitution, which constitutes the *supreme court*, the supreme tribunal; and vest in the states the right of acting without appeal, whenever they are reduced to the "degrading alternative of submission or resistance." We can see no other way in which they may enact laws with impunity, which involve the most flagrant violations of private right.

There have passed the Cumberland Ford during the past year from this state 3091 horses and mules valued at $90 each, amounting to $272,190; 44,798 hogs at $9, 4,330, 122; 641 beef cattle at $40.25,450; total, $707,012.—It is estimated that the same amount of stock in value has left the state by other routes, making the whole export of stock alone, 1,414,024.

*(To be continued.)*

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MONUMENT. Erected to the Memory of Dr. CHARLES NISBET.

in the English Burial ground. Carlisle PENNSYLVANIA

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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## *Letters from the West.*—No. XI.

## THE BACKWOODSMEN.

It is but a few years since the immense tract of country watered by the Ohio and Mississippi, began to attract the attention of our countrymen. The French had long before formed settlements on the Mississippi and the Wabash, and on the Northern Lakes, but these insulated situations were so much exposed to Indian hostility, and the dispositions of the inhabitants were so uncongenial with the habits of our people, that they were visited first only by a few enterprising traders. As the country became better known, report spoke goldenly of its fertility, and a casual reference to the maps was sufficient to show the great commercial advantages to be derived from the numerous and valuable streams which intersect it in every direction. But there were many obstacles to its settlement. From a period shortly after the Revolution to the time of the embargo in 1807 there was no reason to induce any class of citizens in the United States to emigrate. All were fully and profitably employed at home. The sanguinary wars which spread desolation throughout the European continent, not only opened markets for



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all of our surplus produce, but made us the carriers of other nations. Never did American enterprise shine more conspicuously than in the improvement of these advantages. The art of ship-building was brought to a perfection unknown in any other country, our flag floated in every part of the world; there was no adventure however novel or hazardous which our merchants did not attempt, and our sailors displayed on every occasion the skill and boldness which has since made them conspicuous in the annals of naval warfare. Happily too, those enterprises were generally successful. The consequence was, that every man engaged in commercial pursuits found sufficient employment for his capital; while the labouring classes received high wages, and the farmer had always a ready market and an ample price for his produce. The flourishing state of commerce and agriculture diffused life and spirit into every rank and department of society. There was scarcely such a thing known as a man labouring merely to *support his family;* no one was satisfied unless he was growing rich, and few were disappointed except by their own improvidence. It would be useless to point out the great statesmen and lawyers who have attained their present eminence from an obscure origin, or the wealthy merchants, farmers, and mechanics who from the most abject poverty have risen to opulence. Our country is full of such examples; and they stand as monuments of those happy days when industry was not only a sure, but a rapid, guide to wealth.

Under such circumstances, few persons were disposed to emigrate to a new country; and although some were tempted by the great prospects of gain which the fertile regions in the West were said to offer, many were discouraged by the unsettled state of the country, its reputed unhealthiness, and the vicinity of the Indian tribes.

To Europeans this part of America offered no attractions. It was too remote, too insulated, too barbarous, and too entirely uncongenial with all their habits, tastes, and feelings.

The first settlers of this country, therefore, were men whose object was not gain, but who appeared to have been allured by the very difficulties which discouraged others. They were hardy, enterprising men, fond of change and familiar with fatigue; who seem to have thought with Fitz James

> ....."If a path be dangerous known,
> "The danger's self is lure alone."

Col. Boon, the chief of these, and the first white inhabitant of Kentucky died lately. His name deserves to be recorded, not only on account of his dauntless courage and eccentric habits, but because his life and achievements present a glowing picture of the sufferings of those who subdued the western forests. He stands forward too, as a prominent individual of a class peculiar to the United States. The American who takes a retrospective view of the early history of his country, must regard with admiration the sturdy *woodsman*, who, as the pioneer of civilization, first laid the axe to the tree, and made smooth the

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road for others; but he will find him an isolated being, professing tastes and habits of his own, and voluntarily supporting incredible hardship, peril, and privation, without the usual incentives or the ordinary rewards of courage.

In the year 1769, Daniel Boon, a respectable farmer of North Carolina was led by a restless migratory spirit into the forests of Kentucky, then an extensive wilderness, inhabited by numberless savage tribes, and as yet unexplored by civilized man. Passing the Alleghany Ridge, whose hideous precipices alone might have repelled a less determined band,—guided only by the stars, depending on game for subsistence, and on their own vigilance and prowess for protection, Boon with five adventurous companions, plunged into *the boundless contiguity of shade*, and boldly cut the tie which bound them to society. The mariner, when he looks abroad upon the vast interminable waste, may feel a depressing, yet awful and sublime sense of danger and solitude; but he has the consolation of knowing that if the solitude of the ocean be hopeless, its dangers are few and easily surmounted; they exist rather in idea than in reality. Boon and his companions could have no such animating reflections. In a country called the "Bloody Ground" from the exterminating character of its conflicts—among savage tribes continually at war with each other, and agreeing in nothing but their deadly enmity to the whites—cut off from society—with scanty means of defence, and no hope of retreat—we scarcely know whether to extol the courage, or censure the rashness of this gallant little party. They continued in Kentucky until the year 1775, leading a wandering life, employed chiefly in exploring the country, and frequently engaged in conflicts with the Indians. In 1775 Boon erected a fort at a *Salt Lick*, on the Kentucky River, where the town of Boonsborough now stands, which was called Fort Boonsborough, and to which he removed his family in the same year: "My wife and daughters," says he, in his Journal, "being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River." Here he was joined by five families from North Carolina, and forty men from Powell's Valley. During the years 1775–6–7, Fort Boonsborough was frequently attacked by the Indians, and several severe engagements took place, in which the savages were always repulsed.

Boon's settlement began now to exhibit something like a permanent residence of civilized men. The forest was levelled around the Fort; fields were enclosed and cultivated, and rustic labours were mingled with the business of war, and the sports of the chace. Their numbers were now sufficient in general, to prevent surprise, and in case of danger the fortress offered a secure retreat. Nevertheless in January 1778, while Boon was engaged with a party of 27 men in making salt at the *Blue Lick*, they were surprised and taken by a large body of Indians, who were on their way to attack the fort, and conveyed to Chilicothe on the Little Miami, then a considerable Indian town. In the month of March following, Boon was carried, with ten of his men to Detroit, where the party was well treated by the British Governor, Hamilton, as indeed

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they had hitherto been by the Indians, agreeably to a stipulation made at the time of their capture. The gallant bearing of Boon, and his skill in hunting, had, by this time, endeared him to the Indians, so that although the British officers offered a hundred pounds sterling for him with the intention of setting him at liberty, they would not sell him; nor would they allow him to remain a prisoner with his companions at Detroit, but took him back with them to Chilicothe. "Here," says his Journal, "I was adopted into the family of a chief as a son, which is their custom, and permitted to hunt and spend my time as I pleased. In June following they took me to Sciota salt springs, where we continued making salt for ten days. On our return to Old Chilicothe, I was alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, the choicest of their warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, and ready as I found to march against Boonsborough. I now determined to make my escape the first opportunity; there was no time to be lost. On the 16th, before sunrise, I got off in the most secret manner, and on the 20th arrived at Boonsborough, a distance of 160 miles, travelling which I had but one meal. I found our fort in a bad state; all hands were engaged earnestly in repairing and fortifying it in the best manner possible for the impending blow of the enemy, whose arrival was expected daily. Some time previous to my capture, a re-enforcement of forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and Col. Brown with one hundred men from Virginia, and notwithstanding we had lost some in killed, and others wounded, we considered ourselves pretty strong, and determined to brave all dangers. We were in waiting for the enemy, when we got information that they had postponed their march two weeks, in consequence of my escape from them. In the mean time we had several skirmishes with small parties of the Indians. On the 8th of August, however, the ferocious Indian army arrived, four hundred and forty four in number, under the command of captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, and marched up within view of the fort with British and French colours flying. They halted and despatched a summons to me in his Britannic majesty's name to surrender the fort. To this I returned for answer that I wanted two days to consider on it, which was granted."

"It was now a critical time with us. We were a small number in the garrison,—a powerful, cruel, and savage army before our stockaded fort, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, and even this was preferable to captivity. It was soon unanimously determined, that we would maintain our garrison, nor yield it short of death. We immediately began to collect what of our horses and cattle we could and bring them through the posterns into the fort. On the evening of the 9th., I returned answer, that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. "Now," said I to their commanding officer, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, "we laugh at all your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare; your efforts will not prevail; our gates shall even deny you admittance." Whether this answer affected their courage or not, I cannot tell, but

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contrary to our expectations, they formed a scheme to deceive us, declaring it was their orders from Governor Hamilton to take us captives; but if nine of us would come out and treat with them, they would withdraw their forces, and return home peaceably. The sound of this proposition was grateful to our ears, and we agreed to the proposal."

"We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, fearing that treachery was at the bottom of this manœuvre; the articles were formally agreed to and signed; and the Indians told us it was customary with them on such occasions for *two Indians* to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of entire friendship; we agreed to this also, but were soon convinced they were determined to take us prisoners. They immediately grappled with us, and although surrounded by hundreds of savages we extricated ourselves from them and got into the garrison all safe, one man excepted, who was wounded. A furious attack was now made on us from all sides, and a constant heavy fire continued between us day and night for nine days, during which they attempted to undermine our fort—we began a countermine which they discovered, and, in consequence, quitted this project. They now began to be convinced that neither their stratagems nor superior force was likely to overcome us, and on the 20th of August, they raised the siege and departed."

You must excuse this long extract, which I think highly interesting from the evidence it affords of the heroic character of our woodsmen. Boon was the chief of these—the very prince of hunters. If many of the heroes of Greece and Rome derived immortal fame from a single act of heroism, how much more does Boon deserve it whose whole life presents a series of adventures of the same character as those which I have related. Nor did he suffer and conquer alone. His wife accompanied him to the wilderness and shared his dangers. During his captivity, under a belief that he had fallen a sacrifice to the ferocity of the savage foe, she returned with her family to her father's house in North Carolina, braving the toil and perils of a journey through a wilderness of immeasurable extent and gloom. She remained there until after the siege, when Boon escorted her back to Boonsborough.

Another incident which occurred here is not only deeply interesting in itself, but is highly illustrative of the suffering of the first settlers. Among the adventurers whom Boon described as having re-enforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith, who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen on account of his military rank and talents to command the rude citadel which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band,—their wives, their children, and their herds. It held also an object particularly dear to this young soldier—a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he had pledged his affections. It came to pass, upon a certain day, when the siege was over, tranquillity restored, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady with a female companion, strolled out, as young ladies in love are very apt to do, along the banks

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of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying at the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it with the determination of visiting a neighbour on the opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the *Lady of the Lake*, who "paddled her own canoe" very dexterously—for instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream, and at length thrown on a sand bar, from which they were obliged to wade to the shore. Full of the mirth excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the bank, when three Indians, rushing from a neighbouring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away. Their savage captors, evincing no sympathy for their distress, nor allowing them time for rest or reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were worn off by the rocks, their clothes torn, and their feet and limbs lacerated, and stained with blood. To heighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss ———, (the *intended*, of Major S.) and while goading her along with a pointed stick, promised in recompense of her sufferings to make her *his squaw*. This at once roused all the energies of her mind, and called its powers into action. In the hope that her friends would soon pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by tardy and blundering steps.—But why dwell on the heartless and unmanly cruelty of these savages?—The day and the night passed—and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of these afflicted females, when their conductors halted to cook a wild repast of buffalo meat.

The ladies were soon missed from the garrison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind and the fierceness of the tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation,—the canoe was traced to the opposite shore,—the deep print of the moccasin in the sand told the rest—and the agonized Smith accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen pursued "the spoil encumbered foe." The track once discovered, they kept it with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters—the bended grass, the disentangled briars, and the compressed shrub, affording the only, but to them the certain indications, of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace, assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course—thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult paths. Arrived at the stream, they traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith leaving his party, now crept forward upon his hands and feet until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with a deliberate aim shot him through the heart. The women rushed towards their deliverer, and recognizing Smith, clung to him in the transports of newly awakened joy and gratitude—while a second Indian sprung towards him with his tomahawk. Smith disengaging himself from the

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ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at the same moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other, and only remaining Indian fell in attempting to escape. Smith, with his interesting charge returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt, was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards.

This romantic little story, which is all true, I have taken from the "Western Review," published at Lexington; but in abridging it I have not been able to retain the beauties which embellished the original recital. From the initial affixed to it in that work, I presume that it is from the pen of a gentleman who has enriched the literature of the West with much curious and authentic information on the subject of Indian antiquities.

As I have made this a gossipping letter, I will relate another anecdote—a most wonderful one indeed, but which I believe has never appeared in print. I have collected it from the traditions of the country, and have had it attested by a number of living and credible witnesses, who were acquainted with all the facts.

Many years ago, two men named Harpe appeared in Kentucky spreading death and terror wherever they went. Little else was known of them, but that they passed for brothers, and came from the borders of Virginia They had three women with them, who were treated as their wives, and several children, with whom they traversed the thinly settled parts of Virginia into Kentucky, marking their course with blood. Neither avarice, want, nor any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood—a deep-rooted enmity against human nature, could alone be discovered in their actions. They murdered every defenceless being who fell in their way, without distinction of age, sex, or colour. In the night they stole secretly to the cabin, slaughtered its inhabitants, and burned their dwellings—while the farmer who left his house by day, returned at night to witness the dying agonies of his wife and children, and the conflagration of his possessions. Plunder, as I have said, was not their object; they took only what would have been freely given to them, and no more than what was necessary to supply the immediate wants of nature; they destroyed without having suffered injury, and without the prospect of benefit. A negro boy riding to a mill, with a bag of corn, was seized by them, and his brains dashed out against a tree, but the horse which he rode, and the grain that he carried, were left unmolested. It seems incredible that such atrocities could have been often repeated in a country famed for the hardihood and gallantry of its people; but that part of Kentucky which was the scene of these enormities, was then almost a wilderness, and the vigilance of the Harpes for a time ensured impunity. Mounted on fine horses they plunged into the forest, eluded pursuit by frequently changing their course, and appeared unexpectedly to perpetrate new horrors, at points distant from those where they were supposed to lurk. On these occasions, they sometimes left their wives and children behind them; and it is a fact honourable to the community,

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that vengeance for these bloody deeds, was not wreaked on the helpless, but in some degree guilty, companions of the perpetrators. Justice, however, was not long delayed. A man named Leiper, in revenge for a murder committed on Mrs. Stegal, the wife of a neighbour, pursued and discovered the assassins. The Harpes had only time to mount their horses and fly in different directions. Accident aided the pursuers. One of the Harpes was a large, the other a small man; the first usually rode a strong powerful horse, the other a fleet, but much smaller animal, and in the hurry of the flight they had exchanged horses. The chase was long and hot; the smaller Harpe escaped by the superior powers of his horse, but the less nervous animal who bore his brother, being overburthened, began to fail at the end of about thirty miles. Still the miscreant pressed forward; for although none of his pursuers were near but Leiper, who had outridden his companions, he was unwilling to risk a combat with a man as strong, and perhaps bolder than himself, and who was animated with a noble spirit of indignation against a shocking and unmanly outrage. At length in leaping a ravine, Harpe's horse sprained a limb, and Leiper, as the phrase is, *gathered him.* (*i. e.* overtook him.) Both were armed with rifles. Leiper fired and wounded Harpe through the body; the latter, turning in his saddle, levelled his piece, which missed fire, and he dashed it to the ground, swearing that it was the first time it had ever failed him. He then drew a tomahawk, and waited the approach of Leiper, who, nothing daunted, unsheathed his long hunting knife and rushed upon his desperate foe, grappled with him, dashed him to the ground, and wrested his only remaining weapon from his grasp. The prostrate wretch, exhausted with the loss of blood, conquered, but unsubdued in spirit, now lay passive at the feet of his adversary. Expecting every moment the arrival of the rest of his pursuers, he inquired if Stegal was of the party, and being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "then I am a dead man." "That would make no difference," replied Leiper, calmly, "you must die at any rate,—I do not wish to kill you myself, but if nobody else will do it, I must." He then questioned him as to the motives of his late atrocities. The murderer attempted not to palliate or deny them, and confessed that he had been actuated by no inducement but a settled hatred of his species, whom he said he had sworn to destroy without distinction, for some fancied injury. He expressed no regret for any of his bloody deeds, except that which he confessed he had committed upon *one of his own children.* "It cried," said he, "and I killed it,—I had always told the women, I would have no crying about me!" He acknowledged that he had amassed large sums of money, and described the place of concealment, but as none was ever discovered, it is presumed that he did not declare the truth. Leiper had fired several times at Harpe during the chase, and wounded him; and when the latter was asked why, when he found Leiper pursuing him alone, he did not dismount and *take a tree,* from behind which he could have shot him, he replied, that he did not suppose there was a horse in the country equal to the one which he rode, and that he was confident of making his escape. He thought, also, that

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the pursuit would be less eager so long as he abstained from shedding the blood of any of his pursuers. On the arrival of the rest of the party they despatched the wretch; who died, as he had lived, in remorseless guilt. His head was severed from his body, and placed in the fork of a tree, where it long remained a revolting object of horror. The spot is still called Harpe's Head, and a public road which passes it is called the Harpe's Head Road. The chace commenced near the Highland Lick in Union (then Henderson) county, and ended a short distance from Greenville in Muhlenburgh county. The distance between these two points on a straight line is from thirty to forty miles.

The other Harpe made his way to the neighbourhood, I think, of Natchez, where he joined a band of robbers, headed by a man named Miller, whose villanies were so notorious that a reward was offered for his head. Harpe took an opportunity, when the rest of his companions were absent, to slay Miller, and putting his head in a bag, he carried it forward and claimed the reward. The claim was admitted, the head of Miller was recognized,—but so also was the face of Harpe, who was arrested and executed.

In collecting oral testimony with regard to circumstances long past, a considerable variety will often be found in the statements of different persons. In this case I have found none except as to the fact of the two Harpes having exchanged horses. A day or two before the fatal *denouement*, they had murdered a gentleman named Love, and had taken his horse, a remarkably fine animal, which "Big Harpe" undoubtedly rode when he was overtaken. It is said that "Little Harpe" escaped on foot, and not on his brother's horse.

After Harpe's death the women came in, and claimed protection. Two of them were the wives of the larger Harpe, the other one, of his brother. The latter was a decent female, of delicate prepossessing appearance, who stated that she had married her husband without any knowledge of his real character, shortly before they set out for the west—that she was so much shocked at the first murder which they committed that she attempted to escape from them, but was prevented, and that she had since made similar attempts. She immediately wrote to her father in Virginia, who came for her and took her home. The other women were in no way remarkable. They afterwards married in Muhlenburgh county.

These horrid events will sound like fiction to your ears, when told as having happened in any part of the United States, so foreign are they from the generosity of the American character, the happy security of our constitutions, and the moral habits of our people. But it is to be recollected, that they happened twenty years ago, in frontier settlements, far distant from the civilized parts of our country. The principal scene of Harpe's atrocities and of his death, was in that part of Kentucky which lies south of Green River, a vast wilderness, then known by the general name of the Green River country, and containing a few small and thinly scattered settlements, the more dense population of the state be-



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ing at that time in its northern and eastern sections. The Indians still possessed the country to the south and west. That enormities should sometimes be practised at these distant spots, cannot be a matter of surprise; the only wonder is that they were so few. The first settlers were a hardy and an honest people, but they were too few in number, and too widely spread, to be able to create or enforce wholesome civil restraints. Desperadoes flying from justice, or seeking a secure theatre for the perpetration of crime, might frequently escape discovery, and as often elude or openly defy the arm of justice.

This is a rambling letter; but as my object is merely to present facts from which I shall deduce some speculations hereafter, on the character of the good people among whom I have been sojourning, you must excuse me if I neglect order for usefulness.

## HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.

(*Continued from our last.*)

In a recent number we presented an Historical Sketch of the Parisian Museum of Natural History, from its foundation under Louis XIII., until towards the termination of last century. The taste for the study of this branch of science has so rapidly increased of late years, that we shall deem no apology necessary for a somewhat lengthy* article, containing a farther analysis of the volumes of M. Deleuze, and such observations as we may deem it necessary to make upon them. We shall, in the first place, however, with a view to exhibit at a single glance the immensely increased extent of our knowledge of nature within these few years, present the numerical amount of species in each of the great divisions of the animal kingdom, taken at three different periods within the memory of the existing generation. We do not, of course, pretend to perfect accuracy in such a calculation; but the general results may be relied upon, as closely approximating to the truth.

In the year 1766, naturalists seem to have been well acquainted with only about 230 species of viviparous animals, among which were included such as are aquatic; 946 birds; 292 amphibious animals, and reptiles; 404 fishes; 3060 insects, and 1205 *vermes* or worms.

Rather more than 20 years after the above period, Gmelin published the 13th edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, an ill-digested compilation, it is true; but as Cuvier has observed, "necessaire comme la seule table un peu complete de ce qui a été fait jusques vers 1790." It contains descriptions of 557 quadrupeds, and other mammiferous animals; 2686 birds; 366 species of the amphibious class; 889 fishes; 10,896 insects, and 4036 worms. In this last division, it may be observed, that both

* As this *Americanism* has found its way to England, we hope our writers will quietly relinquish it. O. O.

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Linnæus and Gmelin included the molluscous and testaceous animals, of which later writers have formed a separate class.

It is not so easy to estimate the known amount of the animal kingdom at the present day, because vast additions have been made in all its departments since the publication of the last General System of Zoology; of these additions the more recent are as yet undescribed; or at least unpublished; others form the subject of memoirs and monographs in the transactions of numerous learned societies throughout Europe; or, (*renovare dolorem,*) have contributed to increase the confused labours of a few unsettled and partial systematists, whose works are already useless, and will soon be forgotten. The following statement, however, will probably afford a tolerably accurate idea of the amount of the animal kingdom, as at present known. Quadrupeds, or mammiferous land animals, above 500; birds, according to Temminck, about 5000. Reptiles, 600; fishes, 3000; molluscous animals and shells, forming *part* of the vermes of the preceding enumerations, 8000. Insects, about 25,000. Vermes properly so called, zoophytical animals, &c., forming the remainder of the class called *vermes* by the older writers, 4000.

The preceding statements show an increase in the amount of zoological objects, from 6137 species, to at least 46,100 species, within little more than 50 years. There can be no stronger or more conclusive proof than this, of the rapid progress, and successful cultivation, of natural history in recent times. Now this great increase of knowledge has been owing, no doubt, in a great degree, to the liberal establishment and judicious administration of public Museums; a subject which brings us again in contact with our friend M. Royer, and the Garden of Plants.

No foreign animals had for some years been added to the menagerie, and if we except the lions which had produced young, and the elephants from Holland, it contained few that were of much value. Several were said to exist in London, which the owner, Mr. Penbrock, wished to dispose of, and in July, 1800, M. Chaptal, then Minister of the Interior, sent M. Delaunay to England on this errand. He purchased a male and female tiger, a male and female lynx, a mandrill, a leopard, a panther, a hyena, and a number of birds. For these he paid 17,500 francs. Sir Joseph Banks took the opportunity of presenting to the Museum several curious plants. At this period all the parts of the establishment were conducted with equal judgment and zeal, because each was confided to a separate chief, and its progressive movement was no longer retarded.

Nevertheless, in October, 1800, professors had reason to apprehend its ruin, from a measure which the minister of the interior, brother of the first consul, wished to extend to this, in common with other public institutions, viz. That of appointing, under the title of accountable administrator, a director-general, or intendant, charged with the general administration, and the correspondence with the government, thus reducing the officers of the Museum to the simple function of delivering lectures and preserving the collections.

The professors made the strongest representations to the minister on

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this subject; they proved that each part of the establishment required a separate director; that the administration was essentially linked with the instruction; that intendants were always inclined to favour particular branches; and that they could not be acquainted with all the parts of so vast a whole; that all those intrusted with the direction of the Garden, except Guy de la Brosse, Dufay, and Fagon, who were, in fact, its founders, had neglected it, and that several had checked its progress; that Buffon, the only person who had since taken pride in the institution, and employed his credit for its advancement, had felt the necessity of a different system; that Daubenton upon principle had refused the title of perpetual director, offered him by his colleagues through respect for his age, and gratitude for his services; that since the new organisation the general order had not been an instant troubled, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of politics, and the public misfortunes; that the Museum being immediately dependant on the minister, it was sufficient that an account should be rendered by the annual director, and that no extraordinary expenditure should be made without permission; that the place of intendant, given at first to some person distinguished in the natural sciences, might at length be bestowed on a man destitute of any just idea of their utility; that the funds destined for the Museum might be converted to other uses; that the professors would be placed in a state of subordination, which would damp their zeal, and paralyse their efforts; and that some amongst them, who held eminent posts under government, could no longer preserve their chairs, when subjected to the control of a perpetual chief. Happily nothing was determined until M. Chaptal became minister of the interior, and he succeeded in persuading the first consul to yield to the representations of the professors.

The steady progress, and harmonious concurrence of all parts of the Museum, demonstrate the utility of the present form of administration; and it is to be hoped that the project of concentrating an authority which has no connexion with politics, will not again be brought forward under the existing government. At its foundation the Garden was of so small an extent, that a single person sufficed for its administration and improvement; and at that time, though botany, anatomy, and chemistry only were taught, with a view to medicine, it was often necessary to solicit the favour of the court. Its funds are now fixed by the budget, and it is for the administrators to consider how they may be the most usefully employed. Each proposes improvements in his own department, and all unite to justify the confidence of the government, and to ensure the prosperity of an establishment, the glory of which is their common property; a succeeding professor may present a science under a different form, but the administrative assembly is constantly animated by the same spirit: its progress is more or less rapid according to circumstances; but its motion is never retrograde, being always directed towards the same end. The ministry of M. Chaptal was of great advantage to the Museum.

We must here speak of an enterprise which more than any other contributed to spread the fame of the establishment, and to diffuse the knowledge of which it is the source, viz. the publication of the *annals*, for the

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conception and execution of which a tribute should be paid to the memory of Fourcroy. When this learned man saw the Museum fixed upon a stable basis, he persuaded his colleagues to unite in publishing their observations, with a design principally to make known the riches of the collections. The proposal being adopted by the professors, they determined on publishing ten sheets every month, with five or six engravings, executed by the ablest artists, under the inspection of M. Vanspaendock. The first volume, consisting of six numbers, was published in 1802, and the work immediately acquired a reputation which it has constantly sustained. To the twentieth volume it bore the title of *Annals of the Museum*, and has since been continued under that of *Memoirs:* it now forms twenty-six quarto volumes. Communications from foreign and other Naturalists, not connected with the Museum, are occasionally admitted.

About this period, the superb collection of minerals, formed in Paris by a German named Weiss, was offered for sale, and purchased by the Government. In a report upon it by the council of mines, it was valued at 150,000 francs. The same year, (1802,) M. Geoffroy presented to the Cabinet a collection of objects in Natural History, formed during a four year's residence in Egypt, in which were found several of the sacred animals preserved for thousands of years in the tombs of Thebes and Memphis. It was on this occasion that the true Ibis of the ancient Egyptians was ascertained. Previous to the researches of MM. Cuvier and Savigny, the Senegal species, or *Tatalus Ibis*, was looked upon as the sacred bird. It is not even found in Egypt. The sacred Ibis may be seen in the fine ornithological collection of the Edinburgh Museum.

About the same time the French Cabinet was greatly enriched by some very precious geological collections. The Emperor Napoleon presented that of fossil fishes obtained from the Count Gazola, that offered him by the city of Verona, and that of Corsican rocks, received from M. Barral, an officer of the island; these fill one of the largest rooms of the Cabinet.

The anatomical preparations were continued with such activity, that in 1805 one hundred and one quadrupeds, five hundred birds, and as many reptiles and fishes, were placed in the Cabinet. The male elephant from Holland having died the preceding year, M. Cuvier undertook its dissection assisted by his pupils in zoology and anatomy, and by the painter Marechal. Since that period two other elephants have died in the Menagerie, so that the anatomy of that animal is now as well known as that of the horse.

In the year 1804, the Museum was enriched by the most considerable accession in Zoology and Botany that it had ever received. In the beginning of 1800, the Institute had proposed to the first Consul, to send two vessels to Australasia, for the purposes of discovery in geography and the natural sciences. The project was embraced, and twenty-three persons were named by the Institute and the Museum to accompany the Expedition. The two ships, the Geographer and the Naturalist, the first commanded by Captain Baudin, and the second by Captain Hamelin, sailed from Havre on the 19th of October, 1800. They touched at the

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Isle of France, where the greater part of the persons embarked with scientific views remained—reconnoitred the western shore of New Holland, repaired to Timor, where they lay six weeks. They then revisited the same coast, made the circuit of Van Dieman's Land, and steering northwards to Port Jackson, lay by in that harbour for five months: thence they resumed their course to Timor, by Bass' Straits, and returning to France, entered the port of Lorient on the 25th of March, 1804.

Of the five Zoologists who went out in this expedition, two remained in the Isle of France, and two, Maugé and Levillain, died on the passage. Peron, the only survivor, attached himself intimately to Lesueur, the painter of Natural History, an excellent observer; and these two indefatigable men amassed an infinite variety of subjects. "Every day," says Cuvier in his report to the Institute, "affords new proofs of the value of this collection, consisting of more than one hundred thousand specimens of animals of all classes. It has already furnished several important genera; and the number of new species, according to the report of the Professors of the Museum, exceeds two thousand five hundred. Every thing that it was possible to preserve, has been brought home, either dried, carefully stuffed, or in spirits; nor has the preparation of skeletons been neglected, whenever it was practicable; of which that of the crocodile of the Moluccas is sufficient proof." The botanical collection was not less important. It is worthy of remark, that the plants of New Holland, from Port Jackson to the Straits of Entre Casteaux, do not require to be placed in hot-houses like those of the tropics, but pass the winter in the open air in the southern parts of France, and many of them even in Paris. Thus the metrosideros, the melaleuca, and the leptospermum, which at first excited so much admiration by the beauty of their flowers, have been introduced into the French gardens. The magnificent eucalyptus, which is one hundred and fifty feet in height, and seven or eight in diameter, is also beginning to be propagated in the southern departments. The season at which they bloom requires that they should be preserved in the orangery, but their habits in this respect may be changed by raising them from the seed.

In December 1805, M. Frederic Cuvier, brother to the Professor, was appointed Keeper of the Menagerie, and a set of regulations framed, in consequence of which the animals are observed in all the circumstances of their habits, gestation, &c. If an animal dies which is not in the galleries of zoology and anatomy, its skin is stuffed; the skeleton is prepared, and the soft parts are preserved, in spirits; thus besides the advantages of studying living nature from the menagerie, the cabinet and collection of drawings are daily enriched.

While occupied in making certain arrangements in the cabinet, M. Cuvier discovered that the greater proportion of fossil bones have no specific identity with those of existing animals; and wishing to pursue his researches, he neglected no opportunity of assembling a collection of remains. Some very remarkable ones were found in the quarries of Montmartre; others were sent him from Germany and other countries. In a

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series of memoirs in the Annals of the Museum, he made known several species of quadrupeds which existed before the last revolution that changed the surface of the globe, far more ancient than those found amongst the mummies of Egypt, and differing from those that now inhabit the earth in proportion to the remoteness of the periods at which they lived. His investigations, in this department, form an era in the history of modern science, and, upon the whole, may be regarded as amongst the most signal productions of the age. M. Cuvier has since presented his fossil treasures to the Museum, accepting in exchange only the duplicates of books on natural history in the Library. This collection, with that of fishes from Mount Bolca, fills one of the saloons of the cabinet.

The botanical department was also greatly increased during this period. Many botanists enriched it with the plants which they had discovered or described, and Mr. Humboldt in particular, presented the Herbarium of his travels in the Equinoxial regions of America, consisting of 5600 species, 3000 of which were new to the Museum. Besides the additions of 1801, three new galleries were planned in 1807, by prolonging those of the first and second floors. These important works being terminated in 1810, the interior arrangements were made with such celerity, that the new saloons, as they at present stand, were occupied in 1811. The necessity of these additions to the buildings must be obvious, from the enumeration of those made to the cabinet. Besides the collections already mentioned, the Corsican rocks of M. Rampasse were purchased by the Emperor to complete the series of M. de Barral. In 1808, M. Geoffroy brought from Lisbon a very beautiful collection in every branch of natural history. In 1809, the minister procured the samples of North American wood, collected by M. Michaux, author of a valuable history of the forest trees of that country; and also a herbarium, containing the original specimens for the Flora of his father, who died in Madagascar. In 1810, twenty-four animals arrived from the menagerie of the King of Holland; animals were sent from Italy and Germany, by M. Marcel de Serres; and presents of several animals, and a beautiful herbarium from Cayenne, by M. Martin, superintendant of the nurseries in that colony.

In the disastrous year of 1813, the budget of the Museum was reduced, and important enterprises were deferred till better times. Even the expenses of the menagerie were curtailed, all correspondence with foreign countries was interrupted, and the number of students was diminished by the calls of the army. In 1814, when the allied troops entered Paris, a body of Prussians was about to take up its quarters in the garden; the moment was critical, and the Professors had no means of approaching the important authorities; the commander consented to wait two hours, and this interim was so employed as to relieve them from all further apprehension. An illustrious son of science, whose name does honour to the country which gave him birth, and to that which he has chosen for the publication of his works, obtained from the Prussian General a safeguard to the Museum, and an exemption from all military requisitions; and although no person was refused admittance, it sustained not the slightest injury. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the

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King of Prussia, visited it to admire its riches, and to request duplicates of objects in exchange, and information regarding the best means of promoting similar institutions in their own dominions.

In 1815, when Paris was condemned a second time to receive the visit of those military strangers, returning with more hostile intentions, there was reason to fear, that the Cabinet would be emptied of a great part of its contents; and that the Museum of Natural History, like that of the fine arts, would be obliged to restore most of the objects obtained by contribution from conquered countries. In fact, the magnificent Cabinet of the Stadtholder was reclaimed; and M. Brugmann was sent to Paris, to receive and transport it. This mission caused the liveliest solicitude to the administrators of the Museum. By the restoration of those objects the series would have been interrupted, and the collection left incomplete. M. Brugmann was too enlightened a man not to perceive that they would no longer possess the same value when detached; and that in the galleries of Paris they would be more useful even to foreign naturalists. But he was obliged to execute the orders of his Sovereign, and could only observe the utmost delicacy in his proceedings; listen to any plan of conciliation, and plead the cause of science in defending that of the Museum. In this dilemma the Professors addressed themselves to M. de Gagern, Minister Plenipotentiary of Holland, who alone could suspend M. Brugmann's operations, and obtain a revocation of his orders. The application succeeded to their wish; it was agreed that an equivalent should be furnished from the duplicates of the Museum; and this new collection, consisting of a series of 18,000 specimens, was, in the opinion of M. Brugmann himself, more precious than the Cabinet of the Stadtholder.

The Emperor of Austria behaved himself like a gentleman in causing M. Bosse, his gardener at Schœnbrun, to transport to Paris such plants as were wanting in the King's Garden; he also presented to the Museum two beautiful collections; one of fungi, modelled in wax, with the greatest accuracy of form and colour; and the other of intestinal animals, formed by M. Bremser. Several wrought stones of price were returned to Coleridge's friend, "that good old man the Pope;" and objects of natural history, and books belonging to individuals, which had been sent to the Museum in the time of the emigration, and which were considered as a deposit, were restored with the permission of the government.

For two years after the peace, a reduction took place in the annual grants, from 300,000 francs to 275,000; but soon after, matters were placed on their former footing; and since the administration of M. Lainé, extraordinary funds have been granted for building the new menagerie, and other operations.

Buffon had obtained permission from the King to send naturalists into foreign countries; and the travels of Commerson, Sonnerat, Dombey, and Michaux, had procured considerable accessions to the Garden and Cabinet. Since the new organization, the two expeditions, commanded by Captain Baudin, had doubled the collections. At the restoration the government continued the same advantages, and ordered travellers to be

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sent into regions little known, to examine their natural productions. Considerable remittances have already been made from Calcutta and Sumatra, by MM. Diart and Duvaucel; from Pondicherry and Chandernagor, by M. Leschenault; from Brazil, by M. St. Hilaire; and from North America, by M. Milbert. M. Lalande, who visited the Cape, and penetrated to a considerable distance into the country, has lately brought back the most numerous zoological collection since that of Peron. Many other travellers, without any special mission, have also proved their zeal for science, by transmitting numerous and valuable collections, both in zoology and botany.

These fortunate circumstances have hitherto happened at indeterminate periods; but a measure lately adopted by the government, ensures, for the future, their regular annual recurrence. According to a plan submitted to the King by M. de Cazes, a yearly sum of 20,000 francs has been appropriated to the support of travelling pupils of the Museum, to be appointed by the professors. During the first year they are to prepare themselves under the direction of the professors; and are then to be sent to such other countries as promise the most abundant harvest of discoveries in natural history. They are required to keep up a constant correspondence with the Museum; and to transport the natural productions of Europe to other quarters of the globe. Unfortunately, the first use of this munificence has been productive only of regret. Of the four travellers commissioned in 1820, two fell victims to their zeal, on arriving at the place of destination. M. Godefroy, from whose extensive knowledge important services were expected, perished in a fray with the natives on landing at Manilla; and M. Havet, a young man distinguished by sound erudition and nobleness of character, died of fatigue at Madagascar. He had studied the language of that island, and was recommended to one of the kings, whose two sons were residing in Paris for their education. It was expected that he would have made known the productions of a country, the interior parts of which have never been explored by any naturalist.

(*To be continued.*)

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FROM THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW.

*Travels in various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa.* By Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. Part the Third—Scandinavia: Section the Second: T. Cadell, London, 1823. Pp. 555. 4to.

No traveller of modern times has obtained more merited celebrity than Dr. Clarke, whether we consider the variety and extent of his journies,—the patience, hardihood, and spirit of adventure he has always displayed,—or the great stores of knowledge, scientific, literary, and classical, with which he has adorned his researches. To these eminent qualifications, Dr. Clarke joins a sound and discriminating judgment,—he is neither prolix, nor is he too meagre and abstract in his statements. He



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tells us briefly what we chiefly want to know. There is in his works ample supply both of instruction and amusement; and if the scientific details do not suit every reader, his views of national character, and of other topics connected with the state of the country, will be found highly and generally interesting. His sketches of local manners, and of the domestic life and habitudes of the people among whom he travelled, are peculiarly amusing, and present, without any attempt at colouring, an agreeable and lively picture. In place of elaborate and highly finished descriptions, he rather gives us the plain facts which form the groundwork of such descriptions; and shows his judgment and good taste in the skill with which these facts are selected and thrown together. It may be observed, that a traveller who visits the different countries of Europe, requires very different qualifications for his task from a mere exploring adventurer, who has to make his way through unknown countries, or barbarous nations, and who requires no doubt amazing fortitude and energy of mind,—the *æs triplex circa pectus;* but if we expect a knowledge of natural history, and the elements of science, this is his chief qualification. The traveller, on the other hand, who visits polished communities, must be deeply versed in all the various branches of taste and science which grace these regions of civilized life. If he visits those countries which have flourished in the ancient world—which have been the renowned scenes of past history, or the seats of ancient genius and taste, how can he satisfactorily report as to these interesting topics, without having previously studied them? We can always distinguish the hesitating and feeble remarks of ignorance and inexperience from those of a thorough proficient; and a traveller, in making the tour of modern Europe, unless he has previously acquired the necessary knowledge, must either pass unnoticed many interesting subjects, or he must betray his ignorance at every step. This, however, is not the case with Dr. Clarke. He displays his knowledge on almost every subject on which he touches. If he descends into the depths of those ancient mines which are to be found in Norway and Sweden, we have a report both scientific and amusing, of all the wonders of these subterranean regions;—if he visits cabinets of minerals, collections of pictures, or other curiosities, his remarks evince both his taste and his science. His brief sketches of the merits of the different paintings which he met with are peculiarly neat and striking; and, on the whole, his works, we apprehend, will be found replete with good sense, and solid information. There is nothing flippant in his style,—nothing of the high flown or sentimental cast. He makes no ill-judged attempts to shine; his aim is always to tell his reader all that he has seen or heard, in the easiest and simplest manner possible.

Dr. Clarke, died in March 1822, to the deep regret of his numerous friends, who felt and appreciated all his excellent qualities, both moral and intellectual. He had prepared for the press twelve chapters of the present work; and had left materials for the remainder in such a state, that his friends had no difficulty in bringing it to a conclusion. It consists of the conclusion of his travels in Norway, whence he passed into Swe-

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den, and crossing the Gulf of Bothnia, by the Aland Isles, he proceeded into Russia to Petersburgh.

The volume commences with a very pleasing description of Christiana, and the manners of its inhabitants. He particularly dwells on the amiable character of two brothers of the name of Anker, who were settled in Christiana as merchants, and who were not more distinguished by their vast wealth, than by the liberality with which they used it. Dr. Clarke was present at several splendid entertainments, given both by the governor and Mr. Anker, as well as by other merchants. A rout and supper by the governor displayed a brilliant assemblage of the most beautiful women, in elegant and fashionable dresses, exhibiting all the latest modes of London. There was nothing foreign or disagreeable in the appearance of the company, except the disgusting practice of smoking in the presence of ladies, and spitting without ceremony on the carpet. Dr. Clarke also remarked the coarse practice of marking the points of the game with chalk upon the tables, which are not covered with cloth, and which thus give to their drawing-rooms, in the eyes of an Englishman, the appearance of some low ale-house. Dr. Clarke was entertained at dinner at the house of a merchant, and the entertainment was most splendid, consisting of every delicacy not only of the country, but that could be collected from every quarter of Europe. All sorts of choice wines, such as Champagne, Hock, Hermitage, Cape, Tent, Sack, Sherry, Madeira, &c. were served up in goblets, in the greatest profusion; and after dinner, Port wine, twenty-three years old, and of excellent flavour, was circulated along with Burgundy and Claret. There was, besides, every species of costly liquor and confectionary; and though last, not least, the most cheerful conviviality, and the liveliest conversation was maintained to a late hour, without either dispute or intoxication. A favourite beverage, called Bishop, consisting of Burgundy and Claret, mixed with sugar, spices, and Seville oranges, was served in copious bowls of rich porcelain. Another dinner, to which they were invited by Mr. Peter Anker, was still more magnificent. The suite of apartments was quite princely, and they were fitted up in the most elegant style. The grand saloon contained some very fine original pictures, which Mr. Anker had collected in the course of his travels through Italy. As a foreigner, Dr. Clarke was taken through the kitchen, where the dinner was preparing in large airy apartments, and where every thing displayed the most perfect attention to nicety and cleanliness. They saw also the green-houses, where there were pines, apples, melons, and peaches, and extensive cellars and structures for preserving meats and vegetables through the winter.

It is in Norway a necessary point of domestic economy, to lay up large stores of every thing required for family use, as many essential articles cannot be procured in the country. Mr. Anker assured Dr. Clarke, that he was obliged to send all the linen of his family to London to be washed. There is no market, no shops, to which the rich can resort for the immediate supply of their wants. They must import and collect into large stores, from all parts of the world, whatever

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they may have occasion for, from the flour of which they make their bread, to the beef, the pork, the poultry, and all the stores necessary for a whole year's consumption, Autumn is the time in which stores of provisions are laid up. This is the season when cattle are slaughtered for the supply of the whole winter; and it is astonishing what a number of cattle are killed upon this occasion. To superintend all these preparations is, in great houses, a work of peculiar exertion for the mistress of the family, whose life is said to be one of continual drudgery. In all countries like Norway, imperfectly advanced, without capital or manufactures, this must in some degree be the case. In more advanced communities, all these domestic furnishings are prepared out of doors, and are purchased when they are wanted. But where this easy mode of supplying domestic wants does not exist, and where the business must be done at home, a heavy task necessarily falls on the mistress of the family, who is little else than a domestic slave.

There is not in Norway one bookseller's shop. There are bookbinders who sell Bibles, Prayer-books, and Almanacks. But it is vain to look for any other publication. The chief articles in the shops are grocery, Manchester goods, Birmingham and Sheffield wares of the cheapest and worst kind, woollen drapery, buckles, buttons, iron ware, and such common articles of this nature as may be found in the shops of the poorest villages in England. In a country so backward, capital is scarce, and it can be amply employed with large profits: Hence, amid the general poverty of the country, the riches of particular merchants, where capital returns them a large and steady income. Norway imports annually about 300,000 quarters of corn. Her principal exports are deals and iron.

Christiana is full of beggars, who make their way into every place; into the inns; and even into the bed-rooms of strangers. They are clamorous for money, and if they are not supplied, they carry off whatever they can lay their hands on.

From Christiana Dr. Clarke took a journey to visit the celebrated silver mines of Kongsberg, situate in a mountain near that town. This mine is known to possess native silver in immense masses. One of these, the first that was discovered, is preserved in the Royal Musuem in Copenhagen. It measures nearly six feet in length, and in one part about eighteen inches in diameter. Similar masses were discovered in 1630, 1719, and 1727, which severally weighed from 250 to 280, and 300 pounds each. Thus this mine is one of the most seductive and dangerous species of lotteries, because the miners may throw away the labour of months, and perhaps of years, in toiling through the barren interstices of the mine, and in one moment may meet with a lump of silver to reward their labour, to clear off all arrears and embarrassements, and thus to tempt them on to another, and perhaps less fortunate speculation. About 130,000 dollars are annually coined from these mines; 2300 miners are employed at about one shilling per day, and are besides supplied with rye at a fixed price. But Dr. Clarke calculates, that about 14,000 families depend either directly or indirectly

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on these mines for their support. They belong to government, and are managed on its account; and they are consequently the prey of every sort of peculation. A number of officers, under the various titles of assessors and intendants, are maintained with large salaries and little work. The profits are thus swallowed up, and the Danish government loses heavily, as is the case with every government which engages in commercial adventures, by those productive mines. Dr. Clarke besides observed, that there was no care displayed in guarding the precious ore; it was allowed to lie open every where to peculation, and a great deal of it was no doubt stolen or embezzled. It was easy to observe, in short, the total want of that economy and vigilance which presides over, and guards from spoliation, a private trust. The Danish government, it is supposed, would give over working this mine, were it not for the number of families dependent on it for support. Were they to farm it however to some enterprising capitalists, there is little doubt but *they* would contrive to extract the silver from it with a profit. Returning to Christiana, Dr. Clarke visited the alum works near the town, of which he gives an account equally curious and scientific.

Dr. Clarke set out from Christiana on the 30th October, over wretched roads, and proceeded across the frontier into Sweden, the roads and inns improving as he approached the barrier which divides the two countries, and the prospects being occasionally grand and striking. In some parts the country was sunk in irremediable barrenness; and to add to the general wretchedness, a dearth prevailed, owing to which the poor inhabitants had been reduced to feed on fir and sorrel bread. He passed through the towns of Carlstad and Philipstad, which are supported chiefly by mines, and in the course of his journey he visited the iron mines of Persberg, of which he gives the following animated description:—

"The author's visit to these mines was made after he had personally inspected many of the principal works of the same nature in other countries, and especially in his own. For the last ten years of his life, he had been much in the habit of seeing similar works: it is not therefore owing to any surprise at the novelty of the scene before him, that he has now to mention the astonishment he felt when he arrived at the mouth of one of the great Persberg mines; but he is fully prepared to say of it, and with truth, there is nothing like it in all that he has beheld elsewhere. For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we drew near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns, and of prodigious machinery, prepared us for the descent.

"We approached the edge of the dreadful gulf whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down, standing upon the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view into the great opening as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths; for, to the sight, it is bottomless. Immense buckets, suspended by rattling chains, were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices; upon which the work-people, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures, a deep and gaping gulf, the mouth of the lowermost pits was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity

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we have mentioned, or until they entered into it in their descent, they were visible; but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved."

Dr. Clarke descended into this abyss, by means of ladders, not by any means the most secure. Being adapted to all the curvatures of the precipices, the person descending was in some places obliged in a manner to hang; the staves of the ladders were alternate bars of wood and iron, the wood in some parts broken or rotten, and being covered with thick ice, or mud, which rendered the hands so benumbed, that they could scarcely depend on their holding fast—Dr. Clarke adds:

"Then to complete our apprehensions, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, 'Have a care! it was just so talking about the staves, that one of our women fell about four years ago, as she was descending to her work.' 'Fell!' said our Swedish interpreter rather simply, 'and pray what became of her?' 'Became of her!' continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe, 'she became (pankaka) a pancake.'"

It has generally been supposed, and in many mines it is found by experience, that the heat increases in proportion to the descent. But in this mine they found every where large masses of ice covering the sides of the precipices; and ice is raised in buckets with the ore of the mine. In the lower chambers, it is in some places fifteen fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above its present increase. Having at length reached the bottom of the mine, after much fatigue, and with no small share of apprehension, they were hurried along by conductors, who took each an arm of them, through ice and darkness into a vaulted level, in their way to the principal chamber of the mine. Their farther progress is thus described by Dr. Clarke.

"The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level, until at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern, whence the sounds proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifty miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron-ore is not deposited in veins but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder, for blasting.

A tremendous blast being on the point of its explosion, they were obliged to retreat, and scarcely had they reached the ladders, when they heard the report like thunder, reverberated from the rocks all over the mine, and seeming to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations. Dr. Clarke describes some horrible figures of women who work in these mines; but his description is not in the best taste, and though it is no doubt true, yet it is extremely disgusting.

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Having examined these mines, Dr. Clarke proceeded on his journey through a country abounding in all parts with iron mines, and replete in many places with rich and romantic scenery, interspersed throughout with the most beautiful lakes, which tend at once to adorn and to diversify the prospect. He arrived, with little to distinguish his journey, at the town of Fahlun, noted for its ancient and celebrated copper mines. The town, with all its buildings, machinery, and other works belonging to its ancient mine, appeared amid vast columns of smoke, and fumes of sulphur. The houses appeared like so many tarred boxes in the midst of a black and barren soil, while they passed under the enormous moving levers which were employed in working the pumps.

At Fahlun they were most hospitably received by Mr. Gahn, the assessor of the mine, and well known to men of science, who gave them every aid and every encouragement to explore the utmost depths of this enormous mine, and even sent his son along with them. The time when the mine of Fahlun was begun to be wrought is lost in obscurity. It is perhaps one of the most remarkable excavations ever made by art and industry into the earth. It is an enormous crater, shaped like a sugar loaf, with its point downwards. Owing to the pillars left for its support, and which consisted of valuable ore, being left too weak to sustain the superincumbent pressure, the whole fell in, in the year 1666, and gave rise to the open crater which is now seen. At the bottom of the crater, which is forty fathoms from the surface, various openings lead to the different levels and places of farther descent into the mine. The descent is by stairs formed by railing bars of wood across inclined planes, which slope downwards. Dr. Clarke descended to the depth of 170 fathoms, where he found the heat very oppressive, and the miners, with the exception of their drawers and shoes, naked at their work. The cause of this high temperature, as the depth increases, has never been satisfactorily explained. In the mines of Cornwall, at the depth of 300 fathoms, the heat is found to be very oppressive, and the men work naked; and in the celebrated silver mines of Valenciana in Mexico, Humboldt mentions that the heat is very great. A great conflagration, which had broken out three months before Dr. Clarke arrived, rages within the Fahlun mine, which was set on fire in consequence of some men who were attempting so steal a quantity of iron being disturbed, and in their hurry leaving their torches burning, by which the timber works were set on fire, and the combustion communicating to the pyrites, has continued ever since in spite of every effort made to extinguish it. Singular however as it may appear, Dr. Clarke was assured by Dr. Gahn, that if they could succeed in keeping the conflagration within bounds, it would be a source of profit, from the quantity of green vitriol which might be collected from the roasted pyrites. To prevent the combustion which threatens with destruction those ancient and valuable works, they had constructed walls in different parts, in which were double doors, to prevent the fire from receiving aliment from the air. By opening these doors, Dr. Clarke had a transient view of the dreadful conflagration, but so powerful were the fumes of sulphur that he found

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it impossible to remain many seconds within the apertures; the moment any air was admitted, and the vapours thereby partially dispersed, whole beds of pyritous matter appeared in a state of ignition, the fire itself becoming visible. The torches, however, were almost instantly extinguished by the sulphurious vapour, which would have extinguished life in the same manner; and it was only by holding a piece of cloth before the mouth and nostrils that Dr. Clarke could venture beyond the second door. A miner advancing rather rashly towards the ignited matter, fell dead.

The Fahlun mine is divided into 1200 actions, or shares, and various regulations, which are extremely complicated, are enforced for ensuring a speedy and equitable division of the profits among the proprietors, one-fourth of whom are dispersed over the kingdom, and some of them reside in America. When the ore is raised from the mine, it is divided into twelve portions, four of which are set aside for defraying the expenses of the mine, and the remaining eight portions are divided among the proprietors. The 1200 shares are subdivided into seventy-five lots, each lot containing sixteen shares, and each share thus receiving one-half of the eight portions of the ore to be divided. The ore is then put up to auction, at which only certain men, named Bergsmen, or miners, are allowed to bid. These persons do not amount to above sixty, and they must be qualified for their office by passing through an examination, and also by the possession of landed property. The ore being thus converted into money, according to certain rules, calculated for the benefit of the whole, the division of profit immediately takes place. The shares had fallen off in value; the neat annual profit not exceeding, when Dr. Clarke visited the mine, above sixty rix dollars, or 12*l*. The mine of Fahlun produces besides copper, silver and gold; and also vitriol, for the manufacture of which there is an immense apparatus, visible over all the environs of the town. Fahlun is a dirty place, and except in the art of mining, two centuries behind the rest of Europe in refinement. There is a table d'hôte at which Dr. Clarke dined but once; when the soup was full of hairs, and the smell of the meat so offensive that they were driven from the table. The atmosphere of the town is so impregnated with sulphureous fumes and exhalations, as to be intolerable to a stranger. Every thing here is copper; the inhabitants may be said to be eating, drinking, and breathing copper, and from an experiment by assessor Gahn, it was found that the wood of the houses which was exposed to the atmosphere, became so impregnated with copper as to be worth working in the course of thirty years.

From Fahlun Dr. Clarke proceeded to Upsala, through a country in many parts in a high state of cultivation. He visited in his way, the silver mines of Salberg, into which he descended. Upsala is chiefly famous for its university, into the state of which Dr. Clarke was anxious to inquire; and he gives a most miserable account of the state of literature and science in this part of Sweden. He went on his first arrival to hear one of the Professors lecturing on botany, and he commends much of the animation and interest which his manner displayed, affording a

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most remarkable contrast to the stupidity and inattention of the wretched auditory he had around him, which Dr. Clarke thus describes:—

"But what was our surprise, to find the Professor with only half-a-dozen slovenly boys standing around him as his audience,—the eldest of whom could not be more than fourteen years of age,—whose whole interest in the lecture seemed to consist in watching for the moment when a palm branch was cast among them by the Professor, for which they scrambled; being eager to cut these branches with their knives, for the purpose of making them serve as walking staves. After the lecture was over, the boys scampered off with their palm sticks, and the Professor kindly admitted us to see his cabinet of varieties."

After visiting this cabinet, and the botanic garden, they went to hear one of the professors lecturing on chemistry. He had about thirty hearers, some of whom were taking notes; but they were mostly careless, and seemed to be sitting rather as a matter of form than for instruction. Their slovenly dress and manner gave them, in the eyes of Dr. Clarke, the appearance of so many labouring artificers, so that they might have been mistaken for a company of workmen in a manufactory. The manners and habits, too, of these students, Dr. Clarke represents as coarse and profligate. There are low drinking houses, or cellars, where they assemble at twelve o'clock. There they spend the day, and remain often till past midnight drinking some coarse beverage of Swedish manufacture, under the name of wine or brandy, of the worst quality. These revels frequently end in brawls, where the parties come to blows, more especially when their disputes are of a political nature. There seems to be no discipline or authority over the young men; and Dr. Clarke justly observes, that in the total laxity of all wholesome restraint among a set of untamed youths let loose from their parents, we may easily imagine what disorders must ensue. Our travellers visited one of these drinking cellars, and the following description which he gives of it presents a finished picture of low debauchery.

"We visited one of these cellars, and found about twenty of the students enveloped by thick fumes of tobacco smoke;—some of whom were sleeping upon chairs, and others lolling upon a bench. Our friend, who introduced us, announced that we were from the university of Cambridge. Upon which the greater part did us the honour to rise, forming a circle round us, and asking several questions relative to our journey, and motives for visiting Sweden. These we were preparing to answer, when a votary of Bacchus, giving us a hearty slap between our shoulders, reminded us, that, as strangers, we ought to drink upon our coming among them. Some glasses being presented, filled with bad Malaga wine, we immediately drank—'To the prosperity of the university of Upsala.' A young American student, who was one of the company present, did not seem to relish the sort of welcome they were disposed to give us; and at the same time being eager to make known the principles he had imbibed, he said we might have swallowed the Malaga without a ceremonious toast; and then, he added,—'The students of Upsala, brought up in the school of Liberty, are not constrained, as in England, to interrupt their libations with the palaver of a toast.' To this we made answer, that we were thankful for the information, as it would enable us to avail ourselves of that freedom from restraint which he boasted, to resign our glasses, having no other use for them than to testify our wishes for the success of a university so celebrated as that of Upsala. However, having set the example, the hearty Swedes were not deficient in courtesy towards the strangers; but all filling



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bumpers, drank, with loud cheers, 'Prosperity to the university of Cambridge.'

"The heat of one of these cellars," continues our author, 'is almost equal to that of a vapour-bath. Sometimes they all sally forth; and wo betide the unpopular Professor who may happen to be in their way, when the convives quit their sudatorics! They have two different watch-words; one of which controls or animates their fury upon these occasions. If the Professor be a favourite, the cry of 'Vivat!' is heard, and he is suffered to proceed without molestation; but, if otherwise, a shout of 'Pereat!' is the signal for attack, when the Professor either makes his escape as rapidly as he can, or is very roughly handled."

The professors in this university display an industry in their several departments, and a zeal for science, which well merits a better field for its display. The university library also contains 50,000 volumes, among which are many very old editions of the classics, and some very rare and curious manuscripts, one in particular greatly celebrated, the *Codex Argenteus* of the four Gospels, a finely illuminated manuscript of silver. It contains also several works of art well worthy of attention. The cathedral of Upsala, which was next visited by Dr. Clarke, is one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in Sweden. It contains some curious and interesting monuments of departed worthies.

Of Stockholm, whither our traveller directed his steps after leaving Upsala, we have a lively and interesting account. He commends greatly an institution begun here, called the Society, which is a club comprising all that is great and fashionable in Stockholm. The members have a suite of magnificent apartments, in which they meet, and where all the principal gazettes, and all periodical works, published in Europe, may be procured—where dinners are given, both excellent and cheap, costing only sixteen pence, without wine—and where there are, besides, rooms for balls, billiards, or cards. Strangers are permitted to enjoy the privilege of this Society for two months; here they meet with good company and polished manners, and are entirely at their ease. "Add to this," says Dr. Clarke, "the luxury of being for once in Scandinavia, in an assembly where smoking and spitting are not allowed." He gives the following amusing account of a Swedish dinner:—

"When Englishmen are invited to dine with the inhabitants, it is a constant practice to prepare a quantity of what is called roast beef for their reception at table: and the opinion which all foreigners have, that we cannot dine without a copious allowance of animal food, especially of beef, is very diverting. The host gathers consequence to himself in having provided this kind of diet, and, smiling at his guests, calls out in an emphatical tone, 'Rosbif!' (for so it is generally written and pronounced) as the mangled heap of flesh, which bears this name, is handed round; not having the smallest resemblance to any thing so called in England, but consisting of lumps of meat piled upon a dish, tough, stringy, and covered with grease. Of this, if you do not eat heartily, offence is sure to be given. In fact, if an Englishman wish to render himself agreeable to the Swedish gentry, he ought to prepare himself by fasting for at least two entire days before he visits them. If he do not devour every thing that they set before him, and with a degree of voraciousness proportioned to their good wishes for his making a hearty meal, he will never give satisfaction.

Dr. Clarke gives many other peculiarities of Swedish manners, for

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which, as well as for an account of the different societies, literary institutions, the royal palaces, libraries, and the eminent individuals he met in Sweden, we must refer to the work itself. When visiting the arsenal, Dr. Clarke was allowed to take a cast from the matrice moulded on the face of Charles XII. soon after he was killed. There is an air of solemn gravity and determination about the face, which renders it very striking. It contains the mark of his mortal wound on the temple; and it is clear that he must have been assassinated by his own troops, as the wound is by the ball of a pistol bullet entering in behind his head, and coming out at the temple. Dr. Carke seems, therefore, by procuring the cast, to have set this disputed point completely at rest.

From Stockholm Dr. Clarke proceeded across the Gulf of Bothnia, through the Aland Isles, and this perilous journey was diversified by numerous adventures both by flood and field. The winter had now set in with all its intensity, and travelling from Stockholm in a close carriage, and clothed in a triple barrier of furs, they, nevertheless, suffered sensibly from the piercing cold. They found the inhabitants, however, every where cheered by the prospect of winter, which is with them the scene of festivity. It is in the winter, when the ground is hard with its covering of snow, that all their journeys are performed. Dr. Clarke gives a very animated description of the pleasures of the winter season in those cold regions.

"Never was any mode of travelling more delightful than this of the open sledge. In the carriage, we were always complaining of the rigours of the temperature. In the sledge, although exposed to the open air, we found no inconvenience from the utmost severity of the frost.

"The atmosphere was so clear and dry, that, being well clothed, the effect of it was charming. An intensity of general cheerfulness seemed to keep pace with the intensity of the season. Brilliant skies; horses neighing and prancing; peasants laughing and singing,—'Fine snow! brave ice! brave winter!' Merry-making in all the villages. Festival days, with unclouded suns; nights of inconceivable splendour, and ineffable brightness; the glorious firmament, displaying one uninterrupted flood of light, heightened by an aurora borealis, while boundless fields of snow reflected every ray. Add to this, the velocity with which the sledge-drawn traveller is made to fly over sea and over land; over lakes and over plains; amidst islands and rocks; through snowy groves, and forests bending with the weight of glittering icicles,—here winding through thick woods, there at large upon the solid main.—"*Durum calcavimus æquor;*" in the midst of scenery so novel, but withal so pleasing, in the richness, the variety, and the beauty of the effect."

Arrived at Grisseham, the port from which they were to embark for Ekero, in one of the Aland Isles, they were here detained by a violent storm. They at last set sail, but were put back by the gale after being nearly foundered. Here they were confined for three days in a small apartment, which they could with difficulty keep heated up to the freezing point. They set sail again in their frail skiff, on the 20th December, to encounter the wintry storms which rage on this ocean. They sailed before daylight, under a threatening sky. It began to blow violently, and when they had cleared the land they beheld a sea at which even the Alanders were appalled. The storm of wind was nothing to this sea, which ran mountains high, and threatened every instant to overwhelm

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the frail bark. After a dreadful voyage, in which they were benumbed and stupified, they at last reached the haven, and landed in Aland, where they found every thing clothed in the garb of winter. The Aland Isles, as our readers are aware, extend in one continued cluster nearly across the Gulf of Bothnia, intersected at short distances by the sea, which in winter is generally frozen so as to allow of a free passage for horses and sledges among the different islands. All the ferries were now frozen, and Dr. Clarke crossed without any difficulty on the ice. But when he arrived at the isle of Vardo, where there was a greater interval of water to the next island, and which was not frozen, he crossed in a boat to Kumlinge, having left his travelling carriage behind him. Hearing, however, that the sea, farther forward, was clear of ice, he returned for his carriage, allowing his companion to proceed to Kumlinge. When he had brought the carriage to the point where it was to be embarked, a violent storm came on, and the mariners refused to stir towards the sea. The storm abating, Dr. Clarke proceeded to the village of Vardo, where entering a cottage before daylight, there fell out, (he observes,) from every side of the rooms, the naked figures of men, women, boys, and girls, who had been piled in tiers, one above another, as in a ship's cabin. Dr. Clarke gives an amusing enough account of the toilette and breakfasting of this group. Being anxious to proceed on his journey, they went to the sea-shore, when, to their dismay and astonishment, they beheld the sea, as far as the eye could reach, with its rough waves fixed, and all its rocks and distant isles locked in one wide field of ice. Near the shore it seemed to have been the work of an instant, the waves being caught by the intensity of the frost, and fixed in a moment in all their undulating forms. There was an end at once to all possibility of proceeding, and Dr. Clarke was thus confined, in this desolate spot, without any means of joining his companion, it being a long time before the ice can be depended on for secure travelling. During his unwilling stay in this island, he had a good opportunity for observing the manners of the inhabitants; of which we have the following lively sketch.

"The manners of the people in Aland, during the increasing severity of the winter season, show what erroneous notions we are apt to entertain of the lives and customs of the natives of these northern regions; where imagination pictures a dreary scene, with all its inhabitants close pent in their dwellings, like hibernating animals, sleeping throughout the winter, and anxious only to guard against the rigours of the frost. The fact is quite otherwise! they are all abroad, in a state of the most lively activity, and of easy revelry. They are not, it is true, engaged in labouring for their bread, but in consuming what they have acquired by their industry during the summer. It is with them the season of visiting and travelling to the most distant markets. The roads are full of passengers of all sorts and ranks, from the itinerant shoemaker and tailor to the diplomatical agents and messengers of court cabinets. The coming into a family circle of the wandering botchers of tailors and jobbing cobblers, which always happens at this time of the year, is an event of great importance. These men travel from house to house, staying as long as they find employment, and then sallying forth in search of more work: consequently, they are the bearers of all the news and gossiping tales of the country—how folks live and thrive in the neighbouring isles; what girls have found husbands; with all the rest of their budget of births, deaths, accidents by fire

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and water, tales of apparitions by land and sea, bankruptcies, jokes, and scandal. While they remain in a house they become members of the family, who entertain a regard for them as friends, always welcome, and generally dismiss them with regret."

The inhabitants of the Aland Isles, amounting to 5 or 6000, subsist chiefly by fishing, their agricultural produce being but scanty. They sell their fish in Upsala and Stockholm in exchange for such necessaries as they are in want of. Beggars are every where very common.

After various inquiries as to the state of the sea, Dr. Clarke determined to attempt a circuitous passage to Kumlinge on the ice, which he accomplished after a course of severe hardship and considerable danger. The last part of the journey he finished in a boat, which was forced through the ice into the open sea. No time was lost in proceeding forward to Abo, which is a place of great resort in these northern regions. The winter had now assumed all its rigour, and in this journey our travellers found it almost impossible to guard against the effects of the intense cold which benumbed them. Fahrenheit's thermometer had fallen 46 and 52½ degrees below the freezing point, and at this time Dr. Clarke thus describes the effect of the cold.

"When for a moment exposed to the atmosphere, a sensation in our cheeks, like that of being scorched, immediately took place. We covered our faces with silk handkerchiefs, drawn over them in such a manner as to leave the smallest possible aperture for respiration; the consequence was, that the inside of the handkerchief became coated with a plate of ice, which, sticking to the skin, and not melting, could not be removed without excoriation. We had to cross a frozen channel of the sea, called the Turvesi Passage; a narrow strait, but being open towards the north-east, we were exposed to all the fury of the blast. In a short time, the author found that his left eye was so frozen that he could not by any effort separate the eye-lids, and he began to be fearful that the right eye would also close. At this moment there came on a sudden squall of wind, so piercing that a languid stupor and sleepiness seized us all, and there was reason to apprehend the freezing of the blood in our veins. It was followed by a cry from our Swedish interpreter, that our English servant's face was frozen. We hastened to his assistance, and found the poor man almost insensible, with two large spots upon one of his cheeks, as if patches of white paper had been stuck on."

A little dog which lay in the bottom of one of the sledges, and which was as carefully guarded from the atmosphere as possible, had one of his hind legs frozen so stiff, that it stuck to his belly as if it had been glued. So great was the cold, that they found it would be madness any longer to persist in their journey, and they accordingly took refuge in a village till the cold should abate. The weather continued so severe after they were seated in their apartment, that when the door was for a moment opened, the rushing in of the cold air converted the warm vapour of the room into a whirling column or cloud of snow, which turned round with great rapidity. They arrived at Abo on the 4th January, and being shown into a room with two stoves, they ordered fires in both of them. The wood being reduced to clear embers, they closed the chimneys by means of an iron slider placed there for that purpose. The inhabitants never close the sliders as long as any appearance of blue lambent flame remains on the wood-coals. Not being aware of this critical symptom, which

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denotes the formation and disengagement of *carbonic acid gas*, they shut the sliders, and were nearly suffocated in consequence. Dr. Clarke first felt the attack, in a great coldness in the extremities, and a tendency to sneeze, followed by a general sensation of shivering, and a violent headach. After which he fell senseless on the floor. His companion, who was also sensibly affected, had barely strength to alarm the servants, by whom he was carried out to the air, and recovered after a violent headach.

Abo is a remarkable town. Though it has little intercourse with the more polished parts of Europe, it has a University which boasts very distinguished men of letters and science. It ranks next to Stockholm and Gottenburgh; it is the largest town of Scandinavia, and has long been the metropolis of Finland, as well as an emporium from which the consumption of an extensive country is supplied. Dr. Clarke arrived a fortnight before the annual fair, at which are collected the natives of all the northern regions, who, during the rigour of winter, are enabled to travel thither on their sledges from immense distances. The inhabitants of all Finland, and even of the more distant provinces of Lapland, began to pour in with increasing numbers, and every morning constituted a new throng moving through the streets. The fair begins on the 20th January and continues but three days, during which, it is impossible to penetrate the throng where the market is held, owing to the many thousand Fins and other tribes, who bring on their sledges, covered with an old net, fishes and corn, which they barter for salt, brandy, tobacco, domestic utensils, and sometimes silver trinkets. Like all savage tribes, they are the mere slaves of their sensual propensities, being remarkably fond of brandy and tobacco. It is astonishing what journeys they will undertake in order to purchase a little tobacco, or brandy, or an iron pot, &c. For such objects they will perhaps travel seven or eight hundred miles over the snow. There cannot be a clearer index than what is afforded by these facts of the state of the country in respect to wealth and industry. In the community of Great Britain, where wealth and industry overflow, capital is diffused, in all its most finished forms, through the most remote villages, where an assortment of all common articles of necessary use is kept for sale. In such a state of things there is no use for fairs, or for any stated rendezvous between the buyers and the sellers, the stock of finished work being so large that it is dispersed in convenient stores for retail all over the kingdom. Hence, we may observe, that along with the progressive increase of capital and industry in this country, fairs have been gradually discontinued. Where capital is scarce, a perpetual assortment of finished work cannot be kept up in any particular district, where it would not find employment, while other parts would be left unsupplied. It becomes necessary, therefore, to carry it about, and to notify generally the periods when it will be brought to particular places by the travelling merchants to whom it belongs. There is no other way in which the capital of society can be made equal to all its necessary purposes; and the ruder the state of society—the greater the scarcity of capital and industry—the greater and more extensive will be the resort to these periodical fairs. There were several markets in different parts

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of Scotland for manufactures of general consumption, which were frequented in former periods by merchants from the Continent. These are now in entire disuse. They have been superseded by the increase and general diffusion of capital, in well furnished retail shops, which are every where established. But in Finland this is not the case—and the poor natives who want a little tobacco, or some common implement of domestic use, must go where it is to be found; if they can find it within 100 miles of their homes, they will not, we may be assured, proceed farther in quest of it. But if they cannot find it nearer than Abo, they have no choice, but either to want it or travel the necessary distance, whatever that may be, where they can exchange their surplus produce for what is necessary for the supply of their wants.

Dr. Clarke was introduced to the Professors of the University of Abo, by whom he was warmly and hospitably received, and many of whom he highly commends for their literary and scientific attainments. He visited the University library, the mineralogical and natural history collections, and the cathedral, which contains many curious and ancient monuments.

After passing through Henlsingfors, and visiting the fortress of Sweaberg, and several other places of little moment, he crossed the Russian frontier, and arrived at Petersburgh, with the general magnificence of which capital he appears to have been greatly struck, and he expresses his admiration in the following description.

"The united magnificence of all the cities of Europe could but equal Petersburgh. There is nothing little or mean to offend the eye; all is grand, extensive, large and open. The streets, which are wide and straight, seem to consist entirely of palaces; the edifices are white, lofty, and regular. At first sight, the whole city appears to be built with stone; but on a nearer inspection, you find the walls are of brick, covered with plaster: yet every part is so clean and in such excellent order, and has an appearance so new, that the effect is as fine and striking as if they were formed of marble. The public structures, on whatever side you direct your attention—quays, piers, ramparts—are all composed of solid granite, calculated to endure for ages. It seems as if the ancient Etruscans or Egyptians—stimulated by emulation to surpass their prodigious works, aided by despotic power, and instructed by Grecian taste—had arisen, to astonish the modern world. Such is the metropolis which Catherine has left! Much had been done by her predecessors; but her labours surpassed them all; and our admiration is increased, while we behold the magnificence of the buildings, the breadth of the streets, the squares, and openings, and noble palaces,—and recollect that a century has not yet elapsed, since the first stone of the foundation of the city was laid by Peter the Great."

Dr. Clarke appears to have visited all that was worthy of observation in Petersburgh with his usual industry. The collections of art in possession of individuals, are many of them enriched by extremely valuable works. The gallery of Count Strogonoff contains some excellent pictures, and in his cabinet of mineralogy there are some magnificent specimens. The style and mode of living adopted by the nobles, he informs us, exceeds all belief, the most distant provinces being ransacked for delicacies to furnish out their courtly entertainments. In this respect they almost equal the old Roman epicures. The peasants on the estates

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of the Russian nobles are all slaves, and are well or ill-treated according to the disposition of their masters. Dr. Clarke saw a slave beaten most cruelly in the streets of Petersburgh. We have, as usual, ample information as to all the public institutions in Petersburgh, as well as a judicious account of the works of art. For these we must refer our readers to the work itself, as we find it necessary to draw towards a termination. Dr. Clarke concludes with some remarks on the caprice and tyranny of Paul of Russia, which is now rather an antiquated theme. On the whole, we have no scruple in recommending this volume strongly to the attention of our readers, as containing, with little ostentation, all that industry, directed by judgment, could have possibly collected respecting the different countries which were visited in the course of this journey.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE COMMON LAW.*

Mr. Sampson is well known as a witty and ingenious advocate of the New York bar; and the present discourse bears strong marks of his peculiar vein, in the treatment of literary subjects. It is lively and spirited; and its perusal will amuse a vacant hour. The author has industriously searched the history and codes of the Britons, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, during their prevalence in England, and culled out many a curious incident and indulged in many a good humoured sarcasm. But though entertaining, his performance furnishes but little aid to the accomplishment of the object he appears to have in view, which is, a revision and digest of our systems of law by the jurists of our own country so as to adapt them to the present state of improvement: this is termed the "erecting the standard of simple wisdom *to* which all may rally: for there is nothing so uniform as truth nor so simple as wisdom." "The second period of simplicity is that of mature wisdom where many ideas are referred to few and general principles. To this we must labour to attain: to this perfection we must labour to bring the law."

"It is true," says the writer, "the English reports contain amidst a world of rubbish, rich treasures of experience, and that those of our own courts contain materials of inestimable worth, and require little more than regulation and systematic order. This, with fixing and determining the principles on which they ought to depend, and settling by positive enactments all doubts that hang upon them, abolishing for ever all forms that impede the march of justice, and firmly establishing those which are needful to its ends, and translating into plain and intelligible language those borrowed ill-penned statutes, of which every word gives rise to endless commentaries, will complete the wished for object. Particular cases will not then be resorted to instead of general law. The law will govern the decisions of the judges, and not the decisions the law. Judgments will be *legibus non exemplis*."

* An Anniversary Discourse delivered before the Historical Society of New York, on Saturday, December 6th, 1823: showing the origin, progress, antiquities, curiosities, and nature of the Common Law. By William Sampson, Esq. New York, Bliss & White, 1824. Pp. 68.

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All this is sincerely to be prayed for, since it presents an agreeable dream to the imagination; but we fear in spite of all that could be done: there no more exists an *Utopia* now, than in the days of *Sir Thomas Moore*. If the ablest code that the world has seen were digested by jurists more profound than *Trebonian* or *Portalis*, it would still be overloaded with commentaries: precedents would still be referred to, cases not foreseen would arise in endless procession with the change of human affairs and the ever varying transactions of life. The only mode in which it would be possible to settle a code of laws which would answer without change or addition, would be to forbid any alteration in habits, manners, circumstances, trades, professions, manufactures, commerce, or condition. As long as these vary, laws must change with them. Even the Chinese, it is believed, are not able to keep the same system of laws unchangeable in all respects, without diminution, addition, or variation.

The following is a fair example of Mr. Sampson's mode of treating his subjects, and is eloquently composed.

"The description given of these invaders (the Danes) is appalling. They had no fear of any death but a peaceful one. To die a natural death was to be for ever excluded from the halls of the gods of fire and slaughter. They therefore laughed on receiving a mortal wound, and were congratulated by friends on the feasting, fighting, and carousing they were going to partake of; where their heavenly joys would be measured by the number they had killed. The victories of the Danes were bloody in the extreme, they refused quarter even to those who entreated to become slaves; and their insolence to the Saxons, who were of the same original, was extraordinary. They obliged them, when they met a Dane, to bow down their bodies till he passed: and if a Saxon dared to drink in the presence of a Dane, he was punished with instant death, unless the Dane had pledged his honour to spare him: from whence the phrase, "I pledge you," yet used amongst drinkers. Desolation followed their steps. Children were tossed on spears: and the bodies of matrons and virgins were first defiled and afterwards mangled. The poor native slave, the Briton, saw this vengeance on his conquerors, but was himself only more and more enslaved, and exposed to still greater sufferings. In short, so great was the horror they inspired among the Christians, that this new prayer was added to the Litany. *A furore Danorem Libera nos Domine.* (From the fury of the Danes O Lord! deliver us."

The learned discourser is of opinion, that when the proposed code is executed,

"Our jurisprudence will then be no longer thorny and intricate, nor will it need those fictions which give it the air of occult magic, or those queer and awkward contrivances, which, by rendering it ridiculous, greatly diminish its dignity and efficacy. We shall be delivered from those odious volumes of special pleading, which cannot be used without lowering and degrading the tone of moral sentiment: which destroy by their verbose jargon the very end of logical precision at which they profess to aim; where the suitor's story is told in twenty different ways and answered in as many, and must be hunted for with fear and trembling in printed books (but oh! such books) and made conformable to precedents composed before the party was in being, and which in no one single instance conform to the truth; insomuch that he who dares to tell his case according to the simple and honest truth, will for that very reason, if for no other, fail in his suit. We shall be delivered too from those ever increasing swarms of foreign reports and treatises, which darken the very atmosphere by their multitude, and generate their kind amongst us; and



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against which we must either rise in arms, as certain oriental nations are said to do against the flights of locusts, or else abandon our own fair fields and the fruits of our own genial soil, to their pernicious action."

Which seems to amount to this: that although the architect, the painter, the manufacturer and the merchant may import and read English works on their several arts; and even "the licentious lyrics" of Moore and of Byron be freely enjoyed by all who choose to indulge in them; yet the lawyer shall be absolutely forbidden to read, look at, or hear of any decisions, commentaries, treatises, or essays on law, written out of our own country: nay, that even in our own, the dissertations and discourses of learned men, and the opinions of our able and profound judges being "things of the same kind" generated here as those brought from abroad, are no better than locusts, and are to be proscribed and exterminated. Unless, perhaps, with the exception of a discourse before an Historical Society, which is to be permitted now and then from a privileged quarter. But why not put all the arts and sciences of Europe under the ban at once, and shut ourselves up in a literary shell, where we may spin and weave from our own literary products? Why not forbid any allusion to foreign laws, books, nations, creeds, or kings; and flagellate any one who repeats the names or cites examples from Celts, Gauls, Normans, Saxons, Danes, Britons, and such other hard-sounding names which now furnish themes for orations and discourses?

Mr. Sampson has displayed a fund of antiquarian lore, but not so much of a philosophical spirit in this discourse. Common Law is but another phrase for common sense, which is not to be banished from our tribunals for the speculations of digesters, however compendious and ingenious their labours may be. The Napoleon Codes, admirable as they are, have already been found inadequate to the innumerable ramifications of commercial dealings. The good people of Louisiana, it seems, are resolved to be governed by this system; but we venture to predict that the discretion of their Judges will soon be put in requisition. This subject was treated very fully in a pamphlet, published in this city in the year 1819, under the title of "*Observations on the Abolition of the Common Law in the United States:*"—a production which evinces throughout a mind fortified by wisdom and embellished by eloquence. The following passage may be recommended to the attention of Mr. Sampson, and all those who may have been deluded into notions of contempt for this palladium of our rights:

"An attempt to abolish the Common Law, and to substitute a written statute in its place, would be most fatally abortive, and produce a confusion that would destroy the very rights and distinctions of property: rob us of our certain remedies against wrong, and take away the means of obtaining our most simple and obvious rights. We must abandon not only our foreign commerce, but our internal traffic with each other; as in case of a dispute there will be no rule of right to which we may refer for a decision. Thousands of cases will be omitted in the statutes; and those that are introduced will be liable to all the uncertainties of ambiguous construction. Before we can know our rights or remedies, or what is the law to which we should conform ourselves, years must pass away to raise a Common Law construction for this statute, and to fix its meanings, by a course of practice and judicial

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proceedings. So that after wandering a century or two in darkness and doubt, and suffering all the evils which such a state will inflict, we shall be most fortunate indeed if we find ourselves just where we now are. We shall leave the fast land to be tossed on the bosom of a boundless ocean; to be driven about by every tempestuous gust and resistless current, and the utmost of our hope must be to escape ruin and wreck; and regain the shore we so madly deserted. We shall look to it with tears of true sorrow, and in the bitterness of self-reproach."

This cogent and ingenious argument in behalf of "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years," was published anonymously; but we presume we may now state without impropriety, that the profession is indebted for it to the pen of *Joseph Hopkinson*, Esq., *a wise son of the law, who has drawn deeply out of that well whereout every man draweth according to the strength of his understanding.*

## HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.*

Every part of this volume bears the stamp of an original and elegant mind. The tales, four in number, are composed with considerable skill; the incidents are striking and probable; the narrative is full of ease, and animation, and interest; and the sentiments are vigorous, manly, and honourable. The style is graceful and flowing, always free from the reproach of vulgarity or carelessness, and often rising to the elevation and fire of impassioned eloquence. But it is not exempt from blemishes, if blemishes they may be called, which have arisen from an overwrought polish, and sprung from an unrestrained redundancy of power. The author's language has not any of the grosser extravagancies which have thrown ridicule upon the mannerism of Irish oratory; he is superior to studied alliteration, and guiltless of overstrained and fantastical images; but still he is too ambitious of ornament—too lavish of flowers—too often tempted to clothe with meretricious embellishment the purity of enthusiastic and natural thoughts. We understand that he is a native of "Green Erin," and an inheritor of one of the brightest names which have shed lustre on his country; but if we had not already known as much from report, we should infallibly, in the impetuous strength of his spirit, the fervour of his conceptions, and above all, the splendid but untempered exuberance of his diction, have detected the peculiarities of his national genius. He has dedicated his work to "his friend Washington Irving," and declared himself the admirer—as who is not—of that imaginative and highly gifted individual. But the author of the Sketch-Book has bestowed upon sentimental and romantic composition all the high colouring and richness which the modesty of nature can suffer; any thing more brilliant than his illustrations—more mellifluous—more exqui-

* High-Ways and By-Ways; or Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By A Walking Gentleman. London: Whittakers. 1828. 8vo. Pp. 432.

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sitely beautiful than his periods, our language is incapable of attaining. He has carried the power of his art as far as it will go; he has even hazarded something in the indulgence of its display; and a step beyond would have placed him on the verge of bad taste. The writer before us is no imitator; but congeniality of mind and pursuits has thrown him into the same track with his friend. He has pursued the same career, and with scarcely inferior success; but in the rapidity and ardour of his flight, he has not always known where to pause as discreetly.

Skilfully as the narrative of these tales is conducted, we think that the merit of the volume consists not so much in the framework of the stories, as in the keen-sighted and intimate knowledge of French manners and life, and the ever-varying and lively pictures of the scenery and costumes of the country, with which it abounds. We know not whether our Walking Gentleman has actually enjoyed the pedestrian excursions through the French provinces by which he has chosen to introduce his descriptions; but, if so, we heartily envy him the rich fund of heathful and inspiring entertainment which has fallen to his happy and careless lot, and would that we could ourselves, casting off the sluggish coil of our vocation, spring like him over hill and through dale with our dog Ranger by our side, our Manton on shoulder, and a spirit within us as light and free, as reckless of every day ills, and as well tuned for communion with nature in her fairest moods. Be this as it may, and however he has gained his animating recollections, this much is certain, that he evinces a familiarity with the scenes that he paints, which close observation, or long residence in the French provinces could alone have produced. To the fidelity of his sketches we can in some instances bear testimony, and there is otherwise an air of truth and keeping about them which is not easily mistaken. He has read the French peasantry with a favourable and benevolent eye, and appreciated their character as, in the deep obscurity of provincial life, it still really exists in spite of the crimes and demoralizing influence of the Revolution and Imperial rule. They are to this day, where the secluded and little frequented situations of the south have preserved them from the contagious poison of the capital and populous towns, a light-hearted innocent race; hospitable, kind, and polite to the stranger, and harmless, simple, and honest in their relations with each other.

This scheme of interweaving the real adventures and scenery of a town, or at least such incidents and such scenes as the localities assigned to the tales might reasonably produce, is the great charm of the volume. There is no more agreeable species of fiction than that in which the creations of a glowing and pure imagination are blended with the realities of nature and life. Such compositions exercise a potent and curious spell upon our belief. We feel that a portion at least of the matter is true; we are irresistibly persuaded as we advance and become warmed with the attractions of the narrative, that the whole is a transcript of actual occurrences. We are conducted through scenery whose existence is undoubted, whose beauties are heightened by all the captivating aids of description; we are introduced to a state of society which we

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know to be faithfully depicted; and we cannot comprehend, while we wander in imagination through the meads and vineyards, by wood and streamlet, and among the villages and peasantry of this substantial earth, that the edifices which our guide points out, and the personages whom he presents to us, are but the sports of a fairy work,—the unreal visions of his fancy, the cheats and delusions of fiction. We have need to retrace our footsteps, to sift the deception, to re-examine the whole view with incredulity and caution, before we can determine how far we shall trust the erring judgment of our bewildered senses. If, indeed, he who would pass this pleasant imposition upon us be a bungler, we will not travel in his company, we will have none of his dull and commonplace cheatery, we will dismiss him and his tale in the words of mine host of the immortal "Pilgrimage,"

> "Abide, Robin, mine leve brother,
> "Som better man shall tell us first another."

## TRIAL OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.*

The Rev. Edward Irving has caused almost as many controversies on his character, talents, and personal appearance, as were kindled in the Alsatian capital by the nose of Slaukenbergius' stranger. Debates are quite as warm, contradictions quite as positive, on the modern as on the older prodigy; and the only difference is that we are lectured to by newspapers and magazines, by the Courier, Times, Album, Pulpit, and John Bull, instead of the sentinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgomaster's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, who inflamed the citizens of Strasburg. "'Tis an imposture, my dear," said the master of the inn—"'tis a false nose." "'Tis a true nose," said his wife. "'Tis made of fir tree," said he; "I smell the turpentine." "There 's a pimple on it," said she. "'Tis a dead nose," replied the innkeeper.—"'Tis not worth a single stiver," said the bandy-legged drummer—"'tis a nose of parchment."—"'Tis as long," said the trumpeter's wife, "as a trumpet." "And of the same metal," said the trumpeter, "as you hear by its sneezing." "'Tis as soft as a flute," said she. "'Tis brass," said the trumpeter. "'Tis a pudding's end," said his wife. So squabbled the Strasburgers, and so our periodical critics. Mr. Irving, says one, "is certainly an extraordinary man." He is "a man of very ordinary talents," says another—"He is a quack," cries John Bull; "An impudent Scotch quack," responds the Liberal; "We might start

* The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A. A Cento of Criticism. London: Brain, Butcher-hall Lane. 1823.

An Examination and Defence of the Writings and Preaching of the Rev. Edward Irving, M. A. Minister of the Caledonian Church, Cross Street, Hatton Garden. Including copious Extracts from his "four Orations for the Oracles of God," and his "Argument for judgment to Come." By a Layman. London: Fairburn.

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a parallel for him in the Admirable Crichton," says the Liberal again. He is "a great brimstone merchant," says Cobbet, and has "a beard like a German scrubbing-brush;" he is "a fine young eagle," preaches Mr. John Clayton; "he is a flower," says the "Christian's Pocket Magazine;" "he is an ass," says the Leading Journal of Europe. "He is an expounder of the first order," exclaims one critic; "let him speak English," cries a neighbour; "he is a vain green youth," says this last; "he is thirty-five," observes another; aye, "forty" says a third. He is "a brawny bravo," an "accomplished barbarian," an "insane reviler;" and, on the other hand, "he becomes near to Cicero's definition of a complete orator." He is "a raw Scotch dominie," and again, "he would have been equal to Peter the Hermit in setting all Christendom in motion." He plays off an "ambiguous person and obscene antics;" and with respect to action, it is evident that "St. Paul at Athens," has been his study. Some declare that he puts them in mind of John the Baptist; others call him Dr. Squintum; the Examiner admires his "dark apostolical head of hair;" which the Liberal describes as "matted like a mane;" and a very nice observer has affirmed, that one side of his face is that of a Salvator Mundi, the other that of a Highland chief. It is thought that the lower features of his countenance resemble those of the Buonaparte family; and it is also asserted, that "he verges in his general appearance to the *Simious* tribe."*

The editor of the Courier recites an article published on the 17th of July, in which he declares he has not heard Mr. Irving, and will not, till he can do so without fighting his way into the church; forgetting that he complained to the world, about ten days before, of having been nearly suffocated in this same church, while listening to "a master-piece of oratory." It is explained, however, that the "We" of July the 7th and "We" of July the 17th were different people. *We* the first were great fighters, and small critics; *We* the second were not quite so pugnacious, and considerably harder to please. Public opinion is docile, and must accommodate itself to these little shiftings and variations.

That the printer of the late Liberal should have evidence to give on a subject of this kind, was hardly to be expected; but the Liberal, like other poor caitiffs, turned its thoughts to religion when it was in the agonies of death.

The Album, Pulpit, Literary Chronicle, British Press, and New Evangelical Magazine, all send their witnesses to confound the unfortunate divine; and John Bull rises against him in *propriâ personâ*, but masked. The ferment occasioned by his appearance is described with much vivacity. He repeats the testimony delivered some time ago in his paper, and is desired to sing a ballad to the tune of Nancy Dawson, in which his opinions on the present subject are set forth more at large. After some objection to this kind of evidence, the Court decides on re-

* The expressions we have cited are taken from publications referred to in the "Trial, from the London Magazine of August, Blackwood's, and the New Monthy Magazine of September, and the "Defence" (a paltry pamphlet) mentioned at the head of this article.

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ceiving it, and the witness sounds forth one of his accustomed strains of lyrical satire; for John has this at least in common with the Bull of Phalaris, that his music always costs somebody a roasting.

The defendant then makes a speech (compiled in a great measure from his own discourses) and Mr. Phillips calls witnesses for the defence, among whom are the Editors of the New Times and Examiner, and the "Resident director" of the Liberal. Some of these, however, "break down," as it is technically styled, under examination, and the case is abruptly closed. Common Sense (the Judge) makes an harangue not much in character, and Mr. Irving is found guilty on the seventh count, but acquitted on all the rest, which the Court, for certain notable reasons, has considered inapplicable to his case.

Mr. Irving, although convicted, as the reporter informs us in his pamphlet, has received no sentence. We think it would not become the London public to be very forward in demanding his punishment; for, when the preacher is brought up to undergo condemnation, half the town ought to be standing at the same bar. If an account were taken of all misdemeanours within the jurisdiction of Common Sense, which have been committed during Mr. Irving's exhibitions, who would not be appalled at the reckoning? Let us only turn in fancy to the scene of this gentleman's achievements; let us imagine the Sabbath frighted from its propriety; Cross Street, Hatton Garden, thronged with equipages; the devout abandoning their churches; the profane making their debut at public worship in a Presbyterian chapel, with a standing-room ticket; privy-counsellors justling with "gentlemen of the press;" fashion reclining in the gallery, and piety upon the pulpit stairs, and intellect elbowing on the floor; Cruikshank caricaturing: Basil Montague exhorting from the window; Romeo Coates declaiming on the threshold, and the public at large brawling in the court-yard. The misdemeanours of a single morning thus occupied would form such a calendar that Common Sense would shrink from holding the assizes. Under such circumstances, it would be found the wisest measure to publish a general remission of offences hitherto committed in the affair of the Caledonian Chapel. The benefit of such an amnesty would, of course, extend to Mr. Irving; and, if he offended, again, he would again be amenable to the law. As to the public, we entertain no doubt of their amendment.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## RAWLE'S ADDRESSES TO THE BAR.*

The members of the bar of Philadelphia, eminent alike for their professional skill and their gentlemanly demeanor, formed, a few years ago,

* Two Addresses, to "the associated Members of the Bar of Philadelphia." Pronounced by William Rawle, Esquire, Chancellor of the Association. Philadelphia, 1824. Pp. 52. 8vo.

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an association for benevolent purposes, as well as with a view to consult together, and introduce such reformations as might be made in the practice of the law. At two of their anniversary meetings the learned and ingenious author of these Addresses, pronounced them in the presence of the Association, at whose request they are now published.

The solidity and good sense of Mr. Rawle's observations, deserve the attention of the professional student, as they form a striking contrast with the flippant remarks on the Common Law, which are so easy to make but so difficult to reduce into any beneficial operation. The reader will discern in these pages the judicious mind of a profound lawyer, acquainted with all the intricacies of practice, as well as familiar with the science of law in its most extensive ramifications. They contain the reflections of one who is anxious to reform, where it can be done with safety; but cautious not to destroy the plant in pruning its luxuriances. They are, however, of too technical a character, for the great mass of our readers; but the following sketches of some of those lawyers who were eminent in the days that are past, possess a local interest in Pennsylvania, which renders them highly attractive. There is a peculiar tone of benevolence in the following delineation of Mr. Rawle's former brethren of the bar

..... Quos olim meminisse juvat.

"We are not forbidden to explore the tomb, to bring from their ashes departed genius and spirit,—to serve as models for youthful imitation, and incentives to dignified and useful exertion.

"It is not without a trembling hand that I shall venture to recal to some and to present to others a few of those names of which I have a recollection, more or less perfect, but assisted by accessible sources of information.

"At the era of our Independence the bar of Philadelphia possessed among others a *Wilson*, a *Sergeant*, and a *Lewis*, an *Ingersoll*, an *Edward Biddle*, and a *George Ross*.

"Mr. *Chew* was one of the prominent characters of earlier times. In 1772 he was preferred to the bench. Perhaps no one exceeded him in an accurate knowledge of common law, or in the sound exposition of statutes—His solid judgment, tenacious memory, and persevering industry rendered him a safe and steady guide. At the bar his language was pertinent and correct, but seldom characterised by effusions of eloquence—his arguments were close and frequently methodised on the strict rules of logic—his object always seemed to be to produce conviction, not to obtain applause.

"But in those times the sphere of the lawyer was somewhat limited. In provincial courts no great questions of international law were discussed—no arguments on the construction of treaties—no comparisons of legislative powers with constitutional restrictions—even admiralty cases had little interest—every thing great and imposing was reserved for the mother country. Till the ebullitions produced by the stamp act,

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political interests were local and confined. Pennsylvania was divided between two parties, that of the proprietaries and a considerable section of the people.

"Two lawyers, *Galloway* and *Dickinson*, took active parts in this controversy. Each published a speech which he had delivered in the legislative assembly; and it was remarkable that the introduction to each (one composed by Dr. Franklin, who co-operated with Galloway in opposing the proprietary interest, and the other by Dr. Smith, the coadjutor of Dickinson,) were at the time more admired than the principal compositions. Yet they were both men of talents.

"Of *Galloway's* manner I have no personal knowledge; from inspection of the dockets his practice appears to have been extensive. He adhered to the royal cause, and migrated to England, where, after exciting considerable public attention, by attacks on the conduct of Sir W. Howe in this country, he remained till his death.

"Very different were the opinions and conduct of *Dickinson*. At the commencement of our difficulties with Great Britain he displayed his powers with fervour and courage in defence of what he deemed his country's rights. Assuming the title of *A Pennsylvania Farmer*, he assailed with a due proportion of learning and an irresistible cogency of argument the unjust attempt of the British legislature to impose internal taxation on the colonies.

"These publications had the happiest effect. The resistance which seemed at first to be founded rather on natural impulse than deliberate research was clearly shown, not only to be meritorious in itself, but justifiable under the laws and constitution, by which all British subjects ought to be governed.

"Of *Dickinson's* manner of speaking I have some recollection—he possessed, I think, considerable fluency, with a sweetness of tone and agreeable modulation of voice, not well calculated however for a large audience. His law knowledge was respectable, though not remarkably extensive, for his attention was more directed to historical and political studies. In his defensive publications against the attacks of Valerius, in 1788, the man of taste will be gratified by a pure and elegant style, though the statesman must discover some political errors. Wholly engaged in public life, he left the bar soon after the commencement of the revolution.

"At this period a new band arose

> "Occursus hominum, cujus prudentia monstrat,
> "Summos posse viros, et magna exempla daturos,
> "Vervecum in patriâ—nasci."
>
> *Juv. Sat.* X. v. 46.

"They contributed with other instances to prove, notwithstanding the arrogance of European prediction, that America, even at the instant of putting on the toga virilis was equal to the duties of mature and accomplished man.



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"I have already given some names, I will more particularly describe two or three others.

"Perhaps few of those now present can recollect *Wilson* in the splendour of his talents, and the fulness of his practice.

"Classically educated, and in the outset employed as a tutor in a public seminary, his subsequent success in a narrow circle of country courts, encouraged him to embark in the storm which after the departure of the British troops agitated the forum of Philadelphia.

"The adherents to the royal cause were the necessary subjects of prosecution, and popular prejudice seemed to bar the avenues of justice.

"But *Wilson* and *Lewis*, and *George Ross*, never shrunk from such contests, and if their efforts frequently failed, it was not from want of pains or fear of danger.

"Other questions of the highest moment also became the daily subjects of forensic discussion, questions for which previous study no doubt had qualified them, but with which no previous practice had familiarized them.

"In respect to them, *Wilson* soon became conspicuous. The views which he took, were luminous and comprehensive. His knowledge and information always appeared adequate to the highest subject, and justly administered to the particular aspect in which it was presented. His person and manner were dignified, his voice powerful, though not melodious, his cadences judiciously, though somewhat artificially regulated.

"His discourse was generally of a reasonable length; he did not affect conciseness nor minuteness, he struck at the great features of the case, and neither wearied his hearers by a verbose prolongation, nor disappointed them by an abrupt conclusion.

"But his manner was rather imposing than persuasive, his habitual effort seemed to be to subdue without conciliating, and the impression left was more like that of submission to a stern, than a humane conqueror.

"It must, however, be confessed, that Mr. *Wilson* on the bench, was not equal to Mr. *Wilson* at the bar, nor did his law lectures entirely meet the expectation that had been formed.

"The talents of *George Ross* were much above mediocrity. His manner was insinuating and persuasive, accompanied with a species of pleasantry and habitual good humour. His knowledge of the law was sufficient to obtain respect from the court, and his familiar manner secured the attention of the jury. But he was not industrious, and his career after the commencement of the revolution was short.

"The powers of *Reed* were of a higher order. His mind was perspicuous, his perceptions quick, his penetration great, his industry unremitted. Before the revolution he had a considerable share of the current practice. His manner of speaking was not, I think, pleasing; his reasoning, however, was well conducted, and seldom failed to bear upon the proper points of controversy. When he had the conclusion of a cause, he was formidable. I have heard an old practitioner say that

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there was no one at the bar whom he so little liked to be behind him, as Joseph Reed.

"*Bradford* was the youngest of those who flourished at this active and interesting period, and his history merits the attention of the younger part of my brethren, as indicating that however discouraging the prospect may be, one should never despair.

"I have understood that for three or four years after his admission he had scarcely a single client, his circumstances were so slender and his hopes so faint that he had at one time determined to relinquish the profession and go to sea, but his abilities, though known to few, were justly appreciated by Mr. Reed, then president of the Supreme Executive Council.

"On the resignation of Mr. Sergeant, in 1780, he was unexpectedly appointed attorney-general. At that time the office required no feeble hand. The executive administration was involved in the most serious responsibilities. The ability of his predecessor had been eminently useful to them. If Bradford had proved unequal to its duties, the appointment would have covered both him and the administration with disgrace; if otherwise, it elevated him to honour, while it highly promoted the political interests he belonged to—the latter was the result.

"Those of his brethren who had only noticed him as a mute and humble attendant on the courts, now watched his progress with political if not professional jealousy, and soon perceived with surprise the first displays of eloquence in a style not common, of knowledge not suspected, of judicious management not frequent in youth.

"He advanced with a rapid progress to an eminence of reputation which never was defaced by petty artifices of practice or ignoble associations of thought; his course was lofty as his mind was pure; his eloquence was of the best kind; his language was uniformly classical; his fancy frequently interwove some of those graceful ornaments which delight when they are not too frequent and do not interrupt the chain of argument.

"Yet his manner was not free from objections: I have witnessed in him what I have occasionally noticed in the public speeches of Charles Fox—a momentary hesitation for want of a particular word—a stopping and recalling part of a sentence for the purpose of amending it: nor was his voice powerful nor always varied by those modulations of which an experienced orator knows the utility.

"His temper was seldom ruffled and his speeches were generally marked by mildness. The only instance in which I remember much animation was in a branch of the case of *Gerard* vs. *Basse and Soyer*, which is not in print. The principal case is in 1 *Dallas*, 119; he was concerned for the unfortunate Soyer.

"At present I shall not proceed with these imperfect delineations. There yet remains enough to crowd the canvass of a future picture—and another pencil may perhaps do more justice to them.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ROGERS' AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.*

AMONG the minor literary works that have recently appeared, we know few that more justly merit attention than Mr. Rogers' American Biographical Dictionary, the second edition of which has been lately published. The object of the author has been to furnish an account of the departed heroes, sages, and statesmen of the Revolution; and the volume comprehends many interesting memoirs of distinguished Americans now deceased. Some of these lives are new: and all are well written. Biography, at all times an interesting class of literature, is peculiarly attractive to youth. At the first development of a boy's taste for reading, we see him eagerly seeking for the memoirs of famous persons, and devouring with avidity, the biographies of ancient and modern times;—such as those of Plutarch, and Johnson. What then can be more desirable than to provide for inquisitive youth some authentic account of the eminent men who have lived in their own country, and by whose examples their own conduct and sentiments, may best be regulated? For the use of our schools we are of opinion that few works are better adapted than that of Mr. Rogers. It contains not only spirited views of lives heretofore published, but some which we believe are new. Among the latter are those of Laurens, Yates, Hawley, and several of the Clintons. The teachers of large schools might safely admit this work and recommend it to the perusal and study of their pupils.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## AGRICULTURE.

THE cultivation and improvement of the soil, has been so generally committed to the rudest and most illiterate of our race, that AGRICULTURE, as an art, has been kept in a state of abasement, and excluded from that station to which its importance eminently entitles it. They who laboured in the field were considered as mere implements for the purpose of raising *bread-stuffs*, as they are vulgarly denominated, in mercantile phraseology, and had imbued the art with the taint of their servitude; so that in an age when the gallant and accomplished knight dedicated himself to loyalty, devotion, and constancy, all that related to the delightful science of agri-

* A New American Biographical Dictionary; or Remembrancer of the departed heroes, sages, and statesmen of America. Confined exclusively to those who have signalized themselves in either capacity in the Revolutionary War, which obtained the Independence of their country. Second edition with important alterations and additions. Compiled by T. J. Rogers. Easton, Penn. 1823.

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culture was committed to serfs and villains, who composed a part of the estates of their lordly owners. In later days, however, the scene has very happily changed, and science has been allied to an art all important to the comfort, and, indeed, to the existence of the human race. We, like others, are apt to be dazzled by brilliant feats of arms, and the splendour of conquests; but we must confess, that the sheaf of Ceres, is of more value than the barren laurel; and we cannot help thinking that Sir John Sinclair, Arthur Young, and Sir Humphrey Davy, have done more for the prosperity of Great Britain than any of her heroes.

It must be granted, that the march of knowledge is slow. How singular is it, that even in Great Britain, Agriculture was entirely neglected, as a national concern, till within a few years. The appointment of the Board of Agriculture, the surveys of the various counties in England and Scotland, which fill nearly eighty volumes, and the numerous periodical and other publications devoted to the improvement of rural economy, show the interest now taken in the advancement of that art, on which all others must depend.

In the United States, where some degree of education is so common, that it is rare to find one among the rudest of her native citizens, who cannot read and write, and where they who cultivate it are so generally the owners of the soil, we have reason to expect a rapid dissemination of all the new facts, and the various information which shall tend to illustrate the theory or improve the art of the Agriculturist. What great benefit to the community might not be effected by the editors of the hundreds of country newspapers, which are printed in the United States, were they to devote one page of each paper to agricultural topics, instead of the turbid politics of which they are so prodigal?

New York is the only state that has appointed a Board of Agriculture, for the purpose of giving system and method to her County Agricultural Societies. We are frequently compelled to shrink with mortification from the contemplation of some of the features of our state politics: but we delight to give honour where honour is due; and New York, in this particular, deserves much praise. Her attention to internal improvement and agriculture, should redeem many faults and follies.

In many of the states, County Agricultural Societies have been *got up*, usefully, we hope, for the parties concerned, and advantageously for their neighbourhood. Pennsylvania has given some encouragement to County Societies, by an act to appropriate a part of the public funds of the counties in which they are formed, on certain conditions, to contribute to their premiums; and much advantage has resulted from the combination of artists and amateurs—of men of science and practical farmers in these institutions.

We have spoken of the newspapers, and the advantage which their editors might render to the community by devoting some space to agricultural topics. We believe there are but two papers published in the United States entirely devoted to this subject. These are the *American Farmer* published at Baltimore by *John S. Skinner*, and the *New England Farmer*, at Boston, by *Thomas G. Fessenden*. The latter gen-

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tleman is advantageously known to the public by his poetical talents, and was an intimate friend and early associate of the first Editor of the *Port Folio*. Both these papers are ably conducted, and every farmer in the Union would be benefited by the perusal of them. The slightest improvement in his field, his orchard, or his garden, would amply repay the price of these journals. If we were to draw a distinction between these papers, both of which we think extremely well adapted to the sections in which they are published, we should say that the southern paper is the more theoretical, the northern the more practical; and, as might be judged from its position, on the whole, the best adapted to the agriculture of the northern and middle states. In addition to this, it has one advantage, which probably a saving farmer would attend to;—although published as frequently, and each number containing about the same quantity of type and paper, it is but half the price of its southern competitor.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE CONVENTION OF 1787.

Such is the capriciousness of fame, as well as of fortune, in human affairs, that some ostensible occurrence shall so engross the attention of historians and biographers, as well as of painters and poets, that the most important political events are often cast into the shade by a more prominent object, which, when it has once obtained possession of the public mind, will thenceforward absorb popular attention, to the exclusion of every other.

The names and characters of those devoted republicans who signed the Declaration of Independence, have been perpetuated in every form of illustration by the press and the graver, as well as the pencil and the pen: whilst the patriots who framed the present Constitution of the United States, at the head of whom was Washington himself, (*then*, perhaps, most justly entitled to the endearing appellation of *the Father of his Country*,) are unknown or at least unthought of—their names must now be sought for in the musty pages of some ponderous law book, where they have long reposed in unmerited oblivion.

The claims of these great and good men to the grateful remembrance of posterity are founded, nevertheless, upon the substantial basis of the national prosperity, under that happy Constitution by which the defects of the original Confederation were effectually remedied, and the thirteen independent states were indissolubly consolidated into one powerful sovereignty.

These *conscript fathers* held their session in the same Council Chamber, in the State House of Philadelphia, in which sat the Congress that declared the dissolution of British supremacy and colonial dependence; and, like them too, they held their deliberations with closed doors.

Notwithstanding this forbidding circumstance, however, one of our

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neglected sons of genius who reduced by want of patronage to portrait and sign painting for a livelihood, obtained a glimpse of this truly venerable assembly, which he instantly transferred to a sign post that he had been employed to decorate for an ale-house in South Street; where it hung for many years unnoticed; and was at length, after the colours had faded from the boards, painted over again with the name only of THE CONVENTION, in broad capitals. But the original representation, which was not without professional merit, is still vivid in the recollection of the writer of this article, who had long habitually regarded it with respectful consideration as an historical relick.

The room itself was correctly represented, *as it stood at the time*, richly wainscotted, with pediments over the doors, and Ionic pilasters, supporting a full entablature of the order, beneath a coved ceiling; though all these appropriate accompaniments of a public apartment have been since taken down by some ruthless Commissioner of repairs—to be replaced with *naked walls* and *meagre door-cases* that now disappoint the expectations of those who visit this memorable Council Chamber, which has been not inaptly denominated *the cradle of American Independence;* and which ought to have been scrupulously preserved in its pristine state to future ages.

On one side of this highly interesting historical composition, the President, GEORGE WASHINGTON, was seen in the chair, under the lofty central pannel at the east end of the room, which was then ornamented with the arms of Pennsylvania. On his right, Judge Wilson occupied the floor with that imposing air which was natural to him and which had strongly impressed the delineator, whilst, on his left, and immediately under the eye of the spectator sat the aged FRANKLIN, in his arm-chair; which must have been placed so near the bar, that the venerable sage, then in his 83d year, and suffering under a peculiar infirmity, might approach his seat in the sedan he had brought from Europe, which was the only mode of conveyance he could then support.—On the other side of this contemporaneous memento, the House was depicted in Committee, and no particular feature of the scene is now distinctly recollected. But on both sides was inscribed the following quaint prognostication of their patriotic exertions which has since been so happily fulfilled:

> "These thirty-eight great men together have agreed
> "That better times to us shall very soon succeed."

## HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.

(*Continued from* Vol. xvi. p. 383.)

SPAIN in 1820.—*National Discontent—State of the Army at Cadiz—Its Revolt—Occupies the Isle of Leon—Expedition of Riego—*

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*Rising in Gallicia—Defection of Abisbal—King forced to accept the Constitution—Massacre at Cadiz—Anti-Revolutionary Movements—Meeting of the Cortes—Reports of the Ministers—Finances—Suppression of Entails—Of Covenants—Commercial Measures—Dissolution of the Army of Cadiz—Disgrace of Riego—Agitated State of the Kingdom—Prevalence of the Liberal Party.*

For several years the discontent throughout Spain had been general and hourly increasing. Its degradation was deeply felt by the nation, and sympathized with by the surrounding nations. It appeared the most cruel indignity to a brave nation, which had made so noble a stand, and had so powerfully aided in restoring independence to the rest of Europe, to be reduced to a thraldom more severe than that which it had so heroically shaken off. Loud, however, as was the call for that constitution which Ferdinand stood vainly pledged to bestow, all the attempts hitherto made to attain it had proved miserably abortive. There is a tendency in human society, and one on the whole safe and salutary, to remain fixed in any position which it has once assumed. To a great body of the people it appears more expedient to bear the ills they have, if at all tolerable, than to rush on others which are unknown and untried. It is difficult, and in fact should be so, for secret and individual operations to combine a force, which can make head against the executive power of the state. Although, however, such a government may make head for a certain time against the strongest public opinion, it possesses a radical unsoundness, which will sooner or later manifest itself. The crazy vessel may be guided in safety over a tranquil sea; but whenever the storm rises, it goes rapidly to pieces. Such a constitution resembles a rational body, of which the pieces are corrupted, in which no disease yet manifests itself, but to which the first wound or local injury, the effects of which to another would have been but temporary, proves mortal. It is seldom that in the political world a very long period occurs without some shock or collision, which puts to the proof the materials of which it is composed, and causes those which are unsound to crumble into dust.

The local malady which exposed to peril the existing system of Spanish government, resided in the expeditionary army at Cadiz. This body of troops, prepared by Spain in the vain hope of regaining her transatlantic empire, saw before them a prospect the most dreary and discouraging. Whether they considered the theatre in which the war was to be waged, or the enemy with whom they had to contend, there appeared equally little ground for animation or hope. The prospect of bidding adieu to their native country, to perish in the vast plains and swamps of Oronoco, inspired a patriotic zeal, to which they might otherwise have remained strangers. The deliverance of their country appeared an object still more desirable, when it was to be combined with their own deliverance from such a destiny. The force collected at one point gave a full impression of their own strength; while the vicinity of Cadiz, a city which had long been the focus of liberal sentiment, was likely to inoculate them with some portion of its spirit.

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In consequence of these causes, a deep discontent had long fermented in the minds of the expeditionary army. It had even, as observed in the former year, been organized into a formidable conspiracy, which failed only through the vacillation or treachery of the Conde de Abisbal. The yellow fever, which soon after began to rage at Cadiz, and among the troops, aided the views of the malecontents, by causing a general disorganization, relaxing those strict precautions which the jealousy of the government would otherwise have prompted. Don Antonio Quiroga, a lieutenant-colonel, who had been deeply implicated in the last conspiracy, was only loosely guarded at the convent of Alcala de los Gazules. He had, therefore, the opportunity of communicating with Don Raphael Riego, commander of the second battalion of the Asturias, and with other officers who were disposed to engage in the enterprise. The military chiefs were seconded by the talents of Galieno, a citizen of Cadiz, and one of the most eloquent men in Spain; while money was supplied by Beltran de Lis of Valencia, a zealous patriot, who had seen a son die on the scaffold in the cause of liberty.

After many consultations, which happily escaped the jealous observations of the ruling powers, the 1st of January, 1820, was fixed upon as the decisive day. Riego, stationed at Las Cabezas, was to march upon Arcos, the head quarters of Calderon, commander-in-chief of the expedition, and was to be joined there by the battalion of Seville from Villa Martin. At the same time Quiroga, with two battalions, was to move from Alcala de los Gazules, upon the Isle of Leon, and upon Cadiz.

At nine in the morning of the day appointed, Riego put himself in motion. He called together his battalion, explained to them his design, and finding them disposed enthusiastically to concur in it, led them direct to the square of Las Cabezas, where he proclaimed the constitution. In the evening he marched with the utmost possible rapidity upon Arcos, in the vicinity of which place he arrived about two in the morning. The battalion of Seville having lostts its way in the storm, was not yet come up. Riego waited its arrival in vain for four hours; then seeing day begin to dawn, and apprehensive of discovery, he determined upon at once proceeding to action. Though the battalion stationed in Arcos was stronger than his own, he completely succeeded. The officers were taken by surprise in their barracks, Calderon and all his staff made prisoners, and the Corregidor of the town shared the same fate. The battalion joined the insurgents, and every thing was completed before that of Seville arrived. Riego was somewhat disappointed to find only 12,000 ducats in the treasury.

The success of Quiroga was not quite so complete. He made his escape, and placed himself at the head of his battalion at Alcala. To reach his destination, however, it was necessary to cross the Majeceite, which was rendered impassable by the rains. He was thus unable to set out till the afternoon of the 2d. At Medina, he found another battalion; and the troops pushing forward rapidly through roads that were knee deep, reached at nine in the morning the bridge of Suazo, which



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connects the Isle of Leon with the continent. This important post was surprised and carried in a few minutes. The insurgents, thus introduced into the Isla, were equally successful in surprising San Ferrando, its principal fortress, where they took Cisneros, Minister of Marine. They now pushed forward upon Cadiz, the main object of the expedition; and which being defended by only one battalion and a few marines, was thought unlikely to make serious resistance. At four in the afternoon, however, the governor of Cadiz received notice of the enterprise, and hastened with 500 men to occupy the Trocadero, a fortification commanding the narrow neck of land, by which alone Cadiz can be approached from the Isla. Being re-enforced from the ships he succeeded in completely repulsing the attack of the insurgents. The district in their possession was thus reduced to the Isle of Leon.

Riego in the meantime hastened to join his comrades, and on his way, proclaimed the constitution at Xeres and Santa Maria. The people, however, though they showed an interest in his success, did not make any serious movement in his favour. On his arrival at the Isla the troops were mustered, and found not to amount to more than 600 men. They were immediately organized, however, under the title of the "Constitutional Army;" they were formed into two decisions, one of which was intrusted to Riego, while Quiroga was made commander-in-chief. Don Arco Aguerro was placed at the head of the staff, and San Miguel appointed his principal assistant. Quiroga now addressed to his army a proclamation, in which he told them, "Spain approached to destruction; and your ruin would have carried along with it that of your country; you were destined to death rather to deliver the government from the fear which your courage inspired, than to conquer the colonies, which is become impossible. Meantime, your countrymen remained in the most shameful slavery, under an arbitrary and tyrannical government, which disposes at will of the property, the existence, and the liberty of the unhappy Spaniards. This government must have destroyed the nation and finally itself; it can no longer be endured. At once violent and weak, it can inspire only indignation or contempt; but a country cannot be happy unless government inspires confidence, love and respect." He finally assured them, that the enterprise was at once easy and glorious; that union and discipline only were necessary; that not a Spanish soldier would oppose them; and that they would find brethren even in the ranks of those who were assembled for that purpose.

At the same time Quiroga, in the name of the army, presented the following address to the king:—

"*Senor*—The Spanish army, whose blood and unheard-of sacrifices restored your Majesty to the throne of your ancestors—the Spanish army under whose protection the nation, through the medium of her representatives, sanctioned the code of laws intended to fix for ever her happy destiny, felt its honour and ardent patriotism wounded, when your Majesty, breaking the bonds of gratitude and justice, overthrew that monument of justice, and denominated the expression of the most legitimate rights a crime.

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"Six years could not obliterate sentiments so deeply engraved in the heart. The various insurrections which have taken place in different times and in different places, ought to have convinced your Majesty that the whole nation favoured those enterprises, and that if the person of your Majesty have been the object of general respect, such is not the feeling with which either the measures of government you have adopted, or the persons, so unworthy of your bounty and confidence, who surround you, are regarded. The genius of evil stifled the generous cry of freedom, and the brave men who raised it became the victims of that iniquity which never pardons those who would draw aside the veil by which the simple and ignorant are deceived.

"So fatal a destiny has not intimidated the troops of the army assembled for the ultramarine expedition, and they again raise the cry so dear to every Spaniard who knows the value of that name. They raised it, Senor, and solemnly pronounced it on the first of January. They have pronounced it with the firm and decided determination of being faithful to the oath which they made to their country. Nothing can induce them to become perjured, and the last drop of their blood will be cheerfully sacrificed in the great cause in which they are embarked. To restore the constitution is their object; to have it recognized that the nation, legitimately represented, has solely the right of giving herself laws, is what excites in them the purest ardour, and teaches them to speak in accents of the warmest enthusiasm.

"The enlightened state of Europe, Senor, no longer permits nations to be governed as the absolute possession of kings. The people of different countries require different institutions, but representative government is that which appears best fitted for large societies, all the individuals of which cannot assemble in a body to make laws for themselves. That is the government which the wisest nations have adopted, which all eagerly desire, the obtaining of which cost us so much blood, and which no country is more worthy of than Spain.

"From what cause is the nation, most favoured by nature, deprived of the greatest blessing which men can bestow upon themselves? why should the land which nourishes a political body be thought unworthy of the air of civil liberty? Old prejudices, systems adopted by violence, frivolous and vain prerogatives, which serve merely to flatter the most insignificant pride, the perfidious suggestions of favourites, who are oppressors one day, and are themselves oppressed on the next—are these just motives for violating the laws of reason, humanity, and justice? Kings are for nations; kings are only kings because nations will them to be so. The light of knowledge has recalled these incontestible axioms; and when governments seek to establish the opposite principles, they speak the language of fraud or hypocricy, not that of error or ignorance.

"It is the wish and the determination of the army that this language shall no longer prevail. The people cherish the same wishes and views; but habits of obedience to the laws have opposed a dyke to their resentment. It falls to pieces on its being known that the army has already made a breach. The districts they occupy resounded with shouts of joy

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and acclamations on the re-promulgation of that code which ought to have been but once proclaimed. May these shouts soon spread over the whole peninsula, and render it again the scene of virtue and heroism! But should hopes so delightful not be fulfilled, if Heaven should not favour our ardent wishes, still the efforts of the brave will not be made in vain; to die for liberty appears to them preferable to living, however long, under the laws and caprices of those who are corrupting the heart of your majesty, and leading you to your infallible ruin.

"Senor ANTONIO QUIROGA,
as Organ of the Army.

*Head Quarters, San Fernando.*
7th Jan. 1820."

Another address was at the same time presented to the Spanish people, in which they were reminded of the ancient glory and liberty of the nation, of its heroic resistance against the usurpation of Bonaparte, of the recompense which it had met with, and the miseries which had been the consequence. It called upon them, therefore, to co-operate in the glorious effort now made to restore to them the rights of which they had been deprived.

These events were not unobserved or unregarded by the Spanish provincial authorities. General Freyre, who commanded at Seville, lost no time in throwing the regiment of America, 1000 strong, into Cadiz, though it could enter that city only by sea. At the same time all the cavalry, amounting to about 2000, being placed under General Joseph O'Donnell, watched the approaches to the Isla, in order to prevent the troops there from drawing supplies from the neighbouring country.

This momentous intelligence being conveyed to Madrid, did not at first obtain belief; but when a full confirmation arrived, the government redoubled its jealousy and severity; all correspondence and private intercourse was narrowly watched; and every effort was made to make the people of the capital believe only what was wished, and to dispel those exaggerated reports which were eagerly listened to. At the same time General Freyre, who had recommended himself so much by his zeal and exertion, was made commander-in-chief for Andalusia; and all the troops in Granada, consisting of six regiments, were placed under his command.

Several days elapsed, in which the hostile parties remained inactive, in view of each other. The insurrectional troops only sent occasional detachments to collect provisions, and disappeared at the approach of the royalist forces. On the 10th, however, Quiroga's party gained a considerable accession in the regiment of the Canaries, which entered the Isla, protected by a sally of Riego, who repulsed O'Donnell's cavalry. On the following evening they obtained a still more important advantage. The great naval arsenal of the Caracca, situated on a small island close to the shore of that of Leon, contained an immense supply of warlike stores, and, by its position, checked the movements of the insurgent troops. The garrison being weak, a detachment had been ordered to re-enforce it, but was not to arrive till the 12th. On the night of the

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11th, 400 men embarked at the bridge of Suazo, and reached unobserved so close to the foot of the walls, that the batteries could no longer play upon them. They surprized the first guards; and before the strength of the garrison could be called out, were already in possession of the place. Besides stores, they found also provisions, and a ship of war of 74 guns, called the St. Julian. The dungeons of this place contained also a great number of the friends of freedom, who were immediately liberated.

The increased means thus obtained were employed in raising batteries, with the view of storming Cortadura, and thereby getting entrance into Cadiz. The assault, however, given on the 16th, entirely failed, Riego himself being wounded. Notwithstanding, however, the most rigid precautions, an attempt was made in their favour in the interior of the city. On the evening of the 24th, a colonel of the name of Rotalde collected a mixed troop of soldiers, Catalonian sailors and citizens, and led them amid cries of "the constitution for ever," towards the gate of the Cortadura. The soldiers on guard there, however, fired upon this detachment, which immediately dispersed. Several were taken; but the colonel himself escaped, and joined the army on the Isle of Leon.

Meantime General Freyre had established his head-quarters at Puerto Santa Maria, and had assembled a force which, including militia, was supposed to fall little short of 20,000 men. He made his approaches, indeed with extreme caution, and avoiding any close contact the effects of which, in the actual temper of his own troops, might have been extremely perilous. He merely sought to insulate the insurgents from the rest of Spain, and to cut off their resources and supplies. He succeeded; and weeks elapsed without any change in the position of the contending armies. The insurgent chiefs began to feel that their affairs in this stationary state were becoming insensibly worse. The enthusiasm inspired by their first successes was gradually evaporating; they lost that opinion of power which was necessary to draw multitudes to their standard; and though they might be able to maintain themselves, in a military view, against any force that was likely to be employed on the other side, the narrow corner within which they were enclosed afforded no means of obtaining provisions and necessaries, the want of which must at length reduce them to extremity. Unless, therefore, something could be done to rouse the country in their favour, and to make a stir, they had little hope of final success. This could only be done by putting forth, at all hazards, a moveable column to traverse the neighbouring cities and districts. The lot here fell naturally upon Riego, always prompt to undertake whatever was hazardous and adventurous. On the 27th of January, having formed a small corps of 1500 men, he crossed to Chiclana, and proceeded in the direction of Algesiras. At Conil, where, he spent the first night, his reception was discouraging; but at Veger, or Bejer, which he reached next day, the bells were rung, and other symptoms of joy manifested on his arrival. Here he spent three days, somewhat idly, it should seem, in balls and civic fetes; he obtained a supply of money, not however adequate to the wants of the army. On the 31st, the troops left Bejer; and, after a very fatiguing march over the mountains of Ojer,

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reached Algesiras about seven in the evening. They were received with the warmest demonstations of joy. Riego conceived the most sanguine hopes, having planned to make Algesiras a second bulwark of Spanish liberty and expecting to draw from Gibraltar all the supplies of which he stood in need. The next day dispelled all these flattering ideas. The inhabitants, seeing no force could afford promise of ultimate success, adopted a cautious and guarded system; while the governor of Gibraltar, determining to observe a strict neutrality, declined all communication with the insurgent force. Some supplies, particularly of shoes, were all the benefits which the army drew from Algesiras.

While these operations were going on, General Freyre was not inactive. He carefully closed up all the passages by which this adventurous column could regain the Isla, and then despatched Don Joseph O'Donnell in its pursuit. Quitoga, informed of these movements sent orders to Riego to rejoin him immediately. Riego reluctantly obeyed, and, retracing his steps, cut his way through a column of cavalry that attempted to interrupt him. On approaching the Isla, however, he judged the avenues to be so well guarded, as to make vain any attempt to reach it. Swayed probably, moreover, by his own bold and adventurous spirit, he determined to march upon Malaga, and endeavour to excite a rising in that city.

The column proceeded to Malaga by difficult roads, between the mountains and the sea, its rear being continually harassed by the cavalry under O'Donnell. At Marbella it had to sustain a very severe engagement, in which it lost 100 men, besides the dispersion of part of their number. It, however, shook off the pursuing column, and advanced upon Malaga. The governor had collected a few troops, and taken a position in front of the city; but, on the first fire he retreated, and fell back upon Velez Malaga. The troops of Riego entered Malaga, which exhibited a singular and equivocal aspect. The city was illuminated, and acclamations were heard from the windows; but every door was shut, and no one chose to commit himself in a cause of which such unfavourable omens were already formed. About twelve next day, the columns of O'Donnell were seen approaching. The attack was soon commenced and an obstinate conflict took place in the streets of the city. The constitutionalists succeeded in repulsing O'Donnell, who took up his quarters for the night about half a league from Malaga. Notwithstanding this success, Riego in looking round him, could see no hope of maintaining himself in his present position. No movement whatever was made by the inhabitants; and his numbers were quite insufficient to enable him to make head against the repeated assaults of a superior enemy. There appeared thus no prospect of safety but by quitting the city, and throwing themselves among the mountains of Ronda. From this moment their progress presented a series of adventure and privation, of which history offers few examples. Destitute of clothes, and particularly of shoes, they procured some at Ronda and Anteguara. At Grazalema they were received by the inhabitants with a welcome so cordial, as rekindled some degree of hope, and at Moron they were re-enforced by 200 dismounted

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dragoons. On the 4th, however, they were attacked there by O'Donnell; and, after a smart conflict, obliged to yield to superior forces. Closely pressed, driven from post to post, and his small band daily thinned by desertion, Riego saw no longer any safety but in seeking the heights of the Sierra Morena. These could be reached, however, only by the bridge of Cordova; and Riego formed the daring resolution of marching the remnant of his little band through that large city. This design was successfully executed. "These imitators of the sacred bands of Thermopylæ and Underwald," passed through the streets, barefooted and badly clothed, chanting the patriotic hymn. The few troops who were in the city remained neutral; the inhabitants assembling in crowds, viewed with wonder and admiration, though without taking any part in their favour. The party crossed the Guadalquiver, and hastened towards the mountains; but at Fuente Vejona, it was overtaken by the royal troops, and suffered considerable loss. Reduced now to 300, destitute of every thing, closely pursued and hopeless of success, a consultation was held, and the resolution was formed to disperse, and each individual seek safety for himself. "Such" says San Miguel, the narrator, "was the fate of a column, worthy by its patriotism and valour of the most brilliant triumphs. Where so many concurrent circumstances combined against us, it was morally impossible for the result to be different. Fanaticism on the part of an enemy always more than triple our number; dismay and timidity in the well affected; pusillanimity and weakness in those who abandoned us in the hour of danger; the violation of promises by those who had engaged in the cause; unheard of labour and fatigue in such rapid torrents and marches night and day, through a mountainous country, intersected by ravines—all these circumstances combined must have disheartened the bravest troops. Wherever," he adds, "the column of patriot soldiers passed, the people applauded them, gave them provisions, effects and money; but no one joined them; at their departure they wished them success, and then proceeded to prepare lodgings for the troops that pursued them."

The impression produced by these events in the part of Spain in which they took place, was that of deep despondence with regard to the success of the patriotic cause. The column of Riego, which had never presented any very formidable aspect, was now annihilated; while the main body, under Quiroga, reduced to 4000 men, still maintained indeed a defensive attitude, and repulsed all the attacks made upon them; but, enclosed on all sides by superior forces, they had no apparent means of extending their operations. In fact, however, the work was already done. Riego's expedition, however, really abortive, made upon those at a distance an illusory and brilliant impression. His army, traversing the provinces of Andalusia, and entering their capitals, appeared to be in an imposing and triumphant attitude. In vain did the government journals proclaim that it was a small flying column, driven from place to place before a pursuing enemy. The enslaved state of the journals, whatever benefits may be supposed to arise from it to government in the ordinary state of things, is fatal to it in moments of crisis and alarm. Every

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thing which it then admits against itself is considered as only a small part of the truth; while what it states on the opposite side obtains no credit. The supposed triumphant spread of the insurrectionary arms through Andalusia was sufficient to blow into a flame those combustible materials, with which the peninsula was so amply stored, and to prepare the downfall of a government, which existed only upon the supposed hopelessness of any attempt to overthrow it.

The first quarter in which the flame broke forth was Galicia, where also it originated with the soldiery. The fate of Porlier had left here deep recollections, and many of the officers there had been involved with that chief. The explosion took place on the 20th February, the very day that Venegas, a new governor arrived at Corunna: while Venegas was giving his first audience, and receiving the congratulations of the authorities, the cry of "the Constitution!" was raised in the square. A body of the military, headed by the colonel of artillery, Don Carlos Epinosa, and seconded by the multitude, disarmed the guards, entered, and invited the governor to place himself at the head of the undertaking. On his refusal, they laid him under arrest, and conducted him with some others who adhered to the same system, to fort San Antonio. The prisons were thrown open, and several officers, confined on account of their share in the conspiracy of Porlier, were set at liberty; his widow was carried through the streets in triumph; but the joyful occasion was stained by the death of a serjeant, who had given information against that unfortunate patriot.

A junta was now formed, at the head of which was placed Don Pedro Agar, one of the members of the last regency, and then resident at Betanzos. The direction of military operations was offered to Colonel Epinosa; but he modestly solicited and obtained a preference for colonel Acevedo. A similar change was affected at Ferrol on the 23d, when the inhabitants joined in proclaiming the constitution. At Santiago, the count de St. Roman, a moderate and amiable man, called a council to decide on the steps suited to this exigency. His own opinion was in favour of looking only to the defence of the place. Don Manuel Chantre, however, a canon, started up, and reminding St. Roman that in consequence of the imprisonment of Venegas, he was now governor-general of the province, called upon him to bestir himself for its defence, to raise money, and to call out the provincial regiments of armed peasantry. The fire of this warlike ecclesiastic was struck into the assembly; St. Roman, following his advice, soon found himself at the head of 4000 armed peasantry. He was unable, however, to maintain Santiago against the patriotic troops, which immediately advanced upon it. At the same time, the constitution was enthusiastically proclaimed at Vigo and Portuedro. Although the towns, however, were now in the hands of the revolutionary party, St. Roman continued to maintain the country positions, and a little civil war of about a month's duration ensued. The royal troops, though rather more numerous, being less warlike and disciplined, were successively driven from post to post and their remains finally obliged to take refuge within the Portuguese frontier. The only

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memorable event in this contest was the death of Colonel Acevedo, who was shot near Padornelo by some of the militia, whom he was endeavouring to gain over to his party.

In another corner of Spain, events occurred of equally serious portent.—Mina, a name mighty and animating to the friends of Spanish liberty, appeared again in his native Navarre. His partisans crowded around him, and proclaimed him general-in-chief of the national army of the North of Spain. At the same time, an effervescence began to be felt in Arragon and Catalonia, and the governors of those provinces gave notice, that they could no longer be answerable for their continued tranquillity.

However heavily the storm now lowered on all sides, the king possessed still the means of extricating himself with honour and safety. Continuing to hold the allegiance of the army and of all the great cities, his position was still commanding. Had he come forward promptly, and fulfilled his long promise of granting a constitution he might in a great degree, have dictated its forms, and reserved for himself a powerful place in it. Only vacillating half-measures were, however, resorted to. An extraordinary council of state was called, where strong differences are reported to have prevailed, even among the princes of the royal house. Some gave the most violent counsels; that the king should quit Spain, and invoke the aid of the Holy Alliance; but this recommendation, though understood to be supported by General Elio, who had been sent for from Valencia, was not listened to. An imperfect attempt at conciliation was made. The Council of State was divided into seven sections, for the formation of a new code of laws, and by a royal ordinance, the universities, corporations, and even simple individuals, were invited to communicate their views upon this subject. This proceeding did not pledge the king to any thing, and had entirely the aspect of a manœuvre to amuse the people till the present danger had blown by. It involved, therefore, a confession of weakness, without affording any thing to satisfy the calls of the nation. In fact, the chief confidence was still placed in military operations; but while all the generals were suspected, either of treachery or incapability, the resolution was formed, to call into active service the Conde de Abisbal, without regard to his former equivocal conduct and recent disgrace. His military talents and reputation might have powerful influence in this extremity; and the active zeal shown by his brother, Joseph O'Donnell, gave a favourable idea of the loyalty of the family.

The king could not have made a more fatal choice. Abisbal was already in correspondence with the revolutionary chiefs, and preparing to put himself at their head. How far he could be justified in using for this purpose the power placed in his hands by the king, we shall not inquire. Certain it is, being appointed to the command of La Mancha, the first use he made of it, was to proclaim the constitution at Ocana, where his brother Alexander commanded the Imperial regiment.—He then went through Temblique, Almagro, Ciudad Real, and the other towns of La Mancha, every where making similar proclamations, and



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collecting troops. He had thus soon formed a little army, to which he hoped quickly to add a great part at least of that commanded by Freyre.

Affairs were now come to a crisis. The revolution was no longer confined to the extremities of the kingdom; it was at the door; and Madrid, long secretly agitated, and viewing with intense interest the movements in the provinces, began openly to share them. A universal ferment prevailed among the people; the soldiers had already, on the 5th, made an attempt to raise the stone of the constitution, and on the enterprise being opposed, they delayed, rather than renounced its execution. The king and his counsellors became now sensible that nothing was left them but to yield. On the morning of the 7th, an extraordinary gazette was published, convoking the Cortes. It was now too late, however, even for the most ample concession; nothing was left but the most unqualified submission. The multitude knew their strength; the whole population of Madrid, soldiers and people, tumultuously assembled, tore down the placards, set up the constitutional stone, and with loud cries demanded "the constitution of 1812." Great agitation now prevailed in the palace. Nothing could be a more deep and entire humiliation to the king, than to restore a constitution which he had made it his first act to dissolve, with every mark of disapprobation; and had kept immured for years in dungeons all concerned in forming and upholding it. The danger, however, was imminent. Ballasteros, called from his disgrace in this hour of extreme need, is supposed to have been the person who fixed the king's wavering resolutions. He roundly told him there was not a moment to lose; that between the acceptance of the constitution and his dethronement, no alternative was left. The terrified monarch hastily agreed to yield whatever was demanded.—The following communication was immediately issued:—

"The King our Lord deigns to address to his secretaries of all departments the royal decree:—

"To avoid the delays which might take place in consequence of the uncertainties experienced in the council in the execution of my decree of yesterday, ordaining the immediate convocation of the Cortes, and the general will of the people having been pronounced, I have resolved to swear to the constitution promulgated by the General and Extraordinary Cortes in the year 1812, which you are to hold as understood, and to order its prompt publication.

"I, THE KING.

*At the Palace, 7th March*, 1820."

Thus was established, without any modification, the constitution of 1812. Under the circumstances of tardy and enforced acceptance on the part of the king, there was scarcely room for the formation of any other. Having refused the slightest concession, till he felt the sword at his breast, he was of course, when matters came to that crisis, obliged to accept any thing which they chose to dictate. Even the people themselves had scarcely a choice. To have entered upon the tedious and difficult task of forming a new constitution, to which the only power

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yet organized was decidedly hostile, would have been too hazardous. The choice, or the accident, was in our opinion, not fortunate. The constitution had been formed by men of intelligence and reflection, but of little political experience, and too deeply imbued with the principles which dictated the constitution of 1791.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## REPORT ON CHEMISTRY.

*Geological Survey of the Great Western Canal of New York.*—It is stated in the February Number of Silliman's Journal, that Mr. Eaton, already advantageously known by his botanical and geological acquirements, is prosecuting, under the patronage of Gen. Van Rensellaer, a geological survey of the great Western Canal. It deserves to be mentioned, as an instance of the munificence of this distinguished citizen of New York, that, upon inquiry of Mr. Eaton, finding that the probable expense of such a survey would not exceed five thousand dollars, he immediately directed the work to be undertaken.

*Cutting of Steel by Soft Iron.*—This curious fact was lately made known through Silliman's Journal in a communication by the Rev. Herman Daggett. The cutting is effected by applying the steel to the edge of a circular piece of sheet iron, kept in rapid revolution by means of a turning lathe. The fact has been since amply verified by Dr. Hare and others. Several explanations have been given of the fact;—such as the rapid succession of the soft particles of iron acting constantly on a few particles of the steel; the hardening of the edge of the circular piece; and the incipient fusion of the steel at the point of contact. It is probable that all these causes are operative in producing the effect.

*Dr. Hare's Improved Galvanic Deflagrators.*—Ever since Dr. Hare ascertained the importance of a simultaneous immersion of galvanic plates into the exciting liquid, to produce the greatest intensity of action, he has been engaged in devising mechanical contrivances to accomplish this object. The last form, which he has contrived, and which he considers the best, is one consisting of two troughs, joined lengthwise, edge to edge, with the effect of making the sides of one vertical, while those of the other are horizontal. Troughs, thus connected, one containing a galvanic series, the other empty, and made to revolve on pivots, can be alternately filled and emptied by a revolution equal to a quarter of a circle; motion in one direction, throwing the acid on the plates, and, in the contrary direction, causing it to flow back again into the empty trough.

The supposed anomalous polarity of the deflagrator has been explained away by Dr. Hare, by a more careful consideration of the construction of his instrument. It is admitted on all hands, that the galvanic fluid passes from copper to zinc, the plates in metallic connexion being considered; but its direction between the plates connected by the exciting

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liquid only is from zinc to copper. Hence it is that, in any galvanic instrument, *that* is the zinc or positive end, towards which, the metallic arcs, proceeding from the copper to the zinc, tend. Now, in the ordinary trough, a single copper plate is in the first cell, in metallic connexion with a zinc plate in the second cell, while a second copper plate, in the second cell, is connected with a second zinc plate in the third cell, and so on, until the series is completed by a copper plate in the cell next to the last, in metallic connexion with a zinc plate, occupying exclusively the last cell. In such a series, according to the rule given to determine the poles, the zinc or positive end is that terminated by the cell exclusively occupied by the zinc plate, while the negative end terminates by the cell, exclusively occupied by the copper. Hence, then, in such an arrangement, the electricity of the metals at the extremities of the series coincides with the electricity of the extremities themselves, considered as poles; the end terminating with zinc, being the zinc pole or positive, and the end terminating with copper, the copper pole or negative.

But this coincidence between the electricity of the metals at the extremities of a galvanic series, and of the extremities themselves, by no means, necessarily occurs; and in the case of the galvanic deflagrator does not take place. For, in this instrument, that end which terminates with copper is the positive pole, and that extremity which ends in zinc is the negative; and it was from taking the metallic terminations as the guide to determine the situation of the poles, instead of the relative position of the zinc plates to the copper plates in metallic connexion with them, that the errour of supposing a reversed polarity in the deflagrator arose.

To show clearly that the polarity of the metals at the extremities of the series may not coincide with the poles, as determined by the relative position of the zinc and copper, in metallic connexion with each other, it is only necessary to place in the trough already referred to in illustration, a loose zinc plate beyond the copper plate in the cell at one extremity, and a loose copper plate beyond the zinc plate in the cell at the other extremity. This addition reverses the metallic terminations of the series, without in the least affecting the position of its poles, which may be universally determined by the rule we have laid down.

Now the galvanic deflagrator of Dr. Hare, so far as the position we are illustrating is concerned, is an instrument analogously circumstanced to one furnished with an additional unconnected zinc and copper plate, one at each extremity, as above supposed.

*Dr. Hare's Single Leaf Electrometer.*—This is far more sensible than any other instrument of the same kind, heretofore contrived. It consists of a single gold leaf, suspended, in the centre of a kind of glass bottle, from a disc of zinc, six inches in diameter, which constitutes the top of the instrument. Opposite to the extremity of the leaf is a ball, supported by a wire, placed horizontally, which passes through the side of the bottle, and which may be made to approach, or recede from the leaf by a micrometer screw. Upon exciting the zinc disc, the excitement is indicated by the leaf coming in contact with the ball. The intensity of the electrical excitement is shown by the greatest distance of

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the ball from the leaf, at which the contact will take place; the operator being enabled to vary the distance at pleasure by the screw. The electricity, excited by a single contact of a copper disc with the zinc, will, in favourable weather, cause the leaf to strike the ball, provided the interval between them be not greater than $\frac{1}{50}$th of an inch.

*Analysis of a Meteorolite which lately fell in Maine.*—Dr. Webster, of Boston, has given the following analysis of the Meteorolite, which fell at Nobleborough in the state of Maine on the 7th of August 1823.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sulphur - - - - | 18.3 |
| Silex - - - - - | 29.5 |
| Alumina - - - - | 4.7 |
| Lime - - - - - | a trace. |
| Magnesia - - - - | 24.8 |
| Chrome - - - - | 4. |
| Iron - - - - - | 14.9 |
| Nickel - - - - - | 2.3 |
| Loss - - - - - | 1.5 |
| | 100. |

*Condensation of Various Gases into Liquids.*—In the Phil. Trans. of London, for 1823, Part II. are detailed the very important results of Mr. Faraday on the condensation of gases into liquids. By submitting solid compounds, containing gaseous elements, to heat, in sealed glass tubes, or by extricating by chemical re-action, from other substances similarly confined, various gaseous products, so great a pressure was produced, as to cause the liquefaction of the gases produced in the several experiments. The following is a list of the gases condensed up to the present time; namely: *Chlorine, Muriatic acid, Sulphurous acid, Sulphuretted hydrogen, Carbonic acid, Euchlorine, Nitrous oxide, Cyanogen,* and *Ammonia.*

*Application of Liquids, formed by the Condensation of Gases, as Mechanical Agents.*—Sir Humphrey Davy has given a paper on this interesting subject in the same Part of the Phil. Trans. above referred to. After expressing some doubts as to the economical results to be expected from employing the vapours of water or alcohol, under high pressures by high temperatures, as mechanical agents, from the great loss of radiant heat at high temperatures, and from the extrication of latent heat by compression, and its absorption from expansion; no such doubts, he considers, can arise respecting the use of the vapours of liquids, which require, for their existence, a pressure, equal to 30 or 40 atmospheres, and which exert an immense elastic force at common temperatures, or from slight elevations of them. Such liquids are the liquefied gases.

It is not easy, in a short notice like the present, to make the whole ground of Sir Humphrey Davy's reasoning intelligible to the generality of readers, involving, as it does, the more abstruse doctrines on the subject of caloric; but a general idea of his exceedingly novel views on the manner of applying the condensed gases as mechanical agents, may be obtained from the following extract, which we give from his paper.

"In applying the condensed gases as mechanical agents, there will

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be some difficulty; the materials of the apparatus must be at least as strong and as perfectly joined as those used by Mr. Perkins in his high-pressure steam-engine: but the small differences of temperature required to produce an elastic force, equal to the pressure of many atmospheres, will render the risk of explosion extremely small; and if future experiments should realise the views here developed, the mere difference of temperature between sunshine and shade, and air and water, or the effects of evaporation from a moist surface, will be sufficient to produce results, which have hitherto been obtained only by a great expenditure of fuel."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the departure from our city of Variola and its troublesome relation, the Varioloid. The last weekly bill of mortality included no death by small-pox. Whether we are to attribute this happy incident to a change in the atmosphere or to the universal adoption of vaccination might afford matter for considerable discussion. Perhaps both circumstances have operated in producing the removal of this visitation.

The most prevalent malady at present is a catarrhal affection attended usually with considerable soreness of the throat together with inflammation and enlargement of the tonsil glands. Abstinence, cooling medicines, such as Epsom or Glauber's salts, are highly serviceable in this unpleasant disease, and the treatment may be rendered still more efficacious when aided by frequent draughts of Linseed tea, mucilage of gum Arabic, barley water and similar preparations. When the symptoms run high and there is considerable fever, bleeding will perhaps be called for. When the cough is violent and there is at the same time pain felt in the chest, prompt and energetic measures should be resorted to.

Of late our city has been in some danger from another disease, which, as it must have a title, I shall take the liberty of styling an *Artificial* Epidemic. It has been recently ascertained that the vapour of Vitriolic Æther, when inhaled into the lungs, produces effects upon the brain and nervous system similar to those of the nitrous oxide gas. This fact was no sooner made public than a thousand experimenters started up, including all ages and both sexes. The smell of Æther prevailed every where. Even the little school boys were seen clubbing their pennies to purchase a vial of the exhilarating fluid, which put into a prepared bladder and eagerly passed from one to another, in some unfrequented spot. We might perhaps feel amused at the ridiculous capers supposed to be cut by these groups had no serious consequences resulted from it. But having ourselves witnessed the serious indisposition of several young ladies, which could be ascribed to breathing Æther, and heard of two well attested cases in which the practice proved fatal, it behoves us to condemn the use of this fluid by inhalation as highly pernicious and dangerous. Ω.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## EXPLANATION OF THE EMBELLISHMENT.

THE present number of our Miscellany is embellished with a representation of the monument erected to the memory of the late Dr. NISBET; for the drawing of which we are indebted to the pencil of our friend *J. B. Gibson*, Esq., one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this commonwealth. Some account of Dr. Nisbet will be found in our Number for January last. As the inscription inserted in that article was incorrectly printed,* it is here repeated.

M. S.
CAROLI NISBET, S. S. T. D.
Qui unanimi hortatu
Curatorum Academiæ Dickinsoniensis,
Ut Primarii ejusdem munia susciperet,
Patria sua, Scotia, relicta,
Ad Carleslum venit A. D. 1785.
Ibique per novem decem annos
Summa cum laude
Muneri suo incubuit.
Viri, si quis alius, probi piique
Omni doctrina ornatissimi,
Lectione immensa, memoria fideli
Acumine vero ingenii facetiis salibusque
Plane miri, et undique clari.
Nemini vero mortalium nisi iis infensi,
Qui cum Philosophiæ prætextu sacris insultant.
Familiæ autem suæ amicisque
Ob mores suaves, benignos, hilares, comesque
Unice dilecti.
Animam placide effiavit 14mo. Kal. Feb. 1804,
Anno ætatis 68vo.
Abiit noster: proh dolor!
Cui similem haud facile posthàc visuri sumus!
At quem Terra amisit, lucrifecit Cœlum,
Novo Splendore
Corporis resuscitati, vitæque æternæ
Cum Domino Jesu, omnibusque sanctis,
Ovantem rediturum.

* In the same article, p. 2. for 1782, *read* 1773—and p. 5. l. 34. for increasing, *read* instructing.

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In the following translation, it will be perceived that fidelity, rather than elegance, has been consulted.

Sacred to the Memory
Of Charles Nisbet, *Doctor of Sacred Theology;*
Who by the unanimous invitation
Of the Trustees of Dickinson College,
That he might undertake the duties of Provost,
Emigrating from Scotland, his native country,
Came to Carlisle, in the year of our Lord 1785;
And there through nineteen years,
With the highest approbation,
Discharged his office.
A man, if such exists, of integrity and piety,
In all learning most accomplished,
Of reading immense, memory faithful,
In real acumen of wit, pleasantry, and satire
By universal acknowledgment, truly astonishing;
But to no mortal offensive, except to those
Who under the cloak of philosophy, insult religion.
But to his family and friends
For manners, sweet, benign, cheerful, and social
Beloved without a rival.
He gently breathed out his life on the 17th of January 1804,
In his sixty-eighth year.
Our friend is gone: Alas!
Not easily to be replaced.
But whom Earth has lost, Heaven has gained;
With the new splendour
Of a body resuscitated, and of eternal life,
With the Lord Jesus, and all the saints
About to return, triumphing.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE FRENCH THEATRES.

The theatres in France have long been under the immediate control of the government, and various regulations have at different periods been made respecting them. In November 1796, a decree was passed, which still continues in force, enacting that a decime on every franc of the price of admission to all places of public amusement, should be collected for the use of the poor, that is, one tenth of the receipts. The following is the produce of the duty in francs for three years—about five francs to a dollar.

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| | 1814. | 1815. | 1816. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Theatres - - - | 446,551 | 449,038 | 452,635 |
| Fêtes Publiques - | 13,383 | 13,614 | 10,887 |
| Balls - - - - - | 5,443 | 5,675 | 6,113 |
| Concerts - - - | 4,763 | 8,021 | 5,922 |
| Soirées Amusantes | 2,341 | 2,713 | 4,362 |
| Panoramas - - - | 3,551 | 2,613 | 2,511 |
| Petite Spectacles - | 2,635 | 6,636 | 8,608 |
| Curiosities - - - | 6,470 | 6,516 | 6,420 |
| Total - - - - | 485,137 | 491,826 | 497,358 |

That is to say, about one hundred thousand dollars are annually collected for the poor from this source.

The French actors form a joint stock company, and a committee of six, with a commissioner named by the government, is appointed to manage the interests of the society. The committee, however, have little power, the principal authority being vested in the commissioner. The receipts of the theatre are divided into twenty-four equal parts; one part is set aside for unexpected demands; one half part is given to the pension or superanuated fund; another part is assigned to the decorations, scenery, repairs, &c. The other twenty-two parts are distributed among the actors, none receiving more than one part, nor less than one-eighth of a part. The actors, on entering this society, contract an engagement to play for twenty years, after which they are entitled to a retiring pension of 4000 francs per annum, (about 400 dollars.) These pensions are payable, half out of an annual allowance of 100,000 francs (about $20,000) made by the government to the theatre, and the other half out of funds raised out of the receipts and contributions of the actors.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE ALBUM. No. III.

I HAVE made many voyages to remote and barren shores; I have travelled over desert and inhospitable lands; I have defied danger, I have endured fatigue, I have submitted to privation. In the midst of these, I have experienced pleasures which I would not at any time have exchanged for that of *existing and doing nothing*. I have known many evils, but I have never known the worst of all; which, as it seems to me, are those which are comprehended in the inexhaustible varieties of *ennui*, spleen, chagrin, vapours, blue-devils, time-killing, discontent, misanthropy, and all their interminable train of fretfulness, querulousness, suspicions, jealousies, and fears, which have alike infested society, and the literature of society, and which would make a frozen ocean of the human



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mind, if the more humane pursuits of philosophy and science did not keep alive the better feelings and more valuable energies of our nature. I am severe, not without reason, upon our fashionable Belles Lettres; since pirates, highwaymen, and other varieties of the genus *Marauder*, are the only beau idéal of the active—as splenetic and railing misanthropy is of the speculative, energy. A gloomy brow and a tragical voice seem to have been of late, the characteristics of fashionable manners; and a morbid, withering, deadly, antisocial sirocco, loaded with moral and political despair, breathes through all the groves and valleys of the modern Parnassus; while science moves on in the calm dignity of its course, affording to youth delights equally pure and vivid—to maturity, serene and grateful occupation—to old age, the most pleasing recollections and inexhaustible materials of agreeable and salutary reflection; and, while its votary enjoys the disinterested pleasures of enlarging the intellect and increasing the comforts of society, he is himself, independent of the caprices of human intercourse and the accidents of human fortune. Nature is his great and unfailing treasure. His days are always too short for enjoyment; *ennui* is a stranger to his door. At peace with the world and with his own mind, he suffices to himself, makes all around him happy, and the close of his pleasing and beneficial existence is the evening of a beautiful day.

It is the mind that maketh well or ill. The elements of pleasure and pain are every where. The degree of happiness that any circumstances or objects can confer on us, depends on the mental disposition with which we approach them. If you consider what is meant by the common phrases, a happy disposition and a discontented temper, you will perceive the truth of what has been said. A happy disposition finds materials of enjoyment every where. In the city, or the country—in society, or in solitude—in the theatre, or in the forest—in the hum of the multitude, or in the silence of the mountains, are alike materials of reflection, and elements of pleasure. It is one mode of pleasure to listen to the music of a theatre glittering with light, and crowded with elegance and beauty; it is another, to glide at sunset over the bosom of a lonely lake, where no sound disturbs the silence, but that of the motion of the boat through the waters. A happy disposition derives pleasure from both; a discontented temper from neither: for it is always busy in detecting deficiencies, and feeding dissatisfaction with comparisons. The one gathers all the flowers, the other all the nettles, in its path. The one has the faculty of enjoying every thing, the other of enjoying nothing. The one realises all the pleasure of the present good; the other converts it into pain by pining after something better; which is only better because it is not present, and which, if it were present, would not be enjoyed. These morbid spirits are, in life, what professed critics are in literature: they see nothing but faults, because they are predetermined to shut their eyes to beauties. The critic does his utmost to blight genius in its infancy: that which rises in spite of him, he will not see; and then he complains of the decline of literature. In like manner, these cankers of society complain of human nature and society,

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when they have wilfully debarred themselves from all the good they contain, and done their utmost to blight their own happiness, and that of all around them. Misanthropy is sometimes the product of disappointed benevolence; but it is more frequently the offspring of overweening and mortified vanity, quarrelling with the world for not being better treated than it deserves.

Cy git l' Oisiveté.
Here lies Indolence.

Such was the inscription that a sarcastic Frenchman caused to be written on the tomb of the virtuous Duchess of Orleans, the unfortunate mother of the detestable Egalité. When asked why he had thus stigmatized an excellent women, he answered that, "whatever good qualities she might possess, she certainly merited the epithet he had given her, for that she became mother of all the vices," as soon as she had given birth to her infamous son. We leave to the indignation of present and future historians, the character of the wretch who occasioned this sarcasm upon his mother. He had, indeed, endeavoured to blast her reputation effectually; for, with a view to promote his influence over a bloody and ferocious mob, he proclaimed himself their equal by birth; his real father, he said, was *a coachman*, belonging to the establishment of his *putative* father, the husband of his unhappy mother.

I rejoice you can fill all your leisure moments. The Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune. Seriously though I congratulate you on your happiness, and seem to understand it. The receipt is obvious; it is only: "Have something to do;" but how few can apply it. *Gray's Letters to Walpole.*

I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. *Gray to Hurd.*

I am not sorry to hear that you are exceedingly busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure of hearing from you. To find one's self business is, I am persuaded, the great *art of life*, I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintances wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go, confess they were wound up: yet, I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirits, something of genius more than common, is required to teach a man how to employ himself. Women, generally speaking do not feel this distemper. They have always something to do: time hangs not on their hands: a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain. *Gray's Letters.*

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*On Indolence and its Consequences, and the Necessity of Riches to Happiness.*—Man appears to be the only person in existence whose exertions exceed his necessities; who is urged to action by other calls than the imperious commands of natural appetites and desires. To other animals, a state of rest is a state of choice: to man it is a state of uneasiness; and he is frequently roused to action from no other impulse than a wish to avoid the languor of inactivity. Hence, we observe that no man is so idle as to forego all employment. Those whom indolence deters from useful and noble pursuits, yet seek some frivolous occupation to cheat the wearisome hours of idleness. No man complains so frequently of the tediousness of time, as he whom neither necessity nor choice stimulates to exertion. How many are there who awake in the morning to wish the arrival of night, when they may again sleep; who saunter about, because to sit is insupportable; who take up a book, because they cannot think; and throw it down again, because it does not amuse; who, because they dread solitude, fly to society where there is no pleasure; and plunge into vice and dissipation, because the uniformity of inactive virtue is disgusting! How many are there whose mornings are passed in anxious solicitude for evening, because they have no pleasure but in the roar of inebriety, and the frantic laugh of riot! The evening is, indeed, the holiday of the idler of both sexes. Women enjoy a cessation of *ennui* in the scandal of the tea-table, or the dress and company of the theatre; and men may drink, though they dare not reflect; nay, jest, though they cannot study; and may lose, in the oblivion of the bottle, all consciousness of worthlessness, all remembrance of the morrow. To those accustomed to be idle, the idea of exertion is connected with the idea of pain. To a mind enervated by indulgence in frivolous amusements, danger appears to attend every movement, and difficulty every enterprise. That which would yield with facility to the vigour of resolution, is magnified by indolence into impossibility.

Would they who by the favour of fortune and the syren arts of indolence are condemned to the satiety of luxury and ease; who, fatigued by the vacuity of their own minds, seek for amusements in frivolous occupations and trifling or dissipated society; and who fly from insipidity to debauchery and vice; would they advance one step in a different road, and taste the delights of industry and active virtue, they would discover that the man who is laudably employed is scarcely subject to uneasiness or pain; he scorns the evils of the depraved and inactive; neither dangers nor accidents terrify him. His days are days of cheerfulness; his nights are tranquil and composed; his whole life is happy.

Among the number of those who complain of the tediousness of existence, some, perhaps, may desire to know how it may be best relieved. Let such reflect that he who is steadily and usefully employed, has no need to count the moments, nor to watch the progression of the clock. Let them reflect that a life of idleness is a life of insignificance and contempt, that the indolent man is useless to his friends, despised by his enemies, and forgotten by the world. On the contrary, he who devotes

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himself to the extension of his own happiness by a life of utility to others, is an object of reverence and esteem to all who know him.

*Monthly Visiter.*

"An Idler is a watch that wants both hands;
"As useless when it goes, as when it stands."

COWPER.

With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a profession; that is, some *regular* employment which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far, *mechanically*, that an average quantum only, of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion, are necessary to its discharge. *Coleridge.*

You say you are very indolent, and I am inclined to believe from your own confession, what I never hitherto could be persuaded of. If you really are so, be assured it is no small or trifling defect, but one which, if not removed, will be more fatal to your success and happiness than any single crime, however heinous; because indolence leads to every sort of crime. Your first object, therefore, should be to convince yourself of the importance of this defect: you will then manfully resist its influence, and succeed in defeating it. An enemy is never so dangerous as when he is despised. For this reason it is that many good men who have, with great efforts, secured themselves against the inroads of serious crime, are perpetually hurried into folly and disgrace by trifling propensities which, had they been more alarming in appearance, would have been more successfully resisted. Learn, then, to consider indolence not as a *failing* but as a *crime;* nay, as the mother of all crimes. Make up your mind calmly and decidedly to check it in every instance, as an enemy who, if unsupposed at first, will daily become more formidable—"vires acquiret eundo"—till it has closed up every avenue to excellence.

As the great patron of activity, and the best guardian of it when acquired, permit me to recommend *the strictest temperance*, which is equally indispensible, whether your object be to promote health, ability, exertion, happiness, or virtue. Consider meals rather as matters of necessity then pleasure." *Bowdler.*

Though I am impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. I am glad you think of serving your friends (by obtaining a seat in the house of commons;) I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it were possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the prerogative, by reducing yourself to a garret, I should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you; but, as the world is and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good—riches being another word for power; towards the obtaining of which the first neces-

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sary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronounciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third still is impudence. No *modest* man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole, and all the instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The ministry is like a play at court; there 's a little door to get in and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock each other with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrush heartily forwards, are sure of a good place; your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death; and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself. I don't say 'tis impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it be a mistake I would not be undeceived. It is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing; but nobody else will believe it if they see you get nothing.

*Lady Montague's Letters.*

## SUITORS IN THE ENGLISH CHANCERY.

The following is a return of the total amount of the effects of the uitors in the High Court of Chancery, at several periods, as laid before the House of Commons.

| | | *Pounds.* |
|---|---|---|
| In the year 1756 the total amount was | | 2,864,975 |
| 1766 | " " | 4,019,004 |
| 1776 | " " | 6,602,229 |
| 1786 | " " | 8,848,535 |
| 1796 | " " | 14,550,397 |
| 1806 | " " | 21,922,754 |
| 1816 | " " | 31,953,890 |
| 1818 | " " | 33,534,520 |

Or, one hundred and forty eight million eight hundred and ninety three thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dollars and eighty cents!

*King Robert of France.*—Casaubon in his Treatise on the Passions, relates the following pleasing anecdote of Robert, one of the greatest monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of France. Having once surprised a rogue who had cut away the half of his mantle, he took no other notice of the offence, than by saying mildly to him, "Save thyself, sinner, and leave the rest for another who may have need of it."

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle" recently published in New York, consist of a few juvenile essays from the pen of Mr. Irving, which were found in the obscure corners of an old newspaper, and rescued from oblivion by the kind cupidity of a bookseller. Such unauthorized publications are very unwarrantable. The latest accounts that we have of our ingenious countryman, state that he has been paying a visit to Dresden, where his Sketch Book has been republished.

General Hull, it is said, has written an account of that part of the late war in which he was engaged.

We have been much amused with "An Address delivered at the Collegiate Institution in Amherst, Massachusetts, by Herman Humphrey, D. D.; on occasion of his Inauguration to the Presidency of that Institution." It treats of every thing in general, and education in particular; from the pastimes of boys, to the changes of seasons and the speculations of science. Mothers will read with interest the following remarks on exposing their children to the vicissitudes of the weather.

"Be not discomposed at the sight of sand-hills in the road, his snow forts in February, and his mud-dams in April;—nor when you chance to look out in the midst of an August shower, and see him wading and sailing and sporting along with the water-fowl. If you would make him hardy and fearless, let him go abroad as often as he pleases in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping room by Farenheit, let him face the keen edge of the north wind, when the mercury is below cipher, and instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again. In this way, you will teach him that he was not born to live in the nursery, nor to brood over the kitchen fire; but to range abroad as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise. I love and admire the youth, who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer:—who never magnifies 'mole-hills into mountains,' but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing that is prudent and lawful, within the range of possibility.

"Who would think of planting the mountain oak in a green-house, or rearing the cedar of Lebanon in a lady's flower-pot? Who would think of raising up a band of Indian warriors upon cakes and jellies and beds of down, and amid all the luxuries and ease of wealth and carefulness? The attempt would be highly preposterous, not to say utterly ridiculous."

The learned Doctor makes a fearful attack upon an occupation which is pursued with assiduity by a numerous class of itinerants:

"But I have no hesitation in pronouncing, a greater part of what is pompously styled, *lecturing* upon natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, history, mnemonics, and the like, the most arrant quackery that ever disgraced the records of learning in New England. It is the mere froth and sediment—or shall I not rather say, it is the *sulphuretted hydrogen* and *carbonic acid* of science and literature."

*The Book of the Church*, by Mr. Southey, is a history of the English ecclesiastical establishment, from the earliest period to the era of the restoration. Commencing with the religion of the ancient Britons, the author goes through the church institutions, &c. of the Anglo Saxons, from their conversion to

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Christianity,—the Danes,—and by taking the lives of such individuals as St. Dunstan, Lanfranc, Becket, Henry II., Langton, Wickliffe, Henry VIII., Cromwell, &c. &c.; and also peculiar epochs and remarkable events, connected with changes and revolutions in religion, such as the Norman conquest, the completion of the papal system, the forming of monkish orders, the reformation, &c.; and still farther, by looking to and commenting on the records of Glastonbury; of miracles, or relics, of persecutions, of puritanism, &c.—he has produced a very comprehensive work.

The author of "the Wilderness" has prepared for the press a novel, entitled "O'Halloran; or, the Insurgent Chief;" founded, we understand, on the events of the Irish rebellion in 1798.

Mr. Strong, of Massachusetts, has published a tragedy entitled, "The Fall of Iturbide; or, the Delivery of Mexico."

Another American tragedy, written by a citizen of Philadelphia, has been produced upon our boards; but it has not yet been given to the press. It is entitled "Superstition:" the scene is laid in New England, and the *dramatis personæ* are taken from the early settlers.

Dr. Franklin's Life and Maxims have been published in modern Greek, at Paris, for the edification of the Greeks.

Dr. Percival's Poems are about to be published in London.

We have not yet seen Mr. Maturin's tale of the "Albigenses," which, we presume, is derived from the history of a sect, so called, that arose in the 12th century in France, and distinguished itself by its opposition to the ceremonies of the Romish Church.

The "Monthly Review," decides very properly that "St. Ronan's Well" must be regarded as a failure, when the former efforts of its author are remembered. In the representation of every day life, and of domestic scenes, it is added, the Scotch writer has to contend with numerous and powerful adversaries; and in the fidelity and accurate truth of these delineations they do not hesitate to say that he must yield to Madame D'Arblay and to Miss Edgeworth. The plot is worse, if possible, than that of any of the former novels by Sir Walter Scott. There is no valid reason for the misery which the hero and heroine endure. Lord Etherington, personating his half-brother, Francis Tyrrel, is married to the heroine, Clara Mowbray, but the deception is discovered immediately after the marriage-ceremony has passed. Such a marriage is clearly invalid, and there was nothing to prevent the hero and heroine from marrying and being happy as soon as they pleased. If it were valid there was no occasion for his lordship to trouble her with his subsequent addresses as a lover, when he was entitled to exercise over her the authority of a husband. In either way the plot is bad, and the parties are rendered miserable without a sufficient *causa causans*, to satisfy the reader that he is not cheated out of his commiseration and sympathy.

The fourth volume of the Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, which has lately appeared, successfully supports the well founded claims of this work to an extensive patronage. It is very evident that this volume is the production of various pens; but the new editor, Mr. Waln, has furnished ample evidence of his industry and zeal in commemorating the authors of our national charter.

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For the Port Folio.

## PROGRESS OF USEFUL INSTITUTIONS.

The Apprentices' Library was established in Philadelphia in the year 1820, under the persuasion that it would promote orderly habits, improve the skill of our mechanics and manufacturers, increase the benefits of the system of general education, and advance the prosperity of the community. The institution having no funds, but what arose from the voluntary contributions of the members, soon found that the number of books which they had collected, was by no means sufficient for the demands which were made upon them. An appeal was made to the liberality of the public, and many donations were accordingly received. The whole number of volumes which now constitute the library is about three thousand. This may appear a large number, but when it is considered, that they are principally second-hand books, which must be constantly diminishing, the necessity of active exertions, to keep up the supply, is obvious. The income of the library is derived from the annual contributions of about two hundred and fifty members, at two dollars each. The whole of this sum is required for the rent of the room, salaries of librarians, re-binding, and incidental expenses.

A Franklin Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, has been established in this city. It is very truly remarked by *N. Biddle, Esq.* in his letter to one of the founders of this association, that "the society has before it, in the history of the illustrious man, whose name they bear, a signal example of the efficacy of such establishments. It is now nearly one hundred years," continues this gentleman, "since Franklin and Godfrey and others, chiefly mechanics, founded in Philadelphia, a society for their mutual improvement, which, after contributing to some of the most valuable discoveries of the last century, has exercised an influence over the institutions and character of the city, which is distinctly perceived at the present day."

The Female Association of Philadelphia, has published its annual address, but it enters into no particulars, from which any conjecture may be formed of the present situation of the society. We can readily unite with the writer of it, in bestowing all praise upon the untiring zeal and devoted attention with which the managers have endeavoured, through a long series of years, to supply the wants of the poor.

The Provident Society, has already given the most solid proofs, that it is capable of producing permanent advantages to the community. Employment has been given to 1,200 females, who have thus been relieved from want, and removed from a state of idleness—the fruitful source of vice. The possibility of sup-



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porting, without recourse to the ordinary mode, all the poor, excepting the aged; the sick, and the infant, may now be considered as established. The directors have divided the city into districts, for each of which a committee of supervision is appointed. By this means a more minute knowledge is obtained of the merit of claims made upon their funds. The society has lately received from an unknown benefactor, a donation of $500. In the operations of an institution of this description, public economy requires that there should be no interference with any class of tradesmen. This was perceived by the directors in the commencement of their labours, and resolutions to that effect were adopted. Notwithstanding the number of persons employed, the attention of the society has been hitherto confined to three classes of labour; viz. making garments for exportation, preparing flax for thread stockings, and the manufacture of straw hats. In South America and our western states, where labour is high, articles made here, may be disposed of to great advantage; and we learn that many of our traders have invested their money in this manner, instead of sending goods in pieces and bales. Every person who contributes to this society, by becoming a member or otherwise, should reflect that while he is performing an act of substantial benevolence, he is likewise contributing to the general prosperity of the community. We trust no one will be offended, if we venture to suggest that by promoting the views of this institution, our ladies might be employed in a manner far more befitting their sex, than in wandering about the streets, soliciting pecuniary donations. Do they not perceive that they are mere instruments in the hands of men to whom such offices properly belong? The question is not now whether a woman is discreet, or modest, or kind; if she is "a capital beggar," that is enough to entitle her to a seat at any board of directors of a female association. The most recent scheme of this nature that has come to our knowledge, is a ladies' society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews. The kind of melioration that is to be administered, is not precisely known. In this city, we think we may aver with great safety, that the Jews require no pecuniary aid. We are inclined to believe that these people, like the Quakers, maintain their own poor; or perhaps their proverbial thriftiness keeps them from want. Do these respectable ladies intend to send their succours abroad? They have no right to do this while so much remains to be done at home. He is worse than an infidel, we are told, on the highest authority, who neglects to provide for his own household. Do they propose to convert the Hebrew from the faith of his fathers? They can do nothing in that great work, to compensate what they will leave undone, while they are thus occupied. The state of the Jews, it is admitted, both in a political and a religious point of view, is fitted to excite the highest interest. That a time shall arrive, when they will "look on him whom they have pierced and mourn," is certainly true; and

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we are not among those who believe, that we are to wait until this conversion is accomplished by a miracle; for the disciples were expressly commanded, to *begin* at Jerusalem when they went forth to preach repentance. And this command was given *after* the author of it had been rejected and crucified by the Jews.

The AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY have made such progress in their plan of removing the negroes from this country, that they have resolved to apply to congress for aid from the national government, in the further prosecution of this great national undertaking. Of the expediency of now making such an application to congress, the committee, after very full and attentive consideration, entertain no doubt. It seems to them, they say, very clear, that no means which individuals, or any association of individuals, can command are adequate to the accomplishment of any thing more, than to prove the practicability of this enterprise, to show the course which must be pursued, and to prepare the way for its accomplishment. This, the committee apprehend, has been already effected, by the efforts of this society and its auxiliaries, aided by the enlightened measures adopted by the president, under the authority of congress. A territory, probably the best and most suitable for the purpose, which the whole south western coast of Africa contains, has been procured. A colony has been actually established, and now subsists; the hostility of the neighbouring tribes has been successfully resisted and overcome; very considerable progress has been made in conciliating and securing their amity, their good will, and their confidence. Land has been distributed to the colonists, who have made much progress in erecting houses, clearing and enclosing fields, and preparing for a cultivation, not only sufficient for their own support, but for the supply of future emigrants. A species of government by consent, has been established, in which the colonists have a share, and which has hitherto been found sufficient for the maintenance of security and order; and, above all, it has been found that, to the African race, for which this asylum is intended, the climate is so well suited, that far less mortality has taken place at this establishment, than usually attends new settlements, in our own or any other country. It is also proved, that free people of colour are ready and desirous to emigrate in far greater numbers, than the means at the disposal of the society enable it to convey.

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For the Port Folio.

## ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

MRS. BARBAULD, the author of the following extract, is one of the most correct and elegant among the female writers of England, and has had the best opportunities of observing the effects of education in the character and conduct of women of the middle, and higher classes. She re-

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ceived a liberal education, like that which is given to men, under the care and superintendance of her father, who was the principal of a college, and distinguished by his learning and virtues. It has been her lot to apply her talents and learning to the support of her family, and the acquisition of property. From all these circumstances she may be considered as a competent judge of that mode of education which is best adapted to render women useful members of society, in the various stations which they may happen to occupy. The present system of female education, which is becoming fashionable among the higher classes in this country, does not meet her approbation. To us it appears to be too miscellaneous, superficial, and showy, and inadequate to enable women to discharge the peculiar offices of domestic life, for which nature has destined them. The various and unceasing avocations which they are required to perform have opposed an obstacle to the attainment of certain kinds of knowledge, which cannot be applied by women, to useful purposes in the capacity of wives and mothers. We are not inclined to discourage a liberal system of female education among persons of opulence and leisure; but we would not encourage a waste of time and money in the vain attempt to acquire a superficial knowledge of a variety of subjects which admit of no beneficial application, and consequently will be soon obliterated from the memory. We have not observed any substantial benefits which a variety of literary attainments and accomplishments have conferred upon certain *learned* ladies in this country. Nature seems to have prescribed different kinds of education to males and females: and we do not desire to see her decrees perverted by the opposition and caprice of fashion. We wish to see a marked distinction between the two sexes in all respects, except good qualities of the mind. From the nature and constitution of woman we expect to receive entertainment more agreeable and congenial to our minds than the ability to read or speak imperfectly a number of foreign languages, which we do not understand; or to discuss, in mixed companies, the merits of a new poem or a play by Moore, Scott, or Byron. As to languages, either ancient or modern, a woman has seldom an opportunity of making a vain display of her knowledge of them in the company of respectable men, and fit associates. Let respectable strangers, who seek the society of our ladies, learn to converse with them in their native language, and not exact from the latter that kind and degree of homage which seems rather due to them. When we go to France or Italy, we endeavour to learn the languages of those countries, and do not expect that the people will condescend to study ours for the sake of administering to our convenience and entertainment.

But we will no longer detain our fair readers from Mrs. Barbauld.—

It is impossible to supply the pupils of a school, with any great variety of original authors, and yet it is very desirable, that they should be early introduced to a number of the best authors, at least in their own language. When the sources are opened to them, they may take fuller draughts at their leisure. A taste for fine writing, cannot be cultivated too early; and the surest mode of cultivating it, is by reading much at that period of life, when what is read, is indelibly impressed upon the memory, and by reading nothing, which does not deserve to be so impressed. How strongly are moral sentiments or descriptions of nature fixed upon the mind by passages which we have admired in early youth,

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and which, whenever we meet with them at any distant time, raise, almost mechanically, the emotions we then experienced! The maxims first recommended by beauty of diction, become perhaps, the guides of our after life; and the feelings, introduced through the medium of the imagination, influence the heart in the intercourses of society. Whoever has been conversant with them in early youth, has laid up in her mind treasures, which, in sickness and in sorrow, in the sleepless night and the solitary day, will sooth the mind with ideas dear to its recollections; will come upon it like the remembrance of an early friend, revive the vivid feelings of youth, feed the mind with hope, compose it to resignation, and perhaps dismiss the parting breath with those hallelujahs on the tongue, which awoke the first feelings of love and admiration in the childish bosom.

It is perhaps, an error in modern education, liberally conducted as at present it is towards females, that they spend too much time in learning languages and too little in reading authors; so that when they have gone through their course of education, they have a general acquaintance with, perhaps, three or four languages, and know little of the best productions in their own. If they have time to pursue their studies, they may supply the deficiency; but if the happiest destination of a woman be fulfilled, they become early engaged in domestic cares and duties, their acquirements stop short at the threshold of knowledge, and the real furniture of their minds is less rich, than that of a girl, who, educated at home, and with little expense, but supplied with a judicious variety of English classics, has learnt less, but read more. It may be questioned, whether the practice, now so much in fashion, of teaching the learned languages to young women indiscriminately, can answer the time and pains, which must be employed about it. If a girl has a decided turn for literature, and a genius, which may perhaps impel her, at some period of her life, to give her own thoughts to the public, they will certainly enlarge the sphere of her ideas; but they can be of little use to those, who, in their own language, joined to that of the French, have more than enough to employ all the time they ever will or ought to devote to reading. That a girl should be put to read Virgil or Horace, who is unacquainted with Pope or Boileau, is surely a solecism in language.

Graceful reading is a most pleasing, and it is a scarce accomplishment; and it is seldom attained without some practice in reciting; which necessarily demands a full, distinct, utterance; and those tones and cadences, which bring out the sense of the author and the harmony of his periods. Finished verse, particularly, loses half its charms, when it is submitted only to the eye; and if poetry has been divorced from music, it ought at least to have the music of a well toned voice, regulated by a well informed taste. Many English ladies profess to want courage to recite, or even to read aloud a copy of verses in a social party; nor can it be denied,

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that bashfulness, and shrinking from display, is one characteristic of our nation: yet it is somewhat difficult to conceive, that a young lady shall have courage enough to stand by the side of a professional singer, for an hour together, and entertain a large and mixed audience, and yet be too modest to read or recite, by her father's fireside, amidst a circle of his friends, a passage from Milton or Cowper.

For the Port Folio.

## THE FLOWER OF YARE.

The Yare is a river which runs from Norwich, in England, to Yarmouth, and from which the latter is said to derive its name.

The Sun o'er yonder western hill
Yet darts his slanting beam,
That fondly ling'ring trembles still
Upon thy placid stream.

So mild, so lovely, so serene,
So calmly sweet, the eve,
The Sun would wait to gild the scene
As loth its charms to leave.

Along the meads the cattle stray,
The swallows skim thy breast,
The songsters of the grove delay
Their wonted hour of rest.

On either side the rising land
With tow'ring wood is crown'd,
And Ceres strews with lib'ral hand
Her golden treasures round.

And many a flow'ret gay and fair
Upon thy margin grows;
And in thy bosom, lovely Yare!
The water-lily blows.

But oh! there blooms, a flower beside
Thy banks, meandering Yare!
Above all other flowers the pride,
Though all thy flowers are fair.

Her gentle form and easy grace
The slender reeds outvie;
And the soft beauties of her face
Would shame the roses' die.

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And, to my heart, her parting smile
Is like the Sun's last beam,
That, as it leaves thee, sheds awhile
A gladness in thy stream.

And, oh! the voice of her I love
Is sweeter far to me,
Than the wild music of the grove,
Though soft its melody.

Were I the stream, she stray'd beside,
I'd swell — her foot to lave,
And fondly bear, with conscious pride,
Her image in my wave.

Were I a flower in yonder walk,
I'd rise above the rest,
That she might pluck me from my stalk
And place me in her breast.

Were I a bird in yonder grove,
Where oft she loves to stray,
I'd tell the sorrows of my love
In many a plaintive lay.

Were I a breeze, with every sweet
The valley yields, I'd fly
And fan her, midst the noontide heat,
With many a fragrant sigh.

Flow then, sweet river, flow with pride,
There's not a flower so fair
As she, the flower that blooms beside
The banks of lovely Yare.

## MATHEWS COMICI LAUDES.

The following parody is no doubt from the pen of some Oxford wag, who delights to relieve his mind from the labyrinths of metaphysics, in the lighter sports of the comic Muse.

Prime Mimorum! Thou rare mimic Mathews,
Quem jocus circum volat blithe as May-day,
To canant Gownsmen giddy and the grave too,
All over Oxford.

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Tu potes Proctors comitesque Bull-dogs,
Ducere, et Redcoats celeres morari;
E'en the stern Masters tibi blandienti
Smilingly cedunt.

Quin et each high Don Sociique vultu
Titter invito 'mid the gay assemblage;
Shouts of applause rise rapid, dum catervas
Carmine mulces.

Tu, merry fellow, velut es levamen
To the pale forms whose final doom approaches,
Who, citò coram solio Minerviæ
Shuddering shall stand.

*Fell* are *her* priests! Quem *Vitulos* prehendant,
Singulos, eheu! lacerant in pieces!
Hi tamen mites *sweetly* gaze at Mathews,
Full of his frolics.

Serus in *Lunnum* redeas, diuque
Gratus intersis populo togato!
Leave the dull Cockneys,—with us be *at Home*, Sir!
*Go it* in Oxford!

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For the Port Folio.

## SONG.

Written on reading Moore's "*Oh then remember me.*"

Oh think not of me when the trumpet of fame
Is sounding thy praises, is breathing thy name,
When pleasure awakes her enchantment for thee,
And friends are surrounding—Oh think not of me.

But when worldly distinctions no longer are thine,
When the star of thy fortune no longer shall shine;
When adversity's voice bids the bright visions flee
And false friends desert thee—Oh then think of me.

Then think there's a breast where thou still may'st recline,
And a hand no misfortunes can sever from thine,
A heart where thy image forever will stay,
And a lip that will kiss every tear-drop away.

Oh! think not of me when the planet of light
Is burning with lustre uncloudedly bright;

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When the glories of summer are glowing for thee,
And her roses are blooming—Oh! think not of me.

But when tempest-fraught clouds shall envelop the sky,
When thunders are rolling and winds blowing high;
When winter's cold hands are disrobing the tree,
And the roses have faded—Oh! then think of me.

Then think that *thy* friendship, in grief's stormy night,
Was the planet that lent to my pathway a light;
That *thy* kindness brought flowers that path to adorn,
When nought of the roses remained—but the thorn.

Oh! think not of me when the circle of mirth
Is happily forming around the gay hearth;
When music is sounding in numbers of glee
And light hearts are beating, oh! think not of me.

For then, while the accents of melody sound
And the bright eyes of beauty are flashing around,
They may win thee a moment their magic to own,
And share in that heart, where I'd fain be alone.

But should fancy in solitude wish to portray
The friend, whose affections from thee never stray,
Whose thoughts and whose wishes turn always to thee,
In whose heart thou'rt unrivall'd—Oh! *then think of me.*

ROSA.

*November*, 1820.

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## ANSWER TO ROSA.

Forget thee! no never, why cherish a thought
To the friend of thy soul with injustice so fraught?
Why embitter the fast fading moments of bliss
By suspicion so wild and unfounded as this?

Forget thee! no never! Among the light hearted
Love may sink to decay when the fond ones are parted;
But affection like ours is too deep and sublime
To be chill'd in its ardour by absence or time.

Then, gentle one, banish all doubt from thy breast;
By the kiss that so late on thy lips I impress'd,
By the griefs that have blighted the bloom of my years,
By the hope that still calls forth a smile through my tears,
By the hour of our parting thus sweetly delayed,
By truth firmly tried—and by trust unbetrayed,



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*I will not forget thee;* 'till life's latest ray
In the dark night of death shall have melted away.

Mid ambition, fame, power, and fortune, and gladness,
Pain, and peril, and hate, and contention and sadness,
Though changes the darkest, and brightest betide,
Thy friendship shall sooth me, thy counsels shall guide,
And thy memory at once be my solace and pride.

*Philadelphia, February* 1824.

For the Port Folio.

## THE FINAL REST.

"Mourn not; there is a home beyond those azure skies,
There is repose, a final rest in heav'n."—*Anon.*

Has Sorrow's painful hand forc'd thee to roam,
And made thee weeping in the dust to lie?
No longer mourn; there is a heavenly home,
A sweet repose in yonder azure sky.

Has some false friend e'en broke the sacred tie
Which form'd thy hope, and cheer'd thy youthful heart?
No longer mourn; there is in yonder sky
A sov'reign balm to heal the wounded part.

Has cruel death awoke the rending sigh,
And fill'd thy bursting soul with sad dismay?
No longer mourn; there is in yonder sky,
For thee a happier hour, a brighter day. ANNA.

## TO MY BOOKSELLER.

*By Ben Jonson.*

Thou that makest *gain* thy end, and, wisely well,
Call'st a book *good*, or *bad*, as it doth *sell*,
Use mine so too: I give thee leave; but crave
For the luck's sake it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offered, as it made suit to be bought;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts, or walls,
Or in cleft sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerk-like serving man,
Who scarce can spell the hard names—whose knight less can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklersbury, there 'twill well.

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## JOHN'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY TOWN,

OR THE ADDRESS OF THE CARRIER OF THE ILLINOIS GAZETTE, ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1824.

The north wind, sighing, mourns the parting year;
The Editor has flown to scenes of glee—
The Pressman homeward casts a wistful leer,
And leaves the idle types to you and me!

Now glows th' enlivening bowl upon the sight,
And winged hours in pastime haste away,
Save where the Carrier toils the live-long night,
To treat his patrons to the accustomed lay.

For long has custom, by a stern decree,
Fixed as the laws by Medes and Persians made,
Ordain'd the Carrier's Song, the PATRON'S FEE,
The mutual tax by mutual kindness paid.

Ah! who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Remembers not the Carrier's weekly toil,
Who braves the wintry blast, or sultry ray,
Skulks through the rain, or wades through miry soil?

'Tis his to bring the richly freighted page,
Where shine the glories of the great and brave,
Where glow the follies of the passing age,
Or stand exposed the triumphs of the grave.

He brings the Message grave, the sage Debate,
The worn out Maxim, or the pithy Speech
Of hoary Statesman at the helm of State,
And Politicians from the stump who preach.

But not alone of Message grave, or sage debate,
Of Man's high glories, or of Folly's reign,
Or other things retold, does John relate,—
From realms afar we stranger tidings gain.

Lo! the poor Spaniard, bless'd with genial clime,
With richly teeming soil, and spicy groves—
The slave of despots, purpled o'er with crime,
Plunged in unholy wars, unhallow'd loves!

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Behold the land by gallant Cortes gain'd,
Where Freedom nobly struggles for her right,
Where groaning crowds, by Superstition chain'd,
Break the vile links, and draw their sabres bright!

Their cause is hallow'd by the pious prayer,
Their wrongs are treasur'd in the patriot's mind,
And Liberty shall reign triumphant there,
When despots cease to trample on mankind.

Shame to such despots! claiming homage, due
Alone to Him who rules the hosts on high,
Who sleep on couches of ensanguin'd hue,
Lull'd by the dying groan, the bursting sigh!

Now turn we to Columbia's wide domain,
Where Chiefs obedient own a people's sway—
Where happy millions, smiling o'er the plain,
Inhale new blessings with each new-born day.

Such are the tidings by the Carrier brought,
Nor these alone engross the ample sheet:
The Lover's song, the Poet's merry thought,
The Wit's last joke, enhance the weekly treat.

If Colin weds the amply courted dame,
From bed and board, if Dolly chance to flee,
He gives impartial to the tongue of fame,
Frail Dolly's sin, and happy Colin's glee.

Nor can his labours this brief song display—
None but th' initiated know them right—
Carrier and Devil each alternate day,
And oft, alas! Compositor at night.

Let not ambition mock his useful toil,
His inky phiz, or name to fame unknown—
Nor patrons read with a disdainful smile,
The annual tribute of the punctual John.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
But draw your silver from its dark abode;
The sparkling specie to his eye expose,
And speed the Carrier on his weary road.

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For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURENCES.

*Continued from page 264.*

*South Carolina.* The law against duelling has been amended so as to admit the seconds and spectators as witnesses in prosecutions of the principal. The public mind had been much excited by one of these honourable murders; and it is said that the eloquent and well-timed discourses, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Henry, had considerable effect in procuring this salutary law.

Among the appropriations for this year, we find,—for the president of the South Carolina college, $3000; tutors, $1000 each; librarian of the college, $400; for the purchase of books for the college, $5000. These would seem to be liberal rewards. We should infer, indeed, from occasional glances at the newspapers of this section of our Union, that all subjects connected with religion and education, are treated with that liberal consideration, which is always its own best reward.

*Georgia.* In order to ascertain the wishes of the people of this state as to the mode of choosing electors of president and vice-president, the legislature has directed that at the next election for delegates, every voter shall endorse on his ticket the word *people* or *legislature*.—The penitentiary of this state contains only 68 prisoners. The Georgians boast of this; but are they certain that the prison contains all who ought to be there? As an eminent personage inquired, on a memorable occasion, Is there a defect in the law or in the administration of the law?

The Cherokees are said to be much dissatisfied with the lands about to be assigned to them, west of the Mississippi, (2,284,110 acres) in exchange for those which they ceded on the east side of that river; refusing to appoint an agent on their part, to accompany the surveyors in running the lines.

An interesting decision was made by a Court of Magistrates, at Savannah, on the 15th inst. founded on a law of Georgia of 1766, and which is still in force, which prohibits the commander of one vessel, from shipping any seaman or mariner belonging to any other vessel in that port, unless fully discharged; as an evidence of which he must produce a certificate from the master of the vessel from which he may have been so discharged.

*Tennessee.* This state has made another experiment in the chicanery of legislation, to ascertain how far dishonest men may be upheld in evading the payment of their debts. Another act has been passed "to amend the several laws regulating proceedings on executions," for the evident purpose of evading the force of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States against the monstrous fraud of the endorsement laws, as they are called, of that state. It is now provided that if the execution should bear the endorsement,—that is, an agreement on the part of the plaintiff to receive the current notes of the state in satisfaction of his claim,—the sheriff may proceed to sell the property levied on; otherwise he is not to sell, unless the property will bring three-fourths of its value, according to an appraisement, previously made by disinterested persons of the vicinage. From the operations of this law, are excepted those cases in which the contract is made

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for specie or notes of the banks of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia,—those in which a bank is a defendant—and those of contracts entered into subsequent to the 1st of April.

*A River on fire.*—Sparta, Jan. 24th.—On Saturday evening last we witnessed a very novel and interesting spectacle, at the Salt Wells, belonging to Mr. Denton, on the Calf Killer River about three miles above this village. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had been so very active on the occasion as to prepare us for the exhibition of something very curious, from hearing it proclaimed on all sides "*The River is on fire.*" Determined to see for ourselves we mounted our nag at 8 P. M. and rode to this scene of wonder.

As we approached within two miles of the Wells, our attention was suddenly arrested, by seeing corruscations of light quivering on the edge of the horizon, which was illumined with an unsteady flickering glare. Arrived at the spot, a scene presented itself which almost beggars description. A column of fire nearly forty feet in height, ascended from near the middle of the river, here about fifty yards wide, illuminating surrounding objects within the distance of two hundred yards.

We are informed by Mr. Denton, that, in boring for salt water the preceding day, they had suddenly struck upon a vein of sulphurous gas, which, in ascending, found another vent than the tube, through a rock in the bed of the river, forcing a passage through the surrounding waters, which boiled with considerable violence round the place of its escape. A torch was then cautiously applied, which quickly communicated to the gas, and a blaze inconceivably grand burst upwards to the height mentioned, apparently from the very bed of the river. The cloud above the blaze exhibited a mixture of colours beautiful beyond description, and a ruddy dismal light gave to various objects the hues of green and red, yellow and blue. For two elements so adverse in their nature, thus to associate and commingle as it were, presented such an anomaly, as, for the moment annihilated all idea that fire and water delighted in separation.

*Ohio.* It it stated in one of the papers that carpeting, as handsome as Scotch or Venetian, and far superior in quality to the imported article, is now made at the Steubenville Woollen Manufactory.

The following resolutions, as we learn from the Ohio papers, have passed the legislature of that state.

*Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* That the consideration of a system for the gradual emancipation of the people of colour held in servitude in the Unit-States be recommended to the legislatures of the several States of the American Union, and to the Congress of the United States.

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this General Assembly a system of foreign colonization, with correspondent measures, might be adopted, that would in due time, effect the entire emancipation of the slaves in our country, without any violation of the national compact, or infringement of the rights of individuals; by the passage of a law by the general government, (with the consent of the slaveholding states,) which should provide that all children of persons held in slavery, born after the passage of the law, should be free at the age of twenty-one years, (being supported during their minority by the persons claiming the services of their parents,) provided they can consent to be transported to the intended place of colonization.

*Resolved*, That it is expedient that such a system should be predicated upon the principle that the

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evil of slavery is a national one, and that the people and the States of this Union ought mutually to participate in the duties and burthens of removing it.

*Louisiana.* Prince John of Wurtemburg lately paid a visit to New Orleans. This enterprising and intelligent traveller has been engaged for nearly a year in traversing the western wilds in pursuit of objects of science. He has ascended the Mississippi and Missouri, and endured every hardship and fatigue to explore and develop the interesting natural history of this immense region. His collections, we understand, are very numerous, and will add greatly to the enlightened views which the German literati are taking of our young and vigorous republic.

The city of New Orleans now contains upwards of 50,000 persons, and employs about 200,000 tons of shipping. In the year 1761, it contained only one hundred miserable barracks, and three or four stone houses.—What a great improvement in the comparatively short space of sixty years!

*Mississippi.* The town of Natchez was almost deserted during the pestilence, with which it was lately visited.

*Indiana.* Nearly 6,000 gallons of wine were made last season by six vine-dressers.—An attempt was lately made to call a convention for the purpose of amending the constitution, so as to admit of slavery. The votes were,—for the measure 2,601,—against it 11,991.

*Illinois.* A diverting circumstance respecting a case of divorce, has recently occurred in this state. The Kaskaskia paper contains at length the petitions of Catherine Wageman and Johann H. C. Wageman, reciprocally complaining of each other, and mutually praying the legislature to release them from their vows. The legislature granted their request; and in three months afterwards, the same parties were again united in the bands of matrimony.

*Alabama.* Governor Pickens has put his veto on the resolution of the legislature, recommending General Jackson as a candidate, &c. assigning as a reason the impropriety of any legislative interference in the question. Had he signed the resolution it would have become a law of the state; and it would then have been his duty to promote the election of this person, by all the means in his power. This dilemma shows the absurdity of this species of legislation.

*Missouri.* The annual swell in the Missouri river is from twenty to thirty feet, and commences with the spring, reaching its greatest height about the middle of June, or the first of July. This swell is a series of lesser floods, following each other in such rapid succession, as to prevent each from subsiding until the great result is produced. Nor does it lose its majesty, its turbulence, or its power, in a day, or a week, or a month, as other rivers do; but, as in spring, succeeding floods raise the waters nearly level with the banks, by which it is confined; so, with the receding year, it sinks by degrees, until December's snow and January's frost, bind it in ice. In these months it is always lowest. An expense of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, would be enough to cut off all those dreadful sawyers and planters in the river, from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Kansas, level with or below the ice. The first swell, which is about the first of March, would remove the obstructions thus cut off, and give sufficient water above the stumps to make the navigation safe.

*The Arkansas Territory.* The Indians on the Arkansas river and its vicinity, are in a very disordered state, produced in part by the remnants of other tribes, having been removed into that territory in consequence of an exchange of their

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lands elsewhere for lands here. Some of these were from tribes who inherited ancient grudges against each other, and almost the whole of them are more or less dissatisfied with the arrangements under which our government has placed them in this territory. Actual hostilities have taken place, and the settlers have suffered from their depredations.

A proposition has been made in Congress to increase the number of Indian agents, and to send at least two into this district. To this a reply was made on the floor which we fear would furnish a clue to many of the *Indian outrages*, that occasionally shock our feelings in the papers of the day. It was said that the discontents of the mixed multitude of Indians who had been crowded and concentrated on the Arkansas, were not to be assuaged by appointing agents. Those discontents were founded too deeply to be reached by such a remedy. They were the consequences of the oppressions exercised on the Indians in intrusions by the whites on their hunting grounds; a practice that was carried to a pernicious excess;—a single white hunter often having thirty, forty, and a hundred hands employed at once in trapping, while the poor Indian owned but a single trap.—The member concluded by observing, that if we would prevent the further effusion of blood, it must be by an efficient system of measures putting an end to this practice.

*Michigan Territory.* Detroit, —Lately a Chippewa Indian, living at Saginaw, was killed by a neighbouring Indian of the same tribe. Agreeably to the old custom, the relatives of the deceased met those of the slayer, for the purpose of compromising the matter by receiving presents, or putting the slayer to death. At the council it was determined, that the brethren of the deceased should receive a certain amount of presents to indemnify them for their loss, and both parties were on the point of shaking hands and lighting the pipe of conciliation, when Kishkauko, the notorious Saginaw chief, stepped up to the slayer and with a single blow of his tomahawk, laid him dead at his feet. The Indians present were very much astonished, and asked him the reason why he had interfered to prevent the operation of their old law? He replied in his peculiar tone and manner—"The law is now altered."

*Florida.* A new site for the seat of government of Florida, has lately been selected by commissioners appointed for that purpose. The spot selected is about a mile south west from the old deserted fields of Tallahassi, about half a mile south of the Okilockony and Tallahassi Trail; 18 miles from St. Marks; 15 miles N. W. from the head of navigation of the St. Mark's river, and 10 miles N. E. from the head of Wa-Kulla, which is navigable to its source. The surrounding country is represented to be beautifully variegated with hill and dale, and covered with the finest timber—the lands are said to be the finest in the Territory of Florida, and are peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of cotton, and sugar cane.

*District of Columbia.* Mr. John Bailey, a clerk in the Department of State, who has resided in the District for nearly six years, was lately elected a Representative in Congress from Massachussets. Congress decided that he was not a resident of that state within the meaning of the Const. U. S. Art 1.—Some of the inhabitants of the District, with the view, no doubt, of creating a few offices, have petitioned Congress to give them a territorial government, which cannot be done, in our apprehension, without an alteration of the Constitution.

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to say how much the Museum in particular, and the sciences in general, were indebted to his co-operation with Buffon. He assembled and disposed all the contents of the former cabinet; and when specially intrusted with the mineral collection, he bestowed the utmost pains upon its arrangement; passing his mornings in the gallery, in examining specimens, answering questions, and attending to the observations of his pupils. Every person listened with respect to this patriarch of natural history, who, at the age of eighty-four years, retained all the force and clearness of his intellect, and that freedom from prejudice which render-



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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

## HISTORY OF THE GARDEN OF PLANTS

WE have now detailed the principal improvements and acquisitions of the Museum; and shall next notice the progress of instruction, and the professors to whom the teaching of the different branches of natural history was confided, after the new organization, which as we have already mentioned, took place towards the end of last century. The mineralogical chair was at first filled by M. Daubenton, who had professed that science during twenty years, in the college of France. It is unnecessary to say how much the Museum in particular, and the sciences in general, were indebted to his co-operation with Buffon. He assembled and disposed all the contents of the former cabinet; and when specially intrusted with the mineral collection, he bestowed the utmost pains upon its arrangement; passing his mornings in the gallery, in examining specimens, answering questions, and attending to the observations of his pupils. Every person listened with respect to this patriarch of natural history, who, at the age of eighty-four years, retained all the force and clearness of his intellect, and that freedom from prejudice which render-



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ed him always accessible to truth. He died on the 31st December, 1799, and was buried in the scene where he had spent his life, and where every object recalls the memory of his services.

M. Dolomieu, who had been long celebrated as a mineralogist, and as the founder of geology in France, was chosen by the professors as Daubenton's successor. This learned man, whom love of science had determined to join the expedition to Egypt, had been thrown into prison at Messina on his return, on a most groundless and absurd suspicion of his having been accessary to the invasion of Malta. The powers that interfered in his behalf had been unable to loosen his chains, or to soften the rigours of his captivity, and the professors were ignorant of the probable period of his deliverance; but they preferred leaving the chair vacant for a time, to foregoing an opportunity of rendering justice to a man, whose elevated character, and devotion to science, had not shielded him from the most ridiculous calumnies, and the most odious persecution. M. Dolomieu was liberated on the 15th March, 1801, by an article in the treaty between France and Naples. He hastened to Paris, and, on his first appearance in the Amphitheatre, was received by the audience with an enthusiasm which manifested their opinion of his merit, and their interest in his sufferings. He delivered a course of lectures, and then set off upon a mineralogical tour among the Alps; but his constitution was injured by the hardships which he had previously undergone, and he died at Neuchatel in the Charolois, on the 26th of November, 1801.

The ingenious observations of Bergmann and Romé de Lisle, had, for several years, fixed the attention of mineralogists on the regular and constant forms of crystals; but they had presented only detached facts, of which M. Haüy divined the cause, and, by the aid of geometry, attained the general results which have changed the basis of the science. He was called, on the 18th December, 1801, to fill a chair for which there could be no competition; and from that time, the instruction has been conformed to the new method. The influence of this method has been felt in foreign countries. The Germans associate the new characters with their own classification; and several works have been published, uniting the principles of Werner and Haüy, or those of the German and French schools.

In regard to Botany, M. Desfontaines has had no occasion to change the methods introduced by him in 1786. M. de Jussieu has continued his herborisations during summer, since the year 1770. The course of agriculture is delivered by M. Thouin, with such illustrations as are possible from the practice in the Garden, and the collection of Models. He is charged with the correspondence with all the public gardens of France and other countries; and with the yearly distribution of more than 80,000 parcels of seeds, the produce of the Garden, or collected by travellers.

Our limits forbid our entering into any detail regarding the well-known advancement of chemical science, under the successive auspices of Fourcroy, Laugier, Vrongniart, and Vaquelin; all of whom were Professors in the Garden of Plants.

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The progress of Zoology was less rapid during the greater part of last century, than that of Botany, not so much from any neglect of that science, as from the want of resources. Separate descriptions of animals were published, many curious observations were made upon insects, and Linnæus had presented in systematic order, and described in precise and picturesque language, the varieties of animated nature. Nevertheless, the greater part of the animals of the old and new world were imperfectly known from want of opportunities of comparing them, and of observing the differences produced by age and other circumstances on the same species. To the collections of the King's Garden, and to the works of which they facilitated the execution, are owing, in a great measure, the wider range and greater exactness of Zoology at the present day. The History of Quadrupeds by Buffon and Daubenton, that of birds by Buffon, and Montbelaird, and that of cetaceous animals and fishes, by the Count de Lacépède, made known, with accuracy, the species which Linnæus had only indicated, and many others the existence of which he had not suspected. The galleries of the Museum furnished M de la Marck with materials for his History of Invertebrated Animals, and enabled M. Latreille to perfect his great work on insects. M. Cuvier soon after accomplished in favour of Zoology, what M. de Jussieu had done for botany, by founding, upon natural relations and invariable characters, a classification now very generally adopted.

The three chairs for Zoology are still occupied by the professors first appointed to fill them. M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire resumed his lectures on his return from Egypt, where he was employed for four years. He had previously taught the history of all the vertebrated animals for eighteen months, when the law of the 7th December, 1794, at the request of the professors, erected a separate chair for oviparous quadrupeds, reptiles, and fishes; to which M. de Lacépède, who had left the garden two years before, was called in January, 1795. Not contented with completing his course of lectures, M. de Lacépède resumed his former labours in the cabinet, and soon after, on M. Geoffroy's departure for Egypt, took charge of the birds and quadrupeds, in addition to the objects especially committed to his care. By him the collection of birds, the most magnificent that had ever been assembled, was arranged in beautiful order for exhibition, and rendered classical for the study of ornithology. The celebrity which he had acquired by his works, and by his connexion with Buffon, attracted crowds of young men to his lectures, whom he induced to attach themselves to a branch of Natural History which had been little cultivated in France. During ten years his whole time was employed in facilitating the study of a science which owe much of its progress to himself; and when called to a post under government, which left him no leisure for these pursuits, he ensured the solid instructions of his pupils by choosing for his assistant M. Dumeril, author of the Analytic Zoology, and the co-operator of M. Cuvier in the first volumes of his Comparative Anatomy.

The Chevalier de la Marck, so highly distinguished by his works on invertebrated animals, has for twenty-five years taught the History of

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Mollusca, Crustacea, Insecta, and Zoophytes. He has also classed the shells and polypi after a more scientific and exact method, and has characterized all the genera, and determined a great number of living and fossil species. His loss of sight not permitting him to continue his demonstrations, his place is filled by M. Latreille, whose numerous writings, and especially his great work on the classification and generic characters of crustaceous animals and insects, rank him among the first entomologists of Europe.

The course of geology in the Museum is now distinct from that of mineralogy. The chair was first filled by M. Faujas St. Fond. Without the precise characters afforded by mineralogy, the geologist cannot ascertain the genera and species in their pure state, nor discern the elements of an aggregate body, and the alteration of the primitive forms by the mixture of different substances; but the history of the great masses which cover the globe, the relative situation and different formation of rocks, of subterranean fires, and volcanic productions, of thermal waters, of fossil bones and shells found at different depths, forms a peculiar science, founded on innumerable observations, and exempt from the systematic absurdities that have disgraced the theory of the earth. If the science, notwithstanding the facts with which M. Faujas had enriched it, was not sufficiently advanced for the establishment of positive laws, he at least had the merit of rendering it popular, and of contributing to its progress since the commencement of the century. He died at his estate of St. Fond, near Montelimar, on the 18th of July 1819, at the age of seventy-eight.

M. Cordier, an Inspector of the mines, and the pupil and travelling companion of Dolomieu was named by the professors of the Museum, and by the academy of sciences, to succeed M. Faujas, in September 1819. In his lectures he contents himself by exposing the actual state of the globe, by a connected view of facts ascertained by observation; and he insists particularly on the mineral riches of France, and the means of rendering them subservient to the progress of the arts and to the wants of society.

As it is necessary in general to adopt instruction to the greater number of pupils, the professors cannot in their courses enter into minute details, nor expose discoveries and principles which would be understood only by men versed in science; for these objects the annals of the Museum already noticed form an appropriate medium of communication. In this work, M. Haüy has fixed the characters of different minerals recently added to his Cabinet, and shown the simplicity of the laws of chrystallography, and the advantage of analytic formulas; MM. Fourcroy, Vaquelin, and Laugier, have communicated the most important results of their experiments in the chemical laboratory; M. Desfontaines has described new genera of Plants, that have bloomed in the garden or been found in the herbarium; M. de Jussieu has defined the characters of the principal natural families, with such additions and corrections as the progress of the science has rendered necessary; M. Thouin has explained in detail the management of the seed beds and plantations, and the processes of

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grafting; MM. Geoffroy and Lacépède have published new genera of quadrupeds, reptiles, and fishes; M. de la Marck has described the fossils of the environs of Paris; M. Cuvier has made known the anatomy of Mollusca, and the skeletons of extinct animals, whose bones he had collected; and the professors in general have contributed extracts from their correspondence with other establishments, or with travellers and foreign naturalists.

Two thousand pupils yearly attend the lectures of the Museum, of whom a few only become distinguished naturalists; but all acquire a share of useful knowledge and a talent for observation. It has been said by Bacon, that ignorance in philosophy is preferable to superficial knowledge; and it cannot be denied that shallow notions of history and philosophy are often employed to sap the foundations of morality and politics. But it is otherwise with the knowledge of nature; in this unbounded science every acquisition is useful, from the simplest perception to the deepest researches, and from the minutest details to the most general views; the study of it accords with every age, with every disposition of mind, and every profession in life; it yields assistance to agriculture, medicine, and the arts, and powerfully contributes to the wealth of nations. As its object is to ascertain and connect facts, and not to investigate causes, it is free from the uncertainty of hypothesis: and if observation is sometimes incomplete, nature is always at hand to dissipate doubt, and to rectify error.

But to obtain the results that may be hoped from it, and spare the student the laborious researches of his predecessors, there must exist a repository of knowledge, from which he may borrow to enrich it in his turn. This repository is the Museum founded by monarchs, adorned by men of genius, and governed by enlightened administrators, it has hitherto resisted every shock, escaped amid every scene of devastation, and excited the admiration of rival nations. The warrant of its duration is its utility, and the protection of a sovereign, whose glory can only increase as the progress of knowledge shall render more evident the wisdom of his institutions.

The expenses of the garden in 1789, were 104,269 francs, and those of the menagerie at Versailles, 100,000 francs; making a sum of 204,269 francs; at present the current expenses of the establishment are 300,000 francs. But in 1789, the Garden contained only 43 acres; it now consists of 79. The galleries of Natural History have been raised one story, and nearly doubled in length, and a library of more than 12,000 volumes has been added to the collection. The buildings at present are to those of the former period in proportion of seven to one, and the extent of the agricultural, horticultural, and botanical culture, is as nine to one. The collection of living plants has been doubled; that in the herbarium is six times as great. The collection of birds and quadrupeds is twenty times more numerous; that of fishes, formerly insignificant, is now the most extensive in the world; that of insects, which consists of 40,000 individuals of 22,000 different species, contained only 1500 specimens; the menagerie of Versailles offered but a small number of animals, and

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was of little use to zoology; that of the Museum has presented successively more than 500 species, and has given rise to many important observations. The present establishment employs one hundred and sixty-one persons, of whom ninety-nine are paid by the month, and sixty-two by the year. So that, from their comparative extent, value, and importance, the expenses of the present Royal Museum should be four times as great as those of the King's Garden and menagerie, instead of exceeding them by only one third. This surprising economy is due to its organization; and to a careful, provident, and accountable administration, attentive to every detail, and immediately inspecting the execution of every undertaking.

We have already occupied so much space by the preceding historical abstract, and general observations and reflections connected with it, that we find ourselves unable to enter into any thing like a detailed description of the contents of this celebrated collection, in its present completed state. Passing over the botanical department, as well as the geological and mineral treasures, we shall therefore merely intimate a few of the more important features of the Cabinet of Zoology.

The number of quadrupeds and other mammalia now amounts to about one thousand, five hundred individuals, belonging to more than 500 species. Amongst these may be observed, more than eighty species of bats. The most formidable species in the Vampyre (*Vespertilio spectrum Lin.*) which is very noxious in several parts of South America, by killing cattle. The polar bear lived for some time in the menagerie. He seemed to dread heat more than any other animal, and used to have eighty pails of water decanted over him daily. By the side of the northern bear is a species brought by M. Leschenault from India, which feeds on wild honey. The specimen of the sable, so celebrated for the richness of its fur, was presented by the empress of Russia to Buffon. In the fifth case, there are thirteen species of foxes. Of the genus *Felis*, including the lion, the tiger, the cat, &c., there are twenty-three species. Among these we may observe the caracal, the true lynx of the ancients. There are thirty-three species of didelphis, including the oppossums, kangaroos, &c.; one of these, the oppossum of the Americans, with party-coloured ears, has fifty teeth, the greatest number observed in any quadruped. Among the Rodentia is the chinchilla, highly prized by ladies, for the value of its fur; and twenty-three species of squirrels. The larger animals, besides the elephant and Indian rhinoceros, are the double-horned rhinoceros of Africa, the double-horned rhinoceros of Sumatra, the hippopotamus, the Arabian horse, the baskir horse covered with long hair, the zebra, quagga, &c. In the room devoted to the order *ruminantia*, there are the male giraffe, (*cameleopardalis*,) eighteen feet high, shot in Africa by M. Levaillant, and the female of the same species, more lately sent by M. Delalande; the buffalo, (*bos bubalas*,) originally from India, whence it was taken to Egypt, and thence into Greece and Italy, during the middle ages; and the aurochs, (*bos urus*,) from the marshy forests of Lithuania and Caucasus, which have been erroneously considered as the primitive stock of our large cattle; the great elk; and the

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camel and dromedary, both of which species have of late years produced young in the Rotundo of the garden. There are twenty-two species of antelope, and a large collection of deer. Among these is the *hippelaphos*—an animal hitherto known only from the description of Aristotle. The pasan of Buffon, (*antilope oryx*,) is in the ninth case. It is supposed by Cuvier to be the unicorn of the ancients. Near it is the *guevi*, or pigmy antelope, a beautiful little animal, only nine inches high; and in the next case, affording a striking contrast in point of size, are the great antelope of India, and the striped antelope from the Cape, each nearly as large as a horse. There is also a large collection of goats; among which we shall only specify the Caucasan ibex, (*capra ægagrus*,) which lives in herds on the mountains of Persia, where it is known by the name of *paseng;* it is supposed to be the parent of all our varieties of the domestic goat. There are also examples of many and various races of sheep, from different countries and climates.

On leaving the gallery of ruminating animals, we enter that of birds. The collection comprehends upwards of 6000 individuals, belonging to more than 2300 different species. There is not so numerous a collection existing any where else; and yet it has been formed within these few years; for at the death of Buffon, there were only 800 species.

It is well known that a great number of birds, especially those remarkable for the beauty of their colours, have a totally different plumage, according to their age, and even sometimes according to the season of the year. It is owing to this that the same bird has often been described and drawn several times under different names. We frequently see ten or twelve individuals of one species presenting the same essential characters, but differing totally in the colours of their plumage. Thus it is only after many researches, and the examination of numerous suites of specimens, that the different varieties, and the passage from one to the other, can be determined. Most of these varieties of age, sex, and season, may be observed in the Parisian collection, which for the future, will fix the type for many new, or hitherto obscurely described species.

In this collection there are 120 different diurnal birds of prey. Among these we may remark the lammergeyer, or vulture of the Alps, which is the largest European bird of prey; it measures ten feet between the extended tips of the wings. Absurd stories have been told of its carrying away children, and even cattle. This is quite a mistake; for its talons are in fact very weak, and, as Temminck observes, *faiblement crochus*. We read sometime ago a repetition of such tales, in a tour through Switzerland, by that ingenious Frenchman, M. Simond. He probably never saw the bird in question. We beg to assure him, for the satisfaction of his family, " qui' ils mangent sur la place, sans rein emporter dans leur serres, qui ne sont point propres à saisir;" it is a wild, solitary animal, and inhabits the steepest rocks of the Swiss Alps. In the fifth case, we see the *falco destructor*, or great American harpy, of a size larger than the common eagle; it is considered as having the claws and beak stronger than any other bird; but the power and velocity of its flight being greatly diminished by the shortness of its wings, its ravages, as a

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bird of prey, suffer a corresponding decrease. It generally feeds upon the sloth, and can carry off a fawn. There is a fine specimen of this rare bird in the Edinburgh Museum. The hawk called *pygargus*, deserves attention as an object of worship among the ancient Egyptians, who embalmed it after death. It was brought in the mummy state from Egypt, by M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire. In the ninth case may be observed the *falco cerulescens*, from Sumatra, which is the smallest of all birds of prey.

The eleventh and twelfth cases contain thirty-four species of owls, or nocturnal birds of prey. The collection of parrots and toucans is unrivalled. There is one hundred and sixty species of the thrush genus. Of the *motacillæ*, which include the wrens, wagtails, and smaller warblers, there are 172 species. Among these are the nightingale and redbreast. The latter, which in Britain is a pugnacious, solitary bird, in some of the French provinces assembles in such numerous flocks, that the sky seems covered by them. The golden-crested wren is the smallest of European birds; its heart is no bigger than a pea, and weighs between four and five grains. Of the flycatchers, now divided into several genera, there are 150 species in the Museum. The twenty-second case contains twenty-seven species of swallow. "The first," says M. Deleuze, "is the *hirundo apus*, or swift, of all birds, best formed for flight; its feet are so short, and its wings so long, that when it is on the ground, it cannot rise again; it therefore passes the greater part of its life in the air; and when it has rested for a short while on a wall, or on the trees, it falls to recommence its flight." We have reason to discredit this. Let M. Deluze catch a swift, place it on the ground, see whether he or it will rise highest within a given time. We back the hirundo apus, or swift. "There is a white variety in this case; near it is the *h. riparia*, (sand martin,) which builds its nest in the banks by the water side; it does not quit us in the winter, but plunges deep into the mud, where it remains torpid until the return of warm weather." Is this a fact, or an imagination?—There are seven hundred individuals of the linnet and bunting tribes, belonging to one hundred and fifty species. Then follow the gross-beaks and cross-bills; of which last the European species is remarkable for building its nest and hatching in January, and for holding its food between its claws like a parrot. There are nine species of Paridise birds, forming a magnificent series. In the 25th case may be seen sixty-four species of humming birds, and fifty-three creepers. In the same case is the *epimachus* of New Guinea, one of the rarest and most beautiful birds in the collection. Passing to the twenty-sixth case, we may observe thirty-four different species of kingfishers; and in the twenty-seventh, no less than eighty-four various kinds of pigeon. In the next division, there is an example of the wild peacock from Bengal, which is the origin of our domestic kind; and to the right of it is another and distinct species from Java, the same as that fine specimen lately added to the Edinburgh Museum. The thirtieth case contains the turkeys. By comparing the domestic species with the wild one sent by M. Milbert, from the forests of Virginia, it will be seen that domestication has de-

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prived them of that metallic lustre which adorns their plumage in the native state. At the bottom of the case is the *meleagris ocellata*, a new species, described by M. Cuvier. It is one of the most beautiful birds known; it comes from the Bay of Honduras, and is the only specimen in Europe.

The thirty-second case exhibits a series of the different varieties of domestic poultry, and several wild species from India and the Moluccas. It cannot yet be decided from which of the latter our common barn fowls have sprung. Probably from more species than one. Temminck is decidedly against the claims of the Jungle Cock to that honour. The Museum possesses ten species of pheasant, besides that rare bird the napaul, or horned pheasant from Bengal; of which there are several specimens in the Edinburgh collection. The numerous family of the grouse, of which they possess fifty-nine species, entirely fills the thirty-fourth case. Among these is a white quail, shot by Louis the XVth, and presented by him to Buffon. The birds of the two next genera differ from all other land birds, in being deprived of the power of flight. The first is the ostrich (*struthio camelus*,) celebrated in the remotest ages. It is sometimes eight feet high, lives in herds, in the sandy deserts of Africa, and is the swiftest of all running animals. They leave their eggs, which weigh three or four pounds, to be hatched by the heat of the sun in the tropical climates; but in colder regions they sit upon them like other birds. In the thirty-seventh case, there are nine species of bustard, three of which have not yet been described; that of Europe lives in plains, and uses its wings chiefly to accelerate its course along the ground. The male, which is double the size of the female, is very rare, and is the largest of European birds. After these come 30 species of plover, and different kinds of ibis; the most brilliant of which, is the *tantalus ruber*, from Cayenne and Surinam. There is a fine series of this bird in the Edinburgh Musuem, showing the singular changes which the colours of its feathers undergo, from the plumage of the young to that of the adult bird. The 39th case contains 50 species of the genera analogous to the woodcock (*scolopax*.) The common woodcock, which, in Britain is a winter bird of passage, in several of the continental countries of Europe dwells on the mountains during summer, and descends into the plains in autumn. In the 41st case, there are 39 species of heron. Among the cranes is the agami, or trumpeter, a South American bird, which is frequently trained to protect and drive the barn-yard fowls, as dogs do sheep. There are thirty species of rails in the 45th case. By the side of the coots is a very rare bird, which forms a genus by itself, called the sheath-bill, (*vaginalis*, Lath,) on account of the singular form of its beak. There is nothing known of the habits of this bird, which is found in the Malouin Islands, whence it was brought by the naturalists attached to M. Freycinet's expedition. Passing over several genera, we come to the 50th and 51st cases, which contain the *longipennes*. Some of these have been met with 600 leagues from land. The frigate birds are in the 53d case. Their wings, which measure from 10 to 12 feet, are so powerful, that they fly to an immense distance



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from land, especially between the tropics; they dart upon flying fish, and strike the birds called *boobies*, to make them quit their prey. The tropic birds occupy the bottom of the case; they keep constantly in the tropical latitudes, the approach to which they announce to sailors. The swans and ducks occupy the remaining four cases of the gallery. The beak of the wild swan is yellow at the base, and black at the extremity; it is a distinct species from the domestic swan, which has a red beak. The black swan from New Holland; and that with a black neck sent from Brazil, by M. St. Hilaire, are remarkable species. Among the geese is an Egyptian bird, very common in Africa. We see it often represented on ancient monuments; it was worshipped for its attachment to its young, and the Egyptians called it *chenalopax*, or fox-goose. The ornithological department is terminated by 78 species of the duck genus, and the mergansers.

The collection of reptiles is unquestionably the richest in the world. It consists of 1800 individuals belonging to more than 500 species. But what renders it of incalculable advantage to the student is, that it contains almost all the individuals from which the plates of Seba were copied; and that it was from them that Linnæus composed his descriptions. Here also are to be found the originals which served for the work of M. de Lacépède. Our limits forbid our entering into any farther detail.

The collection of fishes is also the most complete that any where exists of that class of animals. It comprehends about 5000 specimens belonging to more than 2200 species. It offers the elements of the classification which M. Cuvier has established in his Règné Animal, the type of the ichthyological memoirs which he has inserted in the Annals—the far greater part of the fishes which M. de Lacépède has described or figured in his great work—and almost all the known genera. Of each species, it possesses generally one preserved in spirits of wine, which affords the facility of examining its interior organization in case of necessity. The greater number of those which are dried, have been covered with a varnish which has revived the colours; and they appear almost as brilliant, as they were some hours after they were taken out of the water. This collection has been newly arranged according to the method of Cuvier, and all the species have been ticketed with the greatest exactness.

Of crustaceous animals, including the crabs, lobsters, &c. the Museum possesses about 600 species belonging to 54 genera.

In regard to the collection of insects, we have already mentioned, that prior to the new organization of the Museum, it contained very few animals of that class. These came chiefly from the private cabinet of Reaumeur. The great additions made of later years by Olivier, and many other scientific travellers, have now rendered it equal to any in Europe. Including the *arachnides*, (the spiders, scorpions, &c.) it is composed of about 50,000 specimens belonging to more than 20,000 species, remarkable for their variety of form, and the wonderful instincts by which they are distinguished. Insects are equal to birds in the richness and splendour of their colours: they even surpass them in some

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respects, particularly in regard to the phosphoric light which emanates from many species, and while they divide with them the empire of the air, they far exceed them in number, for their tribes are even more numerous than those of plants.

The researches of M. de la Marck on conchology have proved, that the characters of a shell indicate those of the animal to which it belongs, as the genus of a quadruped is indicated by its teeth. Prior to this observation, shells were of little interest in zoology, as the animals to which they belonged were not thought of, and they were collected chiefly as objects of an ornamental nature. The distinction between terrestrial, river, and sea shells and the comparison of those belonging to living subjects with those, in a fossil state in different strata of the earth, have also led philosophers to decide upon the origin of different formations. In consequence chiefly of the numerous researches and the classification of M. de la Marck, conchology has become not only an important branch of zoology, but also one of the principal bases of geological science. The first shells in the cabinet were brought by Tournefort from the Levant, and presented by him to Louis XV. When Buffon had the superintendence of the Garden, he obtained permission to have them deposited there. Adanson presented those which he had collected in Senegal—the specimens which came from the cabinet of Reaumeur were likewise added, and, since the new organization, the travelling naturalists have enriched it by numerous collections from all quarters of the globe. In addition to the shells, there is a large assemblage of radiated animals, corals, sponges, &c.

We shall terminate this summary by a reflection of our amiable author's, which will not fail to gratify those to whom the spectacle of social harmony and domestic felicity is not less interesting, than that of Nature. How delightful, amid the agitation of a great city, to behold an establishment, in which are united fifty families, living in peace, usefully occupied, contented with their lot, attached to the place of their abode, and priding themselves in its prosperity; strangers to professional rivalry and political dissensions, and grateful at once to the government which supports, and the administration which directs them. May their joint efforts continue to be guided by the same spirit of unanimity, and those enlightened views, which have hitherto pervaded them; and every liberal mind will rejoice in applying to them the dying words of Father Paul to the sacred institutions of his country,—"Estote perpetuæ!"*

* In order to complete the history of this establishment, we shall here mention some additions which have been made to the Museum since the main body of the work, of part of which we have presented the preceding abridgment, was sent to press. M. Leschenault de la Tour, and M. Auguste de Saint Hilaie, returned a few months ago. Among the mammifera brought by the former, is the bear of the Mountains of the Gates, two apes of Ceylon, the *paradoxurus typus*, which was wanting in the cabinet, and also some fishes and reptiles of the Isle of Bourbon. The latter, who for six years had been travelling throughout Brasil and the settlements of Paraguay, from the 12th to the 34th degree, has taken notes upon all the animals, and has brought home one of the most considerable and curious collections, both of botany and zoology, that ever ar-

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

# HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.

## SPAIN IN 1820.

(*Continued from our last.*)

A GENERAL jubilee now took place among the friends of liberty. The government, with apparent good will, began to undo all that for the last six years it had been busied in doing. The dungeons of Madrid, of Cadiz, and of Ceuta, gave up the tenants who, for so many years, had been unjustly immersed in their gloomy cells. A royal decree suppressed the inquisition, and ordered the public sale of all property belonging to it. The liberty of the press was established on the same footing as by the former Cortes; several political journals were established; the coffee-houses of Madrid were converted into political clubs. The King and royal family studiously exhibited every symptom of a cheerful acquiescence in the new system. The Infant Don Carlos, on being appointed to the command of the national army, made an address to them, in which he said,—"Equally faithful as yourselves to the solemn oath which I have to-day taken before his Majesty, you will find me a leader who will ever conduct you in the path which honour and duty prescribe. To love and defend the country, to support with unalterable loyalty, the throne and the sacred person of the monarch, who is the support of civil liberty and national grandeur; to respect the laws; to maintain public order; to submit to all sacrifices which the common weal requires; to unite in affection and sentiment with other Spaniards, and to concur with them in the establishment and consolidation of the constitutional system; to observe an exact discipline, and the subordination so necessary in troops;—such,

rived at the Museum. The following is an extract from a report, by the professors to the Academy of Sciences: "The collection contains, 1st, 129 individuals of the mammifera, forming 48 species, of which 18 were not in the Museum.—2d, 2500 birds, forming 451 species, of which 156 were not in the Museum. The greater number of these make us better acquainted with the birds described by Azzara.—3d, 21 reptiles.—4th, About 16,000 well preserved insects, of which M. Latreille judges there are 800 unknown.—5th, A herbal, composed of about 30,000 specimens, forming nearly 7000 species of plants in good preservation, two-thirds of which M. Desfontaines judges to be new, and which will furnish new genera, and perhaps new families." M. Duvaucel, who continues his researches in India, has just sent home the skeleton of a very large elephant, a gangetic dolphin, more than six feet long, and a great number of birds, amongst which 43 species are unknown to the cabinet. From the same quarter a collection of fishes is ere long expected, amounting to 500 species, and 2000 individuals. From M. Leseur, have been received the greater number of the fishes and mollusca described by him in the Journal of Sciences of Philadelphia; and M. Milbert has transmitted several unknown fishes from the lakes of the United States. Lastly, M. Dussumier, on his return from India, presented a gazelle of Bassora, a species of Dolphin, and 28 species of birds not in the cabinet.

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soldiers, are your sacred duties; such are those which will render you worthy of the love of your fellow-citizens in peace, and redoubtable to your enemies in war; such, in fine, are the duties which the King expects from you, and of which your first companion in arms will make it his ambition to set you an example.

"It is thus that the august throne of Alphonso and of Ferdinand will shed a lustre on this heroic nation, unknown even in the most glorious ages of the monarchy; and Ferdinand VII., our beneficent King, the founder of Spanish liberty, the father of the country, will be one of the most happy, the most powerful of monarchs, since he rests his high authority on the indestructible basis of the love and veneration of his people."

In the provinces, the constitution had been either established before the notice from Madrid arrived, or was then instantly and harmoniously accepted. At Saragossa and Navarre, it was proclaimed several days previous. At Barcelona, on the tenth March, the people, though ignorant of the events at Madrid, compelled General Castanos to follow the example. At Valencia, Elio with difficulty escaped from the fury of the populace; to save him, it was necessary to lodge him in the prison. In Galicia, San Roman, who still headed troops in opposition to the new system, instantly called upon them to give their oath in support of the constitution. In Andalusia, a friendly correspondence succeeded to the hostile operations between Riego and O'Donnell. One dismal event interrupted the general harmony, and cast a gloom over a change that were otherwise so auspicious an event.

General Freyre, who had hitherto acted steadily in support of the royal authority, appears, on receiving intelligence of the desertion of Abisbal, to have suddenly formed an opposite resolution. On the 9th, he entered Cadiz at twelve o'clock, and announced his determination to proclaim the constitution. As the people, who assembled in crowds, appeared impatient of any delay, he made oath to it, and promised that the remaining solemnities should be duly performed on the following day. The people immediately raised a flag, inscribed "Long live the constitution, and Freyre our regenerator." At the same time, they promised to bury all past enmities in oblivion. An invitation was soon sent to the chiefs of the army on the Isle of Leon, to be present at the solemnity of the approaching day. Quiroga, however, declined attending himself, but sent San Miguel, Arco Aquerro, Galiano, and another of his principal officers. The night was now spent in joyful preparations for to-morrow's festival; the fronts of the houses were lavishly adorned, and the whole body of the people, in their festal dresses, filled at ten o'clock the square of St. Antonio. As they were waiting there for the arrival of General Freyre to begin the ceremony, a report of musquetry was suddenly heard, and the troops instantly began to fire on the multitude. The affrighted crowd fled in all directions, pressed and overturned upon each other; while the troops pursued, massacring all whom they encountered. Even the houses did not shelter the wretched inhabitants; and Cadiz was for several hours like a city given up to pillage. The carnage of this dreadful day was afterwards found to amount to 460 killed, and up-

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wards of 1000 wounded. The deputies from the national army called upon General Freyre for his pledged protection, which he was able to make good only by conveying them out of his house by the roof, and thence to the Fort of St. Sebastian. Notwithstanding a long investigation was afterwards carried on, the origin of this dreadful affair was never fully ascertained. General Freyre's conduct towards the deputies seems to acquit him of the suspicions which were at the time strongly urged against him; but Valdes, who, as governor of Cadiz, had always shown an imbittered enmity against liberal opinions, and Campana, in consequence of a military order published by him next day, sanctioning the conduct of the soldiers, were strongly suspected of at least approving this outrage. Two days after, intelligence was received at Madrid; the soldiers were then seized with alarm; and the inhabitants, rising tumultuously, massacred several of them. At length the government having superceded Valdes and Campana, and appointed O'Donoju governor of Cadiz, with orders to make a strict inquiry into this unhappy affair, the minds of men were gradually tranquillized. That part of General Freyre's army which showed itself still averse from the new system, was dissolved; the rest united itself to the army of the Isle of Leon, which was thus swelled to 12,000 men.

The nation now occupied itself busily in the election of members for the approaching Cortes. The operation was carried on tranquilly, and with a decided preference of the liberal party. Many who had been members of the Cortes of Cadiz, were now re-elected; to which were added Quiroga, and other military men, who had taken an active part on the present occasion. Meantime there were not even now wanting some anti-revolutionary symptoms. At Saragossa, on the 14th May, a band of four or five hundred men, invited by the monks, rushed to the public square, overturned the stone of the constitution,* and soon raised a mob, who joined them in crying, "Religion! the King! down with the constitution!" General Haro, however, fell upon them with two regiments, and after killing and wounding a considerable number, succeeded in dispersing the rest. The Marquis d'Alazan, to whose dissensions with Haro this disturbance was partly attributed, was removed from his situation as governor of the province.

In Galicia, matters threatened to assume a more serious character. Don Manuel Chantre, whose zeal has been already commemorated, united himself with some other chiefs, who assumed the title of the "Apostolical Junta of Galicia." They collected within the frontiers of Portugal a body of scattered troops and peasantry, with which they crossed the Minho, and endeavoured to rouse Galicia into insurrection. In fact, before Espinosa could collect his troops, they had swelled to

* The Stone of the Constitution, so often mentioned in the history of the Spanish Revolution, is not, as might be supposed, a monument. It was resolved, in 1812, that the principal place in every village should be called *Place of the Constitution.* The stone in question was intended to bear this inscription; it was of marble or common granite, and more or less ornamented, according to the wealth or zeal of the town.

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between 2 and 3000 men, and were threatening Tay. Here, however, several encounters took place, in which they were completely worsted, and obliged to re-enter Portugal, with the loss of their standards and baggage. Two of their chiefs were afterwards delivered up by the Portuguese government, at the urgent request of Spain. They were found to maintain secret correspondence with malecontents in Andalusia, and even with secret committees in the capital.

The 6th of June formed the important and long expected day of the meeting of the Cortes. A fortnight was consumed in the examination of their powers, and other preliminary matters; and it was not till the 9th July, that the solemn opening took place. The King was attended by the Queen, the royal family, and the *corps diplomatique*. After renewing the oath of fidelity to the constitution, he made his opening speech, in which he strongly expressed his attachment to, and determination to support, the new order of things. "At length," said he, "has come the day, the object of my ardent wishes, when I see myself surrounded by the representatives of the heroic and generous Spanish nation; and when a solemn oath identifies my interests and those of my family with the interests of my people. Since the excess of the evil has called forth the unequivocal expression of the general wish of the nation, an expression long dimmed by deplorable circumstances, that are now banished from our memory, I have determined to embrace the system which the nation desired, and to swear to the political constitution of the monarchy, sanctioned by the general and extraordinary Cortes of the year 1812; since the crown and the nation have both recovered their legitimate rights, my resolution being the more free and spontaneous, as it is more conformable to the interests of the Spanish people, whose happiness never ceased to be the object of my sincerest intentions." After taking a view of the state of the different branches of administration, he concluded: "It is to the establishment and the entire and inviolable maintenance of the constitution, that I will consecrate the powers which this same constitution assigns to the royal authority; in it I will concentrate my power, my happiness, and my glory."

The address to be made in reply was the subject of some discussion; and that finally agreed upon, while it very strongly expressed the feelings of duty and attachment, failed not to insinuate pretty decided lessons as to what was their opinion of past events, and what conduct they now expected to meet with from the King and his ministers.

The first business on which the Cortes entered, consisted in receiving from the different ministers, a view of the state of their respective departments; on which occasion, facts were disclosed which excited the deepest interest, but inspired the most gloomy impression.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, announced that the relations of the nation with foreign powers were perfectly pacific and amicable, except with regard to the court of Portugal and the United States. With the former, he observed, "Some differences exist respecting Monte-Video, and with the latter on the subject of the treaty of the Floridas; but the principles of moderation and justice which direct the diplomatic opera-

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tions, give us reason to hope that these differences will be adjusted honourably for Spain, and that they will not alter in the slightest degree the system of peace established in Europe."

The Minister of the Interior gave a detail of all the branches connected with his department, and specified the means adopted for its improvement. This department of government would require the longer time in organizing, as every thing must be regenerated conformably to the report of the kingdom, in order to give a new stimulus to agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the arts, and to promote the general prosperity of the nation.

The Minister of the Colonies, in his *expose* on the situation of America, detailed, among a variety of other topics, the measures adopted by the King for the reconcilement of subsisting differences, and the re-union of the colonies to the mother country. He dissipated the mischievous rumours which had been circulated of a contemplated expedition to America, and explained what had given rise to those false rumours.

The report of the Minister of Justice embraced only the period subsequent to the 9th of March of this year. He gave an account of the decrees signed by the King for consolidating the constitutional system, and causing the laws to be observed—of the state of the royal courts, and other tribunals of the country—of what had been already done for the establishment of the Judges in First Instance, conformably to the distinct divisions adopted by the Cortes. He stated, that some ecclesiastic prebendaries had been disposed of to recompense different individuals named, and who had been persecuted on account of their adherence to the constitutional system. He dwelt much on the measures adopted with respect to the regular clergy, which he represented as equally advantageous to that body of the nation; and stated the arrangements made for preventing the increase of Jesuit convents, by allowing only one in towns which before had several, and taking public instruction out of their hands. The Minister finally defended the measures which had been adopted for securing the deputies who signed the representation of the year 1814, and on whom it was reserved for the Cortes to pronounce judgment.

The report of the Minister of War produced the most afflicting impression. It appeared that this department was in the most deplorable condition; that it was indispensably necessary immediately to effect a reform in the army, and to change its organization; that the existing military force, comprising all arms, was about 58,705 men, exclusive of the royal guard, and 7083 cavalry; that, notwithstanding the reduction of 10,000 officers, the number retained was beyond all proportion to the men; that the corps of the royal guard was greatly diminished; that the want of money, and partial distributions of pay, had reduced the officers to the greatest privations; that the major part of them had remained for years on half-pay, though in actual service; that the army was in a state of shameful nudity; that in the cavalry only 15 regiments had their clothing and equipments in tolerable condition; that the clothing and arms of the infantry were not uniform, and generally bad; that they had only 87,000 muskets, of which 6000 were now unserviceable; that the cavalry

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had 10,000 carbines, and that in the pistols and swords there was no uniformity; and that the saddlery articles were regular only in seven regiments.

The Minister next described the deplorable state of the artillery, which was wholly destitute of *materiel*, and had a supply of ammunition scarcely sufficient for a single day's service in battle. The militia corps raised in 1818, presented a force of 33,809 men, commanded by 140 chiefs; the garrisons, castles, &c., were in the most wretched condition, as well as the fortresses on the coast. The military education had not undergone any change; and the department of theoretical and practical instruction for the military required no reformation. The retirements granted to officers had produced a saving: and the number of invalids was 7838 men.

He then recapitulated the total force of the Peninsula; that of the infantry, including the militia, he stated to consist of 87,779 men; the cavalry of 6338; and the expense of the whole army, he estimated at 352,607,000 reals (17,630,350 dollars.)

He then entered upon the details of the colonial establishments. "The islands of Porto-Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba, enjoy profound tranquillity. In Mexico there exist only a few bands of insurgents, which cannot occasion any apprehensions; but it is necessary, he observed, to keep that country on a war footing. The ravages of the revolutions are severely felt in South America, which experiences the effects of a war excited by the ambition of foreigners." Though it is impossible to give a correct statement of the military forces in these countries, the Minister announced that, since 1815, not less than 42,177 men of all arms had been transported thither, of whom 5000 were of Porto-Rico.

"The forces in the island of Cuba, including the militia, amount to 10,995 men, and 977 horses; those in North America to 41,036 infantry and cavalry, who occupy an extent of 82,142 square leagues. Lastly, by adding the troops which are on other stations of South America, consisting of about 10,178 men, who form the garrisons of the Philippines, it will be found that the army in the colonies amounts to 96,578 men, and 8419 horses. The garrisons in America are in the worst possible state."

The Minister of Marine gave an account in his report of the dilapidated condition to which his department had been reduced: he urged the necessity of regenerating this most important branch, and of increasing it to the highest possible pitch, by building as many ships as the state of the finances would admit. He referred to a proposition submitted to the former Cortes, to increase the navy to 20 ships of the line, 20 frigates, 18 corvettes, 26 brigantines, and 18 sloops of war.

The Minister of the Finances entered into a long and complicated statement. He rendered an account of the state of the treasury on the 9th of March, explained the available resources, and pointed out a practicable mode of supplying the deficiencies. He proposed some modification of the donations to the royal family, and solicited the approbation of the Cortes to a loan of 40,000,000 reals, opened by the King, and towards which only 5,000,000 had been subscribed. He described the



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wretched state of the finances, indicated the mode of improving the system, and the difficulties opposed to a reformation. He specified the abuses—and one of the principal, the taxes imposed as merely provisional, and which were never suppressed in Spain. Hence the necessity of consulting the opinions and the abilities of the people, before they should be subjected to a new plan of taxation. He explained the causes which were opposed to the establishment of direct contributions, and mentioned the indisposition of the clergy, the nobility, and persons in office, to contribute their proportions, as one of the principal impediments. He demonstrated the necessity of a reform, and to give publicity to every thing connected with the finances. The minister concluded his report by pointing out the inaccuracy and the inutility of custom-house codes; the injurious and mischievous tendency of the prohibitory laws: he proposed the union of the department of the Posts to that of the Finances, and reprobated the absurdity of the penal laws with regard to the system of finance.

The most important of the measures of the Cortes, were those which related to permanent reforms in the political system of Spain. The greatest check to agricultural improvement arose from the enormous extent of the system of *maiorats* or entails, which had been prompted by the ancient over-weening pride of the Spanish grandees. This system, which began only in the thirteenth century, now extended over by far the greatest part of the lands in the kingdom. The accumulation of property was accordingly immense; nearly the whole province of Andalusia was the property of three of the great nobles. This system was at once unfavourable to all improvement in cultivation, and prevented the growth of any independent and respectable body of small proprietors. The Committee to whom this subject was referred, proposed to render all lands in the kingdom so far free, that their possessors might dispose the whole to their own children; but to strangers they could dispose only one half. No new entail could be founded but by the express permission of the Cortes, which was to grant it only for weighty reasons, such as important services rendered to the country. No new entail was to exceed, for the Spanish grandees, 80,000 ducats of annual rent; for *titled* persons 40,000; for private individuals 20,000. No entail could be made for less than 6000 ducats.

This law, after a long and animated discussion, passed on the 12th October. Some displeasure was felt by these nobles who had the greatness of their order deeply at heart; but as it caused no personal inconvenience to any, and afforded to many of the greatest proprietors the means of freeing themselves from large debts in which they were involved, it never gave rise to any serious dissatisfaction or complaint.

The case was different with regard to the measure which came next under discussion. The enormous accumulation of property in the hands of the religious orders, was another evil under which Spain had long groaned. In 1769, there were found to be in that country 2051 convents, and 61,327 monks and nuns, nor was there any reason to suppose that the number had diminished since that time. The wealth of these orders

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presented also a tempting prospect of relieving those financial embarrassments under which the nation so deeply laboured. Under the impulse of these views, a proposition was brought forward for the entire suppression of the religious orders, and for declaring the property *national*. This measure was supported not only by the Count de Toreno, and other lay deputies, but even by Castillo, the auxiliary bishop, who declared, that however painful the proposition was to his feelings, he conceived himself bound to support it, as eminently conducive to the public good. In proof of the legality of the measure, orders were quoted, made at different eras, either to prevent new foundations, or to reform those that already subsisted. Many states, it was observed, had recognized the principle of the sale of ecclesiastical property, and even the kings of Spain, Charles III. and Charles IV. had recourse to it, at a time when the national debt was much less than now. On the other hand, it was urged, that the right of property in corporations was as sound as in individuals; that the regular clergy formed an essential part of the Catholic religion; and to destroy the one was to attack the other. The individual distress which would thus be caused, was also much insisted upon. Remonstrances against this measure were addressed to the Cortes by the generals of the Capuchins, and of the Franciscan orders; the one distinguished by its moderation, and the other by its fulminating zeal. Notwithstanding all opposition, the law was adopted on the 1st October. All the orders were suppressed, and only eight convents were preserved to maintain the divine worship in some ancient and celebrated sanctuaries. The monks secularized were to receive from 100 to 400 ducats, according to their age and situation. There was a prohibition to found any convent,—to admit any profession—and upon monks to take any vow.

This innovation in itself, and in the abstract, was satisfactory and necessary for Spain; yet as respects the manner and degree in which it was carried into execution, it can scarcely be denied to be premature and precipitate. Monastic establishments had been, as it were, interwoven into the whole frame of Spanish society. A great part of the population, and not the worst part, still looked up to this body as their oracles. Before violently subverting an institution rendered venerable by so many ages' duration, time should have been allowed to sap it by the gradual diffusion of knowledge and liberal ideas, through the influence of the new institutions. As it stood, this numerous body, holding such sway over the public mind, were turned loose with hearts rankling with the deepest bitterness against the government from which they had experienced such treatment. All the glories of the order were now annihilated; its members reduced to a state of comparative beggary; and the numerous mendicants who were accustomed to receive supplies at the convent gates, were thrown into a state of absolute destitution. These suffering classes have ever since maintained a perpetual *fomes* of insurrection, which has deprived the constitutional government of stability and tranquillity, and has only been suppressed by exertions, to which their resources and means were very inadequate.

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If we censure this proceeding of the Cortes as rash and ill-timed, there are others which we must stigmatize as essentially and radically evil. In a system which professed to be entirely founded upon liberal principles, it might have been expected that free trade would have formed an essential element. The country of Ustariz, of Campomanes, and of Jovellanos, seemed ripe for an enlightened system in this branch of economy. Those great men were however no more, and their mantle had not fallen on any of the present generation. On the contrary, every nerve was strained by the Cortes, to carry to a greater height that system of monopoly, by the action of which Spain had been undone. Resolutions were adopted by that assembly, and exhortations addressed to the Royal Family, to wear nothing but of Spanish manufacture. In the commercial regulations, the leading principle, was made to be, that nothing which Spain could produce within itself, should be allowed to be imported. Particular care was taken to keep down the intercourse with France, the country of all others from which Spain might have derived the greatest benefit. This system was every way ruinous. It crushed the germs of that prosperity which would have been the natural consequence of freedom and security of property; while the distress generated by it threw a general discredit upon the constitutional system to which it was imputed. In consequence of it also, the financial embarrassment instead of being remedied, grew more and more severe. The contraband trade, which had always been one of the greatest scourges of Spain, was trebled; and with it those habits of tumultuous and irregular assemblage, which passed by an easy transition into insurrection. Thus, this voluntary sacrifice of her trade, not only impoverished Spain, but proved one of the strongest bars to the preservation of that tranquillity which she ought to have sacrificed almost every thing to maintain.

The establishments for education were carried by the Cortes to a laudable, almost excessive extent. There were to be three gradations of schools throughout the kingdom; the first for elementary instruction, of which there was to be one for every five hundred families, and where the catechism of the constitution was to be carefully taught. The second degree was for those destined for public employments; in these were taught the ancient and modern languages, history, and political economy. The third degree was for certain special and profound studies. The law on the liberty of the press allowed the publication of all works except those upon religion, which the bigotry of the nation still subjected to a previous censorship. There lay, however, an appeal even on these to a supreme junta established for the protection of the liberty of the press.

These deliberations were chequered by events belonging rather to the executive than legislative department. The army of the Isle of Leon, proud of the share they had taken in achieving national liberty, considerered themselves still as its guardians. Since the nomination of Quiroga as a deputy, Riego had taken the command; and his enthusiastic disposition having led him to embrace the highest principles of liberalism, he was looked upon by the clubs of Madrid as their sure and powerful

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supporter. There appeared a very evident danger, that this army might assume a prætorian character, and might become dangerous both to prince and people. The Minister at War, therefore, formed the bold resolution of dissolving it; and as this step was taken with the approbation of Quiroga, while Riego was soothed by the appointment of Governor-General of Galicia, it was hoped that the arrangement might be tranquilly effected. Riego, however, saw in it the downfall of his influence, and, as he imagined, new dangers to liberty. He hastened to Madrid, and presented to the king a petition from the army against its dissolution, intimating, at the same time, his own refusal of the government of Galicia. He was received with the most rapturous applause by the clubs and the multitude, and continued for eight days the hero of Madrid. Intoxicated with this homage, he gave way to an irregularity which alarmed all moderate men. Being one evening at the theatre, his aides-de-camp began to sing a violent democratic song, called from its chorus, *Traga la, perro*, "Swallow it, you dog," composed at Cadiz, in hatred of the nobles. The political chief having endeavoured to put a stop to this exhibition, Riego interposed in its favour, and a violent tumult arose, which was continued during a great part of the night. The government, determining hereupon to take the most rigorous measures, withdrew from Riego the offer of the command in Galicia, and sent him into an honourable exile at Oviedo. Riego now addressed a long memorial to the Cortes, in which he represented the services rendered by the army of the Isla to the cause of liberty, and urged that its support was still necessary, against the numerous enemies of the constitutional system. But his representations had no influence on the Cortes, which adhered to the resolution of the ministers; and Riego had no alternative but to depart for Oviedo. His associates, San Miguel and Velasco, were at the same time sent to Zamora and Valladolid. The dissolution of the army was then effected; but the Cortes agreed, that liberal allowances, both in land and money should be given to the disbanded troops, in proportion to their length of service. Although these measures were effected by government, yet the clamour of the clubs against the Minister at War was so violent, that he was induced to give in his resignation.

These tumults induced the ministry to bring in a proposition to the Cortes for repressing the license of the clubs; and notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the liberals, it was carried on the 14th October, by a majority of 100 to 45. The meetings of these societies were only to be held upon notice given, and permission received, from the local authorities, and under their superintendance. The individuals thus assembled were in no case permitted to form corporations, or to speak in the name of the people; nor were they to hold correspondence with any similar body.

Towards the close of the session, which, in consequence of important business under consideration, was continued a month beyond the prescribed period, a general agitation was felt throughout Spain. The execution of the law relative to convents was in some places tumultuously seconded, in others violently opposed. Assemblages hostile to the con-

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stitutional system, assuming the form of guerillas, rose in different parts of the kingdom, and when put down in one place re-appeared in another. Alarm was also felt at Madrid, when the King, immediately after a reluctant sanction given to the law for the suppression of monastic orders set out for his palace of the Escurial. Here he was surrounded by the Duke de l'Infantado, his confessor, and other persons supposed to be eminently hostile to the new system. In appointing General Vigodet Captain-General of New Castile, he issued a commission entirely in his own handwriting, without the signature of the minister, as required by the constitution; and on the omission being pointed out by the permanent deputation of the Cortes, showed little disposition to correct it. Meantime tumults ran high at Madrid; the municipality of that city sent addresses more and more energetic, urging the King's return to the capital. At length the danger appearing serious, he deemed it expedient to yield. On the 21st November he entered Madrid, guarded by two lines of soldiers, and, amid the report of some hundred pieces of artillery. A vast multitude raised cries of "the Constitution! the constitutional King!" but without any disturbance. The liberals now completely regained the ascendancy. The duke de l'Infantado, with his adherents were sent into retirement; while Riego was named Captain-general of Arragon, Velasco of Estramadura, and Espinosa of Old Castile. Thus closed for Spain the memorable year of 1820.

## TRIAL OF THURTELL.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

..... As I stand here,—I SAW THEM.—*Macbeth.*

*Hertford.—Jan.* 1824.

DEAR SIR.—By this time I fear you will have become heartily wearied of the names of Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt, upon which the London newspapers have rung the changes so abominably; I fear this,—because, having consented to give you a narrative of the trial of these wretched and hardened men, with the eye of a witness, and not the hand of a reporter; and having in consequence of such consent borne up an unfed body with an untired spirit for two days, against iron rails and fat men, I tremble lest all my treasured observations should be thrown away, and my long fatigue prove profitless to my friend. On consideration, however, I have withstood my fears, and have determined not to abandon my narrative;—in the first place, because the newspapers have given so dry a detail of the evidence as to convey no picture of the interesting scene,—and secondly, because in a periodical work like the London Magazine, which ought to record remarkable events as they pass by, a clear account, not made tedious, as far as possibly can be avoided, by repetitions and

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legal formalities, may be interesting not only to the reader of this year, but to the reader of twenty years hence!—if at that extremely distant period readers should exist—and the Roxburghe Boys should then, as now, save old books from the cheesemonger and the worm!

It is my intention, good my master, to give you the statements only of those persons from whose mouth you will best get the particulars of the murder, and of the circumstances preceding and following it; for, judging by myself, I am sure you and your readers would be fairly tired out, if you were compelled to undergo Mr. Hunt's confession, first poured from his own polluted lips, and then filtered through Mr. Upson, Mr. Beeston, Mr. Symonds, and a host of those worthy Dogberrys of Hertfordshire, who had an opportunity of "wasting all their tediousness upon his Lordship." It is well for the prisoner that Inquiry goes about her business so tiresomely and thoroughly,—but to the hearer and the reader her love of "a twice-told tale" is enough to make a man forswear a court of justice for the rest of his life! I do believe that no man of any occupation would become a thief, if he were fully aware of the punishment of listening to the "damnable iteration" of his own trial. In the present case, we had generally three or four witnesses to the same fact. It is strange that, solitary as the place was, and desperate as was the murder,—the actors, the witnesses,—all,—but the poor helpless devoted thing that perished, were in clusters! The murderers were a cluster! The farmer that heard the pistol had his wife and child, and nurse with him; there were two labourers at work in the lane on the morning after the dreadful butcher-work: there was a merry party at the cottage on the very night, singing and supping, while Weare's mangled carcass was lying darkening in its gore, in the neighbouring field; there were hosts of publicans and ostlers, witnesses of the gang's progress on their blood-journey; and the gigs, the pistols, even the very knives ran in pairs! This is curious at least; and it seems as though it were fated that William Weare should be the only solitary object on that desperate night, when he clung to life in agony and blood, and was, at last, struck out of existence as a thing single, valueless, and vile!

I shall, as I have promised, avoid repetition; and when you have read Mr. Gurney's statement for the prosecution, which very perspicuously details the case, as afterwards supported by evidence,—Probert's heartless narration, and his wife's hard wrung words; I shall call no other witnesses—for none other will be necessary to satisfy the reader. After these I shall but speak of what I saw: I shall but turn my eye to that green table, which is now and will ever be before me, and say what thereon I beheld! I shall but, in the good impressive words of the crier to the jury, "look upon the prisoners;" and describe that one strong desperate man playing the hero of the tragic trial, as at a play; and show his wavering weak comrade, a baby's Turpin! visibly wasting by his side, in the short space of eight-and-forty hours! You want to *see* the trial, you say, not to read of it: Oh! that I could draw from the life with the pen (your pen and ink drawings are the only thing to make *old masters* of you!) Then would I trace such lines as should make the readers breath-

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less while they read, and render a Newgate-Calendarian immortal! It was, in spite of what a great authority has said, an unimprovable horror!

You remember how we parted when I left your hospitable table, to take my place in the Hertford coach, on the cold evening of the 5th of December; and how you enjoined me to bear a wary eye on the morrow's trial. I promised you fair.—Well. I had strange companions in the coach with me, a good-looking middle-aged baronet, who was going to Hertford upon speculation; a young foolish talkative reporter who was travelling with all the importance of a Sunday newspaper encircling him, and who had a dirty shirt on his back, and a clean memorandum book tied up in his pocket handkerchief;—all his luggage! And a gentleman of about thirty who was going to his house in Hoddesdon, never having heard of the trial! "not but what he had read something in the news about a baddish murder." We exchanged coach-conversation sparingly, and by fits, as usual. The Sunday press was on *my side* (the only time in my life,) and the baronet sat pumping it shily of all its watery gossip; while the Hoddesdon body, at the same time, occasionally kept craftily hitting at the character of a person whom he declared to have known abroad, and who bears the evil repute of lending his aid to our fellow traveller's paper. We dropped our *fourth* at Hoddesdon, and pretty well played *dummy* the rest of the journey.

The moment I arrived, I called upon the friend who was to give me a bed for the night; a *gift* which, on these occasions, innkeepers and housekeepers are by no means in the habit of indulging in; and I found him with a warm fire, and a kettle singing, aye,—more humanely than Hunt. I soon despatched the timely refreshment of tea; for during it, I learnt the then strange news of Probert having been admitted evidence for the crown, and of his being at that very moment before the grand jury undergoing his examination. I hastened to the Town Hall (a poor pinched-up building, scarcely big enough to try a well-grown petty-larceny in) and found there the usual assize scene; a huddled cold crowd on a dim stone staircase,—a few men of authority, with their staves and long coats, thence called javelin men; patient oglers of hard-hearted doors, red cloaks, plush breeches, and velveteen jackets—and with all these, the low hum of country curiosity! On approaching the door of the grand jury room, wherein stood that bad but not bold man, Probert, I met with a legal friend, under whose wing I was to be conducted into the court. He was in some way concerned in the trial; and the first words he accosted me with were, "Well!—Probert is in that room!" The dimness of the place helped his sudden words, and I looked at the door that parted me from this wretch, as though it were a glass through which I could see Probert himself darkly. I waited,—the door opened for the eighth of an inch—then arose the murmur and cry, "Probert is coming out!" No! It was only to tell some inveterate *tapster* that he could not be admitted. Another pause—and in the middle of an indifferent conversation, my friend exclaimed—"There—there goes Probert!" And I saw an unwieldy bulk of a man sauntering fearlessly along (he was now safe!) and sullenly proceeding to descend the stairs. I rushed to the

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balustrade—and saw this man, who had seen all! go step by step quietly down,—having just sealed the fate of his vicious associates (but his associates still) and returning, with his miserable life inflicted upon him, to clanking irons and a prison bed. He was dressed in black, and had gloves on:—but through all these, I saw the creature of Gill's-hill-lane—I saw the miscreant that had held the lantern to the rifled pocket, and the gashed throat—and I shuddered as I turned away from the staircase vision!

On this night the lovers of sleep were sadly crossed in their love,—for there was a hum of men throughout the streets all the dead-long night,—broken only by the harsher grating of arriving chaises and carriages, which ceased not grinding the gravelled road and vexing the jaded ear till morning. The inn-keepers and their servants were up all night, looking out for their prey;—and very late into the night, servant-maids with their arms in their aprons, and sauntering lads, kept awake beyond nine by other men's guilt, were at doors and corners, talking of Thurtell and his awful pair! Gaping witnesses too were idling about Hertford town, dispersing with potent beers and evil spirits, as well as they were able, the scanty wits and frail memories which Providence had allotted to them.—The buzz of conversation, amidst all and in all places, was a low murmur, but of "Thurtell"—"Miss Noyes"—"Probert"——"Mrs. Probert"—and "Hunt." You heard one of these names from a window—or it came from under a gateway,—or over a wall,—or from a post,—or it met you at a corner! these vice-creatures were on all lips—and in no hour betwixt the evening and the morning was their infamy neglected to be tolled upon the night!—The jail, to which I went for a few minutes, looked solemn in the silence and the gloom;—and I could not but pierce with my mind those massive walls, and see the ironed men restless within;—Thurtell rehearsing his part for the morning's drama, with the love of infamous fame stimulating him to correctness;—(for I was told that evening that he was to make a great display;) and Hunt cowering in his cell, timorous of fate,—while Probert, methought, was steeping his hideous senses in the forgetfulness of sleep—for when such men are safe, they can sleep as though their hearts were as white as innocence or virtue!

We were up early in the morning, and breakfasted by candlelight;—with a sandwich in my pocket I sallied forth to join my legal friend, who had long been dressed, and was sitting at his papers and tea, in all the restlessness of a man whose mind defies and spurns at repose while any thing remains to be accomplished.—We were in court a little after eight o'clock—but as you know that on this day the trial was postponed, I shall not here describe the scene, but shall reserve my description of the prisoners for the actual day of trial, to which I shall immediately proceed.—I should tell you that I saw Mrs. Probert for a few minutes on this day, and was surprised at her mode of conducting herself, having heard, as I knew she had, of her husband's safety.

Immediately that the trial was adjourned, I secured a place in the coach, and returned to London. The celebrated Mr. Noel was on the roof,—



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and my companions inside were an intelligent artist and craniologist, who had been sketching and examining the heads of the prisoners,—and a tradesman from Oxford-street, who had been frightened out of his wits and Hertford, by hearing that pictures of Gill's-hill-cottage were actionable, for he had brought "some very good likenesses of the Pond to sell," and been obliged to take them out of the window of the Seven Compasses, almost the very moment they were placed there! From this December day to the 5th of January—all the agitation of the public press ceased—and murder had no tongue until the day on which it was privileged to speak.

To the day of trial therefore I come;—for I compelled my curiosity to slumber the ordered sleep of the newspapers.—I arrived at Hertford about the same hour as on the former occasion. I drank tea over again,—sat again by the fire. The former day seemed but a rehearsal of this—and I as anxiously looked for the morning.—Throughout the night Hertford was as sleepless as before.—The window at the Plough was as luminous as usual;—the Half Moon swarmed with post-chaises and drab coats;—and the Seven Stars—the Six Compasses—the Three Tuns—and the Horse and Magpie, abounded with tippling witnesses, all dressed in their Sunday clothes, and contriving to cut a holiday out of the remnant of the murder. "Pipes," as Lord Byron says, were everywhere,—"in the liberal air."

With great and laborious difficulty I made my way into court about half past seven in the morning. The doors were sadly ordered, for instead of the wholesome guardianship of Ruthven, Upson, and Bishop, men who know how to temper a crowd with kind severity, we had great country-constable-bumpkins with long staves, which they handsomely exercised upon those excrescences in which they themselves were deficient, the heads of the curious!—Such bumping of skulls I never before witnessed. Gall would have loved them. One or two sensible officers might have kept the entrances free and quiet:—but Tumult had it all her own way.

The court was crowded to excess. It appeared to be more closely and inconveniently packed than on the first day,—and even at this early hour the window panes, from the great heat, were streamed and streaming with wet. The reporters were closely hedged in, and as a person observed to me, had scarcely room to write even *short hand*.

Before the entrance of the judge, the clerk of the arraigns beckoned Mr. Wilson, the humane jailor of Hertford prison, to the table, and inquired of him whether the fetters were removed from the prisoners: Mr. Wilson replied that they were not, as he did not consider it advisable to free them without orders. The clerk recommended the removal, and Mr. Wilson, apparently against his own will, consented,—declaring that he thought it "dangerous." Mr. Andrews, Thurtell's counsel, said impressively there was no danger—and the jailer retired to take the chains from his charge. I had heard that Thurtell meditated and even threatened violence against Hunt,—and indeed Hunt himself apprehended some attack from his tremendous companion;—but the former had evidently

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been counselled as to the effect of such vengeance being wreaked, and doubtless he had himself come to the conviction that revenge was a profitless passion,—and particularly so at such a time!

At eight o'clock the trumpets of the javelin men brayed the arrival of Mr. Justice Park, who shortly afterwards entered the court and took his seat:—as usual the *court* was colloquial respecting the heat—and the crowd,—and the sitting down of tall men—to the loss of much of that imposing dignity with which the ermine and trumpets invariably surround a judge. Sir Allan is a kind but a warm tempered man: and few things distract him so much as the disorder occasioned by full-grown persons standing up, or by unwieldy men in any position. I really think he would not be able to endure even a *standing order!*

The pressure was great at this early time. Only one space seemed left, and who, to be ever so comfortably accommodated, would have filled it? The dock was empty! Some short time was lost in the removing of the irons from the prisoners—and although the order to "place the prisoners at the bar" had long been given—the anxious stretch of the crowd to behold them was not relieved by their presence.

The situation in which I stood commanded the entrance to the dock, which was from the back part of it: it was lost in gloom, and seemed like the dark portal to a condemned cell. At length, the approach of the prisoners could be discerned. Hunt entered first, and took his place at the bar; and Thurtell immediately followed. They slightly bowed to the court. Every motion of Thurtell seemed watched and guarded at first; but when from his attention to his papers, it was clear that he had no idea of violence, his actions were less observed by his keepers.

Hunt was dressed in black, with a white cravat and a white handkerchief, carefully disposed, so as to give the appearance of a white under waistcoat. There was a foppery in the adjustment of this part of his dress, which was well seconded by the affected carriage of his head and shoulders, and by the carefully disposed *disorder* of his hair. It was combed forward over his ears from the back part of his head, and divided nicely on his forehead, so as to allow one lock to lie half-curled upon it. His forehead itself was white, feminine, and unmeaning; indeed his complexion was extremely delicate, and looked more so from the raven blackness of his hair. Nothing could be weaker than his features, which were small and regular, but destitute of the least manly expression. His eye was diminutive and unmeaning, indeed coldly black and poor. He gazed around at the crowded court, with the look and the attitude of a person on the stage just about to sing. Indeed the whole bearing of Hunt was such as to convince any person that even his baseness was not to be relied upon, that his self-regard was too deep to make him bear danger for his companions, or to contemplate death while safety could be purchased at any price!

Beside him stood the murderer—complete in frame, face, eye, and daring!—The contrast was singularly striking,—fatal indeed, to the opinion which it created of Thurtell. He was dressed in a plum-coloured frock coat, with a drab waistcoat and gilt buttons, and white corded

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breeches. His neck had a black stock on, which fitted as usual stiffly up to the bottom of the cheek and end of the chin, and which therefore pushed forward the flesh on this part of the face so as to give an additionally sullen weight to the countenance. The lower part of the face was unusually large, muscular, and heavy, and appeared to hang like a load to the head, and to make it drop like the mastiff's jowl. The upper lip was long and large, and the mouth had a severe and dogged appearance. His nose was rather small for such a face, but it was not badly shaped: his eyes too were small, and buried deep under his protruding forehead, so indeed as to defy you to detect their colour. The forehead was extremely strong, bony, and knotted;—and the eyebrows were forcibly marked, though irregular;—that over the right eye being nearly straight, and that on the left turning up to a point, so as to give a very painful expression to the whole face. His hair was of a good lightish brown, and not worn after any fashion. I have been thus particular, because, although I have seen many pictures, I have seen none resembling him in any respect, and I should like to give you some idea of him. His frame was exceedingly well knit and athletic—and if you have ever seen Shelton the prize-fighter, you will have a perfect idea of John Thurtell, even to the power and the stoop of the shoulders. I observed that Thurtell seldom looked at the person with whom he conversed,—for whenever he addressed Wilson, or his solicitor, or a turnkey, he leaned his head sideways to the speaker, but looked straight forward. He had a large bundle of papers and books,—and very shortly after being placed at the bar, he commenced making remarks and penning notes to his counsel and advisers.

The trial commenced, I should conceive, about ten o'clock; for some time was consumed in a fruitless application on the part of Hunt for a further postponement of his trial, to allow of his petitioning the crown for mercy, on the ground of his confession before the magistrates. The Jury were mustered by main strength—and several Hertfordshire yeomen seemed much perplexed at hearing that they were *challenged*:—indeed one or two had taken a comfortable seat in the box, and seemed determined not to be *called out*.

It now fell to Mr. Gurney's lot to detail the case, which he did in a slow, distinct, and concise manner, pretty well in the following words. The Jury listened with an almost breathless attention—and in several of the most appalling parts of his statement,—there was a cold drawing in of the breath, and an involuntary murmur throughout the whole court. The Judge, who had read the depositions, leaned back in his chair at the narrative!

The deceased, whose murder was the subject of the present inquiry, was the late Mr. William Weare—a man, it was said, addicted to play, and, as had been suggested, connected with gaming-houses. Whether he was the best, or the least estimable individual in society, was no part of their present consideration. The prisoner at the bar, John Thurtell, had been his acquaintance, and in some practices of play had, it was said, been wronged by him, and deprived of a large sum of money. The other prisoner, Hunt, was described as being a public singer, and also known to Mr. Weare; but not, as he believed, in ha-

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bits of friendship. Probert, who was admitted as an accomplice, had been in trade a spirit-dealer, and rented a cottage in Gill's-hill-lane, near Elstree. It was situate in a by-lane, going out of the London-road to St. Alban's, and two or three miles beyond Elstree. The cottage of Probert was, it would appear, selected from its seclusion, as the fit spot for the perpetration of the murder. Probert was himself much engaged in London, and his wife generally resided at the cottage, which was a small one, and pretty fully occupied in the accommodation of Mrs. Probert, her sister, (Miss Noyes,) some children of Thomas Thurtell's (the prisoner's brother,) and a maid and boy servant. It should seem, from what had taken place, that the deceased had been invited by John Thurtell, to this place to enjoy a day or two's shooting. It would be proved, that the prisoner Thurtell met the deceased at a billiard-room, kept by one Rexworthy, on the Thursday night previous to the murder. They were joined there by Hunt. On the forenoon of the Friday, he (deceased,) was with Rexworthy at the same place, and said he was going for a day's shooting into the country. Weare went from the billiard-rooms between three and four o'clock to his chambers in Lyon's inn, where he partook of a chop dinner, and afterwards packed up, in a green carpet bag, some clothes, and a mere change of linen, such as a journey for the time he had specified might require. He also took with him when he left his chambers, in a hackney coach, which the laundress had called, a double-barrelled gun, and a backgammon box, dice, &c. He left his chambers in this manner before four o'clock, and drove first to Charing-cross, and afterwards to Madox-street, Hanover-square; from thence he proceeded to the New-road, where he went out of the coach, and returned after some time, accompanied by another person, and took his things away. Undoubtedly the deceased left town on that evening, with the expectation of reaching Gill's-hill cottage; but it had been previously determined by his companions, that he should never reach that spot alive. He would here beg to state a few of the circumstances which had occurred antecedent to the commission of the crime. Thomas and John Thurtell were desirous of some temporary concealment, owing to their inability to provide the bail requisite to meet some charge of misdemeanor, and Probert had procured for them a retreat at Tetsall's, the sign of the Coach and Horses, in Conduit-street, where they remained for two or three weeks previous to the murder. On the morning of Friday, the 24th of October, two men, answering in every respect to the description of John Thurtell and Hunt, went to a pawnbroker's in Mary-le-bone, and purchased a pair of pocket-pistols. In the middle of the same day, Hunt hired a gig, and afterwards a horse, under the pretence of going to Dartford in Kent; he also inquired where he could purchase a sack and a rope, and was directed to a place over Westminster-bridge, which, he was told, was on his road into Kent. Somewhere, however, it would be found, that he did procure a sack and cord, and he met the same afternoon, at Tetsall's, Thomas Thurtell and Noyes. They were all assembled together at the coach and Horses in Conduit-street. When he made use of the names of the two last individuals, he begged distinctly to be understood as saying, that he had no reason to believe that either Thomas Thurtell or Noyes were privy to the guilty purpose of the prisoners. Some conversation took place at the time between the parties, and Hunt was heard to ask Probert if he "would be in it,"—meaning what they (Hunt and John Thurtell) were about. Thurtell drove off from Tetsall's between four and five o'clock to take up a friend, as he said to Probert, "to be killed as he travelled with him;" an expression which Probert said at the time he believed to have been a piece of idle bravado. He requested Probert to bring down Hunt in his own gig. In the course of that evening, the prisoner Thurtell is seen in a gig, with a horse of very remarkable colour. He was a sort of iron grey, with a white face and white legs—very particular marks for identity. He was first seen by a patrole near Edgeware; beyond that part of the road he was seen by the landlord; but from that time of the evening until his arrival at Probert's cottage on the same night, they had no direct evidence to trace him. Probert, according to Thurtell's request, drove Hunt down in his gig, and having a better horse, on the road they overtook

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Thurtell and Weare in the gig, and passed them without notice. They stopped afterwards at some public-house on the road to drink grog, where they believe Thurtell must have passed them unperceived. Probert drove Hunt until they reached Phillimore-lodge, where he (Hunt) got out, as he said by Thurtell's desire, to wait for him. Probert from thence drove alone to Gill's-hill cottage, in the lane near which he met Thurtell, on foot, alone. Thurtell inquired, Where was Hunt, had he been left behind? he then added, that he had done the business without his assistance, and had killed his man. At his desire, Probert returned to bring Hunt to the spot, when he (Probert) went to Hunt for that purpose. When they met, he told Hunt what had happened. "Why, it was to be done here," said Hunt (pointing to nearer Phillimore-lodge,) admitting his privity, and that he had got out to assist in the commission of the deed. When Thurtell rebuked Hunt for his absence; "Why (said the latter,) you had the tools." "They were not good," replied Thurtell; "the pistols were no better than pop-guns. I fired at his cheek, and it glanced off"—that Weare ran out of the gig, cried for mercy, and offered to return the money he had robbed him of—that he (Thurtell) pursued him up the lane, when he jumped out of the gig. Finding the pistol unavailing, he attempted to reach him by cutting the penknife across his throat, and ultimately finished him by driving the barrel of the pistol into his head, and turning it in his brains, after he had penetrated the forehead. Such was the manner in which Thurtell described himself to have disposed of the deceased, and they would hear from Probert what he said on the occasion. A gig was about that time heard to drive very quickly past Probert's cottage. The servant-lad expected his master, and thought he had arrived; but he did not make his appearance. Five minutes after that period, certain persons, who would be called in evidence, and who happened to be on the road, distinctly heard the report of a gun or pistol, which was followed by voices, as if in contention. Violent groans were next heard, which, however, became fainter and fainter, and then died away altogether. The spot where the report of the pistol and the sound of groans were heard, was Gill's-hill-lane, and near it was situated the cottage of Probert. They had now, therefore, to keep in mind, that Thurtell arrived at about nine o'clock in the evening at Probert's cottage, having set off from Conduit-street at five o'clock; and though he had been seen on the road in company with another person in the gig, yet it appeared that he arrived at the cottage alone, having in his possession the double-barrelled gun, the green carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, which Mr. Weare took away with him. He gave his horse to the boy, and the horse appeared to have sweated, and to be in a cool state, which corroborated the fact that he had stopped a good while on his way. He left Conduit-street, it should be observed, at five, and arrived at the cottage at nine—a distance which under ordinary circumstances, would not have occupied more than two hours. The boy inquired after Probert and Hunt, and was told that they would soon be at the cottage. At length, a second gig arrived, and those two persons were in it. They rode, while Thurtell, who went to meet them, walked with them. The boy, having cleaned his master's horse, then performed the same office for the horse of Thurtell, which occupied a good deal of time. Probert went into the house. Neither Thurtell nor Hunt was expected by Mrs. Probert. With Thurtell she was acquainted; but Hunt was a stranger, and was formally introduced to her. They then supped on some pork chops, which Hunt had brought down with him from London. They then went out, as Probert said, to visit Mr. Nicholls, a neighbour of his; but their real object was to go down to the place where the body of Weare was deposited. Thurtell took them to the spot down the lane, and the body was dragged through the hedge into the adjoining field. The body was, as he had previously described it to be, enclosed in a sack. They then effectually rifled the deceased man, Thurtell having informed his companions, that he had, in the first instance, taken part of his property. They then went back to the cottage. It ought to be stated, that Thurtell, before he went out, placed a large sponge in the gig; and when he returned from this expedition, he went to the stable and sponged himself with great care. He endeavoured to remove

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the spots of blood, many of which were distinctly seen by Probert's boy; and certainly such marks would be observable on the person of any one who had been engaged in such a transaction. In the course of the evening Thurtell produced a gold watch without a chain, which occasioned several remarks. He also displayed a gold curb chain, which might be used for a watch, when doubled; or, when singled, might be worn round a lady's neck. On producing the chain, it was remarked that it was more fit for a lady than a gentleman; on which Thurtell pressed it on Mrs. Probert, and made her accept it. An offer was afterwards made, that a bed should be given to Thurtell and Hunt, which was to be accomplished by Miss Noyes giving up her bed, and sleeping with the children. This was refused, Thurtell and Hunt observing, that they would rather sit up. Miss Noyes, therefore, retired to her own bed. Something, however, occurred, which raised suspicion in the mind of Mrs. Probert; and, indeed, it was scarcely possible, if it was at all possible, for persons who had been engaged in a transaction of this kind to avoid some disorder of mind—some absence of thought that was calculated to excite suspicion. In consequence of observing those feelings, Mrs. Probert did not go to bed, or undress herself. She went to the window and looked out, and saw that Probert, Hunt, and Thurtell, were in the garden. It would be proved that they went down to the body, and, finding it too heavy to be removed, one of the horses was taken from the stable. The body was then thrown across the horse; and stones having been put into the sack, the body, with the sack thus rendered weighty by the stones, was thrown into the pond. Mrs. Probert distinctly saw something heavy drawn across the garden where Thurtell was. The parties then returned to the house; and Mrs. Probert, whose fears and suspicions were now most powerfully excited, went down stairs and listened behind the parlour door. The parties now proceeded to share the booty; and Thurtell divided with them to the amount of 6*l.* each. The purse, the pocket-book, and certain papers which might lead to detection, were carefully burned. They remained up late; and Probert, when he went to bed, was surprised to find that his wife was not asleep. Hunt and Thurtell still continued to sit up in the parlour. The next morning, as early as six o'clock, Hunt and Thurtell were both seen out, and in the lane together. Some men who were at work there, observed them, as they called it, "grabbling" for something in the hedge. They were spoken to by these men, and as persons thus accosted must say something, Thurtell observed, "that it was a very bad road, and that he had nearly been capsized there last night." The men said, "I hope you were not hurt." Thurtell answered, "Oh no, the gig was not upset," and they then went away. These men, thinking something might have been lost on the spot, searched after Hunt and Thurtell were gone. In one place, they found a quantity of blood, further on they discovered a bloody knife, and next they found a bloody pistol—one of the identical pair which he would show were purchased by Hunt. That pistol bore upon it the marks of blood and of human brains. The spot was afterwards still further examined, and more blood was discovered, which had been concealed by branches and leaves, so that no doubt could be entertained that the murder had been committed in this particular place. On the following morning, Saturday, the 25th of October, Thurtell and Hunt left Probert's cottage in the gig which Hunt had come down in, carrying away with them the gun, the carpet-bag, and the backgammon-board, belonging to Mr. Weare. These articles were taken to Hunt's lodgings, where they were afterwards found. When Hunt arrived in town on Saturday, he appeared to be unusually gay. He said, "We Turpin lads can do the trick. I am able to drink wine now, and I will drink nothing but wine." He seemed to be very much elevated at the recollection of some successful exploit. It was observed, that Thurtell's hands were very much scratched, and some remark having been made on the subject, he stated, "that they had been out netting partridges, and that his hands got scratched in that occupation." On some other points, he gave similarly evasive answers. On Sunday, John Thurtell, Thomas Thurtell, Noyes, and Hunt, spent the day at Probert's cottage. Hunt went down dressed in a manner so very shabby, as to excite observation. But in the course of the

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day he went up stairs, and attired himself in very handsome clothes. There was very little doubt that those were the clothes of the deceased Mr. Weare. He had now to call the attention of the jury to a very remarkable circumstance. On the Saturday Hunt had a spade sent to his lodgings, which he took down to the cottage on Sunday. When he got near Probert's garden, he told that individual, "that he had brought it down to dig a hole to bury the body in." On that evening, Probert did really visit Mr. Nicholls; and the latter said to him, "that some persons had heard the report of a gun or pistol in the lane, on Friday evening; but he supposed it was some foolish joke." Probert, on his return, stated this to Thurtell and Hunt, and the information appeared to alarm the former, who said, "he feared he should be hanged." The intelligence, however, inspired them all with a strong desire to conceal the body effectually. Probert wished it to be removed from his pond; for, had it been found there, he knew it would be important evidence against himself. He declared that he would not suffer it to remain there; and Thurtell and Hunt promised to come down on the Monday, and remove it. On Monday, Thurtell and Hunt went out in the gig, and in furtherance of that scene of villany which they meditated, they took with them Probert's boy. They carried him to various places, and finally lodged the boy at Mr. Tetsall's, in Conduit-street. On the evening of that same Monday, Hunt and Thurtell came down to the cottage. Hunt engaged Mrs. Probert in conversation, while Thurtell and Probert took the body out of the pond, put it into Thurtell's gig, and then gave notice to Hunt that the gig was ready. In this manner they carried away the body that night; but where they took it to, Probert did not know. It appeared, however, that the body was carried to a pond near Elstree, at a considerable distance from Probert's cottage, and there sunk, as it had before been in Probert's pond, in a sack containing a considerable quantity of stones. Hunt and Thurtell then went to London; and the appearance of the gig the next morning clearly told the way in which it had been used over night; a quantity of blood and mud being quite perceptible at the bottom. The parties heard that the report of the pistol in the lane on the Friday evening, and the discovery of the blood in the field, had led to great alarm amongst the magistracy. Inquiry was set on foot, and Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert were at length apprehended. It was found that Hunt had adopted a peculiar mode for the purpose of concealing his identity; for when he was hiring the gig, and doing various other acts connected with this atrocious proceeding, he wore very long whiskers; but on the Monday after the murder, he had them taken off; and they all knew that nothing could possibly alter the appearance of a man more than the taking away of large bushy whiskers. Strict inquiries were made by the magistrates, but nothing was ascertained to prove to a certainty who was murdered. The body was, however, found on the Thursday, Hunt having given evidence as to the place where the body was deposited. The evidence which Hunt gave, and which led to the finding of the body, he would use: but no other fact coming out of his mouth, save that, would he advert to. He was entitled, in point of law, to make use of that. The fact only of the disclosure by Hunt, in consequence of which the body was discovered, was he permitted to make use of; and to that alone, so far as Hunt's confession went, he would confine himself. But by reference to his conversations with others, and to various circumstances not adverted to by him, he was convinced that he should be enabled to establish a perfect and complete chain of evidence. He had now stated the principal part of the facts which it would be his duty to lay before the jury. Some of them, they must observe, would depend on the evidence of an accomplice; for Probert, though not an accomplice *before* the murder, was confessedly privy to a certain part of the transaction—to the concealment of the body—to the concealment, consequently, of the murder. He must be looked upon as a bad, a very bad man. He was presented to the jury in that character. What good man could ever lend himself, in the remotest degree, to so revolting a transaction? An accomplice must always be, in a greater or less extent, a base man. The jury would therefore receive the evidence of Probert with extreme caution; and they would mark, with peculiar attention, how far his evidence

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was confirmed by testimony that could not be impeached. But he would adduce such witnesses in confirmation of Probert's statement—he would so confirm him in every point, as to build up his testimony with a degree of strength and consistency which could not be shaken, much less overturned. He would prove by other witnesses besides Probert, that Thurtell set out with a companion from London, who did not arrive at the ostensible end of his journey; he would prove that he had brought the property of that companion to Probert's house, the double-barrelled gun, the backgammon-board, and the green carpet-bag; he would prove, that some time before he arrived at the cottage, the report of a gun or pistol was heard in Gill's-hill-lane, not far from the cottage; he would prove that his clothes were in a bloody state; and that, when he was apprehended, even on the Wednesday after the murder, he had not been able to efface all the marks from his apparel. Besides all this, they would find, that in his pocket, when apprehended, there was a penknife which was positively sworn to as having belonged to Mr. Weare, and also the fellow pistol of that which was found adjoining the place where the murder was committed,—the pair having been purchased in Mary-le-bone-street by Hunt. These circumstances brought the case clearly home to Thurtell. Next as to Hunt. He was charged as an accomplice before the fact. It was evident that he advised this proceeding. For what purpose, but to advise, did he proceed to the cottage? He was a stranger to Mrs. Probert and her family; he was not expected at the cottage. There was not for him, as there was for Thurtell, an apology for his visit. He hired a gig, and he procured a sack—the jury knew to what end and purpose. They would also bear in mind, that the gun, travelling-bag, and backgammon-board were found in his lodging. These constituted a part of the plunder of Mr. Weare, and could only be possessed by a person participating in this crime. Besides, there was placed about the neck of Probert's wife, a chain, which had belonged to Mr. Weare, and round the neck of the murdered man there was found a shawl, which belonged to Thurtell, but which had been seen in the hands of Hunt. In giving this summary of the case, he had not stated every circumstance connected with it. His great anxiety was, not to state that which he did not firmly believe would be borne out by evidence. One circumstance he had omitted, which he felt it necessary to lay before the jury. It was, that a watch was seen in the possession of Thurtell, which he would show belonged to Mr. Weare. After Thurtell was apprehended, and Hunt had said something on the subject of this transaction, an officer asked Thurtell what he had done with the watch? He answered that, "when he was taken into custody, he put his hand behind him and chucked it away." Thurtell also made another disclosure. He said, when questioned, "that other persons, near the spot, were concerned in it, whom he forbore to mention." As to Thurtell, the evidence would, he believed, clearly prove him to have been the perpetrator of the murder; and with respect to Hunt, it was equally clear that he was an accessary before the fact.

I have to the best of my ability given you the circumstances as detailed by Mr. Gurney, and have omitted his preliminary remarks and observations as to evidence. You have now the case before you as it was made out by the witnesses, whose examinations therefore I shall suppress—with the exception of those of Mr. and Mrs. Probert, which are too interesting and curious to allow of omission. Before I come to these, however, I must have your leave to describe a few of the witnesses, and to relate the effect which occasionally I remarked their evidence to have upon the prisoners.

The officers and constables gave their accounts plainly, firmly, and ungrammatically, as gentlemen in their line generally do; and Mr. Ward, the surgeon of Watford, described the injuries of the deceased in a very intelligent manner, in spite of Mr. Platt, whose questions might have



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pozed the clearest heads. When Ruthven was called, there was a great stir in the court, as it was known that he had in his possession several articles of great interest. He took his place in the witness box, and in the course of his examination deposited on the table a pistol, and a pistol-key, a knife, a muslin handkerchief spotted with blood,—a shirt, similarly stained; and a waistcoast, into the pockets of which bloody hands had been thrust. A coat and hat marked with blood were also produced. These all belonged to Thurtell, and he looked at them with an eye of perfect indifference. Ruthven then produced several articles belonging to the deceased, the gun, the carpet bag, and the clothes;—there was the shooting jacket, with the dog-whistle hanging at the button hole, the half dirty leggings, the shooting shoes, the linen: and yet the sight of these things had no effect on either of the prisoners.

Symmonds the constable, when sworn, took from his pocket a white folded paper, which he carefully undid, and produced to the court the fatal pistol with which the murder had been committed. It was a blue steel-barrelled pistol, with brass about the handle; the pan was opened, as the firing had left it, and was smeared with the black of gunpowder and the dingy stain of blood. The barrel was bloody, and in the muzzle a piece of tow was thrust, to keep in the horrid contents, the murdered man's brains. Against the back of the pan were the short curled hairs, of a silver sabled hue, which had literally been dug from the man's head: they were glued to the pan firmly with crusted blood!—This deadly and appalling instrument made all shudder, save the murderers, who on the contrary looked unconcernedly at it, and I should say their very unconcern, when all others were thrilled, was guilt!

Thomas Thurtell, when called seemed affected—and his brother seemed calm. Miss Noyes was very plain and very flippant. Rexworthy, the billiard-table keeper, spoke of his dead friend with great decision; but the brother of Weare was truly shocked, and his sincere grief exposed the art and trickery of many serious and hysterical witnesses. The landlords were all thorough-bred landlords, sleek, sly and rosy. Mr. Field of the Artichoke, with a head which Rexworthy could have *cannoned* off, was a very meek kindly tapster. His little round head, with a little round nose to suit, a domestic nose, that would not quit the face, with a voice thin as small ale, was right pleasant to behold. The ostlers were *rather* overtaken,—all except he of the stable in Cross Street, Jem Shepherd, a thin, sober, pert fellow, who said all he knew clean out. Old John Butler, of the Bald Faced Stag, had steadied himself with very heavy liquor, and he contrived to eject his evidence out of his smock frock with tolerable correctness. Dick Bingham, another hero of the pitchfork, was quite *undisguised*, and he seemed to be confident and clear in proportion to the cordials and compounds.

Little Addis, Probert's boy, was a boy of uncommon quickness and pretty manner. He was a nice ingenuous lad. When you saw his youth, his innocence, his pretty face and frankness, you shuddered to think of the characters he had associated with, and the scenes he had witnessed. His little artless foot had kicked up the bloody leaves; he had seen the

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stains fresh on the murderer's clothes. His escape from death was miraculous!

The cook, Susan Woodroofe, had no prepossessing appearance. She had no great skill too in language. Like Dan in John Bull, who when asked if he ever *deviated*, said,—No!—he always *whistled*:—she in speaking of the supper, when Mr. Bolland asked her if it was *postponed!* she replied—No! It was *pork!*

When Probert was called, he was ushered through the dock into the body of the court. The most intense interest at his entering the witness box was evidently felt by all persons, in which indeed even the prisoners joined. Hunt stood up, and looked much agitated:—Thurtell eyed the witness sternly and composedly. Probert was very well dressed; and had a pair of new gloves on. He did not seem the least ashamed of his situation, but stood firmly up to answer Mr. Gurney, who very solemnly prefaced his examination, with charging him to tell the whole truth. The face of Probert is marked with deceit in every lineament. The eyes are like those of a vicious horse, and the lips are thick and sensual. His forehead recedes villanously in amongst a bush of grizzly black hair—and his ears project out of the like cover. His head and legs are too small for his body, and altogether he is an awkward, dastardly, and a wretched-looking animal. He gave the following account with no hesitation, or shame, and stood up against Mr. Andrwes's exposure with a face of brass. Indeed he seems to fear nothing but death or bodily pain. His grammar was very nearly as bad as his heart.

I occupied a cottage in Gill's-hill-lane six months before October last; my family consisted of Mrs. Probert, her two sisters (Misses Noyes,) part of the summer a servant maid and a boy; in the month of October, only one Miss Noyes lived with us. In October also I had some children of Thomas Thurtell's, two—none of my own. T. Thurtell is a brother of the prisoner's. I have been for some time past acquainted with the prisoner, John Thurtell: he had been down to my cottage often, sporting with me; he knew the road to my cottage, and all the roads thereabouts, well. Gill's-hill-lane, in which my cottage was, was out of the high road to St. Alban's, at Radlett; my cottage was about a quarter of a mile from my high road. My regular way to the cottage would be to go along the high road through Radlett; there was a nearer way, but that was my usual way. My cottage was fourteen miles and a quarter from Tyburn turnpike. In the latter end of October, the week in which this happened, the prisoner John Thurtell, lodged at Tetsall's, the Coach and Horses, in Conduit Street; Thomas Thurtell lodged there also. They were there every day that week. On Friday the 24th, I dined at Tetsall's with John Thurtell and Hunt; Thomas Thurtell and Noyes were there also. After dinner, Thurtell said something to me about money. Four days previous to the 24th, I borrowed 10*l.* from John Thurtell; he then said, you must let me have it back on the Thursday or Friday; on the Thursday I saw him at Mr. Tetsall's, and he asked me if I had got the 10*l.*; I told him I had not; I had not collected any money. He said, I told you I should want it to-day or to-morrow, else it will be 300*l.* out of my pocket; but if you will let me have it to-morrow, it will answer the same purpose. On the next day (Friday) I paid him 5*l.* I borrowed 5*l.* of Mr. Tetsall; that was after dinner. He then said, I think I shall go down to your cottage to-night; are you going down? and asked me if I could drive Hunt down. I said "yes." He said, I expect a friend to meet me this evening a little after five, and if he comes I shall go down. If I have an opportunity I mean to do him, for he is a man that has robbed me of several hundreds. He added, I have told Hunt where to stop. I shall want him about a mile and a half beyond Elstree. If I should not go down, give Hunt a pound—which I did. Hunt had just come in, and Thurtell said, "There Joe, there's a pound; if Probert don't come, hire a horse, you know where to stop for me." I do not know that Hunt made any answer; I gave him twenty shillings in silver; Thur-

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tell left the Coach and Horses almost immediately, in a horse and chaise; it was a gray horse; I believe Hunt brought the horse and chaise; Thurtell left a little after five. I afterwards set off to go in my own gig; I took Hunt with me. When I came to the middle of Oxford Street, Hunt got out of the gig to purchase a loin of pork, by my request, for supper. When we came to the top of Oxford Street, Hunt said, "This is the place Jack is to take up his friend at." In our way down we overtook Thurtell, about four miles from London. Hunt said to me, "There they are; drive by, and take no notice." He added, "It's all right; Jack has got him." There were two persons in the gig—Thurtell and another; I passed them and said nothing. I stopped at a public-house called the Bald-faced Stag, about seven miles from London, two miles short of Edgware. It was then perhaps, a quarter to seven. When Hunt said "It's all right," I asked him what was his name? Hunt replied, "You are not to know his name; you never saw him; you know nothing of him." I got out at the Bald-faced Stag; I supplied the house with spirits. Hunt walked on, and said, "I'll not go in, because I have not returned the horse-cloths I borrowed." I stopped about twenty minutes; I then drove on, and overtook Hunt about a quarter of a mile from Edgware. I took him up, and we drove to Mr. Clarke's, at Edgware. We had a glass of brandy and water. I should think we did not stop ten minutes; we went into the bar. We stopped a little further in Edgware; and and bought half a bushel of corn; I was out of corn at home; I put it in the gig. Hunt then said, "I wonder where Thurtell is: he can't have passed us." We then drove on to the Artichoke, kept by Mr. Field. We got there within about eight minutes of eight. Neither I nor Hunt got out. We had four or five glasses of brandy and water, waiting for the express purpose of Thurtell coming up; we thought we heard a horse and chaise, and started; I think we stopped more than three quarters of an hour at Elstree. We went about a mile and a half, to Mr. Phillimore's Lodge, to wait for Thurtell. Hunt said, I shall wait here for John Thurtell, and he got out on the road. I drove on through Radlett, towards my own cottage; when I came near my own cottage, within about a hundred yards, I met John Thurtell; he was on foot; he says "Hollo! where's Hunt?" I said I had left him waiting near Phillimore's Lodge for him; John Thurtell said to that, "Oh, I don't want him now, for I have done the trick;" he said he had killed his friend that he had brought down with him; he had ridded the country of a villian, who had robbed him of three or four hundred pounds!" I said, "Good God! I hope you have not killed the man?" and he said "It's of no consequence to you, you don't know him, nor you never saw him; do you go back and fetch Hunt, you know best where you left him!" I returned to the place where I left Hunt, and found him near the spot where I left him. Thurtell did not go. I said to Hunt, when I took him up, "John Thurtell is at my house—he has killed his friend;" and Hunt said, "Thank God, I am out of it; I am glad he has done it without me; I can't think where the devil he could pass; I never saw him pass any where, but I'm glad I'm out of it." He said, "This is the place we was to have done it," (meaning near Phillimore's Lodge;) I asked him who the man was, and he said "You don't know him, and I shall not tell you;" he said it was a man that had robbed Jack of several hundred pounds, and they meant to have it back again; by that time I had reached my own house; John Thurtell stood at the gate; we drove into the yard; Hunt says, "Thurtell where could you pass me?" Thurtell replied, "It don't matter where I passed you, I've done the trick—I have done it;" Thurtell said, "What the devil did you let Probert stop drinking at his d—d public houses for, when you knew what was to be done?" Hunt said, "I made sure you were behind or else we should not have stopped;" I then took the loin of pork into the kitchen and gave it to the servant to cook for supper. I then went into the parlour and introduced Hunt to Mrs. Probert; he had never been there before. Thurtell followed immediately; we had stopped in the yard a little time before we went in. I returned to the parlour and told Mrs. Probert we were going to Mr. Nicholls' to get leave for a day's shooting; before we went out Thurtell took a sack and a cord with him. We then went down the lane, I carried the lantern: as we went along Thurtell said, "I began to think, Hunt, you would not come." Hunt said "We made sure you were behind." I walked foremost; Thurtell said, "Probert, he is just beyond the second turning." When he came to the second turning he said it is a little further on. He at length said, "This is the place." We then looked about for a pistol and knife, but could not find either; we got over the hedge and there found the body lying; the head was bound up in a shawl, I think a red one (here the shawl already produced, was shown to witness;) I can't say that is the shawl.

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Thurtell searched the deceased's pockets, and found a pocket-book containing three five pound notes, a memorandum book, and some silver. John Thurtell said, "This is all he has got, I took the watch and purse when I killed him." The body was then put into a sack, head foremost; the sack came to the knees, and was tied with a cord; it was the sack John Thurtell had taken out of the gig; we then left the body there and went towards home. Thurtell said, "When I first shot him he jumped out of the gig and ran like the devil, singing out that 'he would deliver all he had if I 'd only spare his life.'" John Thurtell said, "I jumped out of the gig and ran after him; I got him down, and began to cut his throat, as I thought, close to the jugular vein, but I could not stop his singing out; I then jammed the pistol into his head; I gave it a turn round, and then I knew I had done him." He then said to Hunt. "Joe, you ought to have been with me, for I thought at one time he would have got the better of me. These d—d pistols are like spits, they are of no use." Hunt said, "I should have thought one of those pistols would have killed him dead, but you had plenty of tools with you;" we then returned to the house and supped. In the course of the evening, after supper, John Thurtell produced a handsome gold watch; I think double cased; it had a gold chain attached to it. He took off the chain and offered to make Mrs. Probert a present of it, saying it was more fit for a lady than a gentleman. Mrs. Probert refused for some time, but at length accepted of it. He put the watch and seal in his pocket; we had no spare bed that night; I asked when they would go to bed. I said my sister would sleep with Thomas Thurtell's children, and that they could have her bed. They answered they would sleep on the sofa. Hunt sang two or three songs after supper; he is a professional singer. Mrs. Probert and Miss Noyes went to bed between twelve and one. When they were gone, John Thurtell took out a pocket-book, a purse, and a memorandum-book; the purse contained sovereigns; I can't say how many. He took 15*l.* in notes from the pocket-book, and gave Hunt and myself a 5*l.* note and a sovereign each, saying—"that 's your share of the blunt." There were several papers in the books; they and the purse and books were burnt; a carpet bag was opened. Thurtell said it had belonged to the man he had murdered; it contained wearing apparel and shooting materials; they were examined and put in again; I think two or three silk handkerchiefs were left out; there was also a back-gammon board, containing dice and cards; I also saw a double-barrelled gun; It was taken out of a case and looked at; all the things were taken away next day in a gig, by Thurtell and Hunt. After this, Thurtell said, "I mean to have Barber Beaumont and Woods;" Barber Beaumont is a director of a fire office with which John Thurtell had some dispute; Woods is a young man in London who keeps company with Miss Noyes. It was a general conversation, and I cannot recollect the particulars: he might have mentioned other names, but I can't recollect them. Thurtell said to Hunt, "We must now go out and fetch the body, and put it in the pond." I said, "By G—d, you shan't put it in the pond, you'll be my ruin else." There is a pond in my ground. Thurtell said, "Had it not been for the mistake of Hunt I should have killed him in the other lane, and returned to town and inquired of his friends why he had not come." First, only Thurtell and Hunt went out; when they came back, Hunt said, "Probert, he is too heavy, we can't carry him; we have only brought him a little way." Thurtell said, "Will you go with us? I'll put the bridle on my horse and fetch him." I went out to the stable with him, and left Hunt waiting near the gate. Thurtell's horse was brought out, and Thurtell and I went down and brought the body on the horse; Hunt did not go with us. We took the body to Mr. Wardle's field, near my gate. Hunt took the horse back to the stable, and came back to the garden, and we dragged the body down the garden to the pond: we put some stones in the sack, and threw the body into the pond. The man's feet were perhaps half a foot above the water; John Thurtell got a cord, threw it round the feet, and gave me the other end, and I dragged it into the centre of the pond, and it sunk. We all three returned to the cottage, and I went to bed almost immediately. I found my wife up; next morning, I came down about nine o'clock. Thurtell said, in presence of Hunt, that they had been down the lane, to look for the pistol and knife, but neither could be found. They asked me to go down the lane and seek them, in the course of the day; which I promised to do. When I went down the lane, I saw a man at work near the spot, so I took no notice. That morning they went away after breakfast. On Sunday they came down again; and Thomas Thurtell and Mr. Noyes came also. Thomas Thurtell and Hunt came in a gig. Hunt brought a new spade with him. He said it was to dig a grave for the deceased that he brought it. Hunt returned with the gig after setting down Thomas Thurtell, and brought John Thurtell and Noyes in the chaise. Hunt was very dirtily dressed

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when he came down, and went up stairs to change. When he came down, he was well dressed—in almost new clothes. Hunt said the clothes belonged to the deceased; he told me had thrown a new spade over the hedge into my garden; I saw it afterwards; it was a new spade. John Thurtell and I walked to the pond. He asked me if the body had risen? I said, no; and he said it would lay there for a month. In the afternoon Hewart called, and I went with him to Mr. Nicholls'. On my return, I told Thurtell and Hunt that Mr. Nicholls had told me that some one had fired a pistol or gun off in Gill's-hill-lane on Friday night, and that there were cries of murder, as though some one had been killed. He said it was about eight o'clock, and added, "I suppose it was done by some of your friends to frighten each other." John Thurtell said, "then I am baked." I said, "I am afraid it 's a bad job, as Mr. Nicholls seems to know all about it; I am very sorry it ever happened here, as I fear it will be my ruin." Thurtell said, "never mind Probert, they can do nothing with you." I said the body must be immediately taken out of my pond again. Thurtell said, "I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Probert; after you are all gone to bed, Joe and I will take the body up and bury it." Hunt was present at this. I told them that would be as bad, if they buried it in the garden. John Thurtell said, "I'll bury him where you nor no one else can find him." As John Thurtell was going into the parlour, Hunt said, "Probert, they can do nothing with you or me, even if they do find it out, as we were neither of us at the murder." Thurtell and Hunt sat up all that night; I, Noyes, and Thomas Thurtell, went to bed. Thomas Thurtell slept with his children. In the morning, John Thurtell and Hunt said they went to dig a grave, and the dogs were barking all night, and they thought some one was about the ground. John Thurtell said, "Joe and I will come down to-night and take him quite away, and that will be better for you altogether." Thomas Thurtell and Hunt, and my boy, Addis, went away in one chaise after breakfast, and John Thurtell, Thomas Noyes, and Miss Noyes in another. The boy was sent to town to be out of the way. That evening John Thurtell and Hunt came again in a gig about nine; they took supper; after supper, John Thurtell and I went to the stable, leaving Hunt talking to Mrs. Probert. Thurtell said, "Come, let 's get the body up; while Hunt is talking to Mrs. Probert, she will not suspect." We went to the pond, and got the body up; we took it out of the sack, and cut the clothes all off it. We left the body naked on the grass, and returned to the parlour; we then went to the stables, and John Thurtell went to his gig, and took out a new sack and some cord; we all three returned to the pond, and put the body head-foremost into the sack; we all three carried it to the lower garden gate; we left Hunt waiting with the body, while Thurtell and I went round the pond. I carried the bundle of clothes, and threw it into the gig; we then put the horse to, and Thurtell said, "we had better leave the clothes here, Probert, there is not room for them." The clothes were left, and the body was put into the gig. I refused to assist them in settling the body in the gig. They went away. I next morning, burnt some of the clothes, and threw the rest away in different places. I was taken into custody on the Tuesday evening after they went away.*

* I am able on pretty good authority, to hand you the following statement as made by Probert, previously to his being admitted evidence. You will see how he has softened the blasphemy—for I believe there is not one oath here which he did not put down. The words in Italics are alterations which he made when he understood he was to be admitted. Are they not prudent additions?

"When I got to Phillimore's Lodge, Hunt said, "I must get out here, for this is the place I was to have rode the single horse to, if you had not come down." I said, *as he was getting out*, "What do you mean by stopping here?"—"Why I am going to wait here for John Thurtell."—I said, "What can you want to wait here for John Thurtell, when he knows the way to my place." He said, "I shall wait here, and you must go on." I continued for at least five minutes endeavouring to persuade him to go on with me.—He said he would not, and turned short round and walked back towards London. I then drove on home, and met John Thurtell within about a hundred yards of my own house. John Thurtell said, "Where 's Hunt?" I said, "I have left him at Phillimore's Lodge, waiting for you." "Damn his stupid blood, did he think I was going to be all night upon the road. The fact is, I don't want him now, for I have killed my friend." *I said, "Good God, I hope you have not killed any person, much more a friend."* He said, "Oh, it 's the damned thief that robbed me of *my* three hundred pounds. Will you go back and fetch Hunt, as you know where you have put him down best. I shall not go in your house till you

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Mrs. Probert is by no means possessed of "a well-favoured face."—It has a good and a *constant* colour, which in moments of great grief and hysteric passion, is a great comfort—but her forehead is ill-shaped and large—and her sly grey eyes have a wildness which I should be loth to confide in. She gave her evidence drop by drop, and not then without great *squeezing*. Every dangerous question overcame her agitated nerves, and she very properly took time to recover before she answered. Her *sudden* vehement and tearful joy at the safety of her husband was late but timely; for, to my certain knowledge, Mr. Nicholson had informed her of it on the 5th of December, just one month before her hysterics. In truth, my dear friend, so abominable a farce never was played off in a Court of Justice; but it had its effect, for it touched his Lordship and made Mr. Gurney weep!—This was the sum of her evidence.

I remember the night of the 24th of October, when Mr. John Thurtell and Mr. Hunt came to Gill's-hill-cottage, to have heard the sound of a gig passing my cottage. It was about eight o'clock, I think. The bell of our cottage was rung nearly an hour after. After that ringing nobody came into our house. My husband came home that night nearly at ten. I came down stairs, found Mr. Probert, John Thurtell, and a stranger, in the parlour. My husband introduced that stranger as Mr. Hunt to me. I saw John Thurtell take out a gold chain, which he showed to me. It was a gold watch chain with a great deal of work about it; it was such a chain as this, I think (the chain was shown her.) He offered to make it a present to me; I refused it for some time, and at last he gave it to me (she was shown the box and chain produced by the constable at Watford.) I recollect giving that box and the chain to the constable, in the presence of the magistrates. When I and Miss Noyes went up stairs, we left John Thurtell, Hunt, and Mr. Probert in the room. I did not go to bed immediately; I went from my room to the stairs to listen; I leaned over the banisters. What I heard in leaning over the banisters, was all in a whisper. What I heard at first was, I thought, about trying on clothes. The first I heard was, "This, I think, will fit you very well." I heard a noise like a rustling of papers on the table: I heard also something like the noise of papers thrown in the fire. I afterwards went up to

come back." I then went after Hunt, and met him just beyond Mr. Phillimore's Lodge. As soon as he saw me he came to the gig and got up. I said, "Good God! Hunt, John Thurtell says he has killed the gentleman he brought down with him." "Well," said he, "I am glad I am out of it, but d—n his eyes he meant to have killed him here, that is what I got out for. D—n his eyes he has robbed Thurtell of three hundred pounds, and we meant to have had it back again. *I was to have rode a horse here, but finding you was coming down, Jack said, you might as well drive me down, for a d—d fool like you would not suspect murder.*" By this time I had got home and said, "By God you should neither of you come to my house if I had known this had been the case." Hunt said, "Why d—n it, it can make no difference to you; you don't know the man." When we got into the yard, *I was horror-struck, and went into the stable, not knowing what to do for fear: while there I heard* Hunt say, "Where the devil did you pass me, Jack?" Thurtell said, "I don't know where the hell I passed you—why the devil did you let that Probert stay guzzling at his public-houses, when you knew what was to be done? Suppose he had got the best of me—I then should have got baked." "Why Jack, you know you had got the tools to do it, and might have killed two or three such as him." "Why," said he, "those blasted pistols were of no use—they are like squibs. I shot him in the face, and he jumped out of the gig, and ran like hell, and I after him. He kept singing out, Jack, I'll give you all the money back I won of you, but don't take my life. I got hold of him, took out my knife, and gave him a cut, as I thought, about the jugular vein, but that did not stop his singing out. I then laid hold of the pistol and jammed it right into his head, and turned it round, then I knew I had done him. *I have just dragged him through the hedge, and we must go and fetch him presently. I shall call the lane Turpin's Lane, and if ever you split (meaning me) you must expect the same fate.*"—Hunt said, "Have you got the kick all right, for that's what we must now look to?"

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my own chamber. Out of doors I saw something; I looked from my window, and saw two gentlemen go from the parlour to the stable; they led a horse out of the stable, and opened the yard gate and let the horse out. Some time after that I heard something in the garden; I heard something dragged, as it seemed, very heavily; it appeared to me to come from the stable to the garden; the garden is near the back gate; it was dragged along the dark walk; I had a view of it, when they dragged it out of the dark walk; it seemed very large and heavy; it was in a sack. It was after this I heard the rustling of papers, and the conversation I have described. After the sack was dragged out of the dark walk, I had a view of it until it was half way down the walk to the pond. I had a good view of it so far. After this I heard a noise like a heap of stones thrown into a pit, I can't describe it any other way; it was a hollow sound. I heard, besides what I have before mentioned, some further conversation. The first I heard was, I think, Hunt's voice; he said, "let us take a *5l.* note each." I did not hear Thurtell say any thing; then—I am trying to recollect—I heard another voice say, "we must say there was a hare thrown up in the gig on the cushion—we must tell the boy so in the morning." I next heard a voice, I can't exactly say whose, "we had better be off to town by four or five o'clock in the morning;" and then, I think, John Thurtell it was, who said, "We had better not go before eight or nine o'clock;" and the parlour door then shut, I heard John Thurtell say also (I think it was his voice,) "Holding shall be next." I rather think it was Hunt who next spoke; he asked, "Has he (Holding) got money?" John Thurtell replied, "It is not money I want, it is revenge; it is," said John Thurtell, "Holding who has ruined my friend here." I did not at first understand who this friend was; I believe it meant, Mr. Probert, my husband, I cannot say whether Holding had any thing to do in the transaction of my husband's bankruptcy. "It was Holding," said John Thurtell, "who ruined my friend here, and destroyed my peace of mind." My husband came to bed about half-past one or two o'clock; I believe it was; I did not know exactly the hour.

At the close of the evidence for the Crown, although in answer to his Lordship's inquiry, the jury decided on going through the case;—they revoked that decision at the desire of John Thurtell; who strongly but respectfully pressed on their attention the long and harassing time he had stood at that bar; and begged for a night's cessation to recruit his strength previous to his making his defence. Hunt said nothing:—but Thurtell's manner was too earnest to admit of denial, and the Court adjourned—an officer having been sworn to keep the jury apart from all persons.

I should not have omitted to mention an admirable piece of presence of mind and by-play which Thurtell showed towards Clarke the publican, who had been an old acquaintance: on Clarke's turning to bow to him when he entered the witness box, in which he was about to speak to the prisoner's identity;—Thurtell received the bow with a look of ignorant wonder,—and elevated his eye-brows as though to say, "How! bow to me!—I know you not." This could but have been instantaneous, but the intention of the prisoner was evident, and the trick was inimitably well performed.

At half-past ten at night we were allowed to return to our houses and our food:—at half-past seven in the morning, we were again wedged together in the same court.

Thurtell, with the exception of a white kerchief round the neck, was dressed as on the previous day;—he looked as though he had passed a good night; and yet he must have been busy in the brain through all the dark hours!—There was a more sallow paleness on Hunt's face,—and less care seemed to have been taken in the arrangement of his court-dress.

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The jury were re-assembled—and the trial proceeded.

Ruthven and Thomas Thurtell were recalled on some trifling points—and in a short time, Mr. Justice Park informed John Thurtell, that he was ready to hear any observations he had to make. Thurtell intimated, in a murmur to Wilson, which Wilson interpreted to the Court, that he wished his witnesses to be examined first, as though he thought their evidence would interfere with his eloquence; but this was refused, as being contrary to the practice.

Thurtell now seemed to retire within himself for half a minute—and then slowly,—the crowd being breathlessly silent and anxious,—drawing in his breath, gathering up his frame, and looking very steadfastly at the jury, he commenced his defence.—He spoke in a deep, measured, and unshaken tone;—accompanying it with a rather studied theatrical action.

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,—Under greater difficulties than ever man encountered, I now rise to vindicate my character and defend my life. I have been supported in this hour of trial, by the knowledge that my cause is heard before an enlightened tribunal, and that the free institutions of my country have placed my destiny in the hands of twelve men, who are uninfluenced by prejudice, and unawed by power. I have been represented by the press, which carries its benefits or curses on rapid wings from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, as a man more depraved, more gratuitously and habitually profligate and cruel, than has ever appeared in modern times. I have been held up to the world as the perpetrator of a murder, under circumstances of greater aggravation, of more cruel and premeditated atrocity, than it ever before fell to the lot of man to have seen or heard of. I have been held forth to the world as a depraved, heartless, remorseless, prayerless villain, who had seduced my friend into a sequestered path, merely in order to despatch him with the greater security—as a snake who had crept into his bosom only to strike a sure blow—as a monster, who, after the perpetration of a deed from which the hardest heart recoils with horror, and at which humanity stands aghast, washed away the remembrance of my guilt in the midst of riot and debauchery. You, gentlemen, must have read the details which have been daily, I may say hourly, published regarding me. It would be requiring more than the usual virtue of our nature to expect that you should entirely divest your minds of those feelings, I may say those creditable feelings, which such relations must have excited; but I am satisfied, that as far as it is possible for men to enter into a grave investigation with minds unbiassed, and judgments unimpaired, after the calumnies with which the public mind has been deluged—I say, I am satisfied, that with such minds and such judgments, you have this day assumed your sacred office. The horrible guilt which has been attributed to me, is such as could not have resulted from custom, but must have been the innate principle of my infant mind, and have 'grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.' But I will call before you gentlemen whose characters are unimpeachable, and whose testimony must be above suspicion, who will tell you, that the time was when my bosom overflowed with all the kindly feelings, and even my failings were those of an improvident generosity and an unsuspecting friendship. Beware, then, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. Do not suffer the reports which you have heard to influence your determination. Do not believe that a few short years can have reversed the course of nature, and converted the good feelings which I possessed into the spirit of malignant cruelty to which only demons can attain. A kind, affectionate, and religious mother directed the tender steps of my infancy, in the paths of piety and virtue. My rising youth was guided in the way that it should go by a father whose piety was universally known and believed—whose kindness and charity extended to all who came within the sphere of its influence. After leaving my paternal roof, I entered into the service of our late revered monarch, who was justly entitled the "father of his people." You will learn from some of my honourable companions, that while I served under his colours, I never tarnished their lustre. The country which is dear to me I have served. I have fought for her. I have shed my blood for her. I feared not in the open field to shed the blood of her declared foes. But oh! to suppose that on that account I was ready to raise the assassin's arm against my friend, and with that view to draw him into secret places for his de-



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struction—it is monstrous, horrible, incredible. I have been represented to you as a man who was given to gambling, and the constant companion of gamblers. To this accusation, in some part, my heart, with feeling penitence, pleads guilty. I have gambled. I have been a gambler, but not for the last three years. During that time I have not attended or betted upon a horse-race, or a fight, or any public exhibition of that nature. If I have erred in these things, half of the nobility of the land have been my examples; some of the most enlightened statesmen of the country have been my companions in them. I have indeed been a gambler—I have been an unfortunate one. But whose fortune have I ruined?—whom undone?—My own family have I ruined—I have undone myself! At this moment I feel the distress of my situation. But, gentlemen, let not this misfortune entice your verdict against me. Beware of your own feelings, when you are told by the highest authority, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things. Beware, gentlemen, of an anticipated verdict. It is the remark of a very sage and experienced writer of antiquity, that no man becomes wicked all at once. And with this, which I earnestly request you to bear in mind, I proceed to lay before you the whole career of my life. I will not tire you with tedious repetitions, but I will disclose enough of my past life to inform your judgments; leaving it to your clemency to supply whatever little defects you may observe. You will consider my misfortunes, and the situation in which I stand—the deep anxiety that I must feel—the object for which I have to strive. You may suppose something of all this; but oh! no pencil, though dipped in the lines of heaven, can portray my feelings at this crisis. Recollect, I again entreat you, my situation, and allow something for the workings of a mind little at ease; and pity and forgive the faults of my address. The conclusion of the late war, which threw its lustre upon the fortunes of the nation generally, threw a gloomy shadow over mine. I entered into a mercantile life with feelings as kind, and with a heart as warm, as I had carried with me in the service. I took the commercial world as if it had been governed by the same regulations as the army. I looked upon the merchants as if they had been my mess-companions. In my transactions I had with them, my purse was as open, my heart as warm, to answer their demands, as they had been to my former associates. I need not say that any fortune, however ample, would have been insufficient to meet such a course of conduct. I, of course, became the subject of a commission of bankruptcy. My solicitor, in whom I had foolishly confided as my most particular friend, I discovered, too late, to have been a traitor—a man who was foremost in the ranks of my bitterest enemies. But for that man, I should still have been enabled to regain a station in society, and I should have yet preserved the esteem of my friends, and, above all, my own self-respect. But how often is it seen, that the avarice of one creditor destroys the clemency of all the rest, and for ever dissipates the fair prospect of the unfortunate debtor. With the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas Oliver Springfield, I obtained the signature of all my creditors to a petition for superseding my bankruptcy. But just then, when I flattered myself that my ill fortune was about to close—that my blossoms were ripening—there came "a frost—a nipping frost." My chief creditor refused to sign unless he was paid a bonus of 300*l.* upon his debt beyond all the other creditors. This demand was backed by the man who was at the time his and my solicitor. I spurned the offer—I awakened his resentment. I was cast upon the world—my all disposed of—in the deepest distress. My brother afterwards availed himself of my misfortune, and entered into business. His warehouses were destroyed by the accident of a fire, as has been proved by the verdict of a jury on a trial at which the venerable Judge now present presided. But that accident, unfortunate as it was, has been taken advantage of in order to insinuate that he was guilty of crime, because his property was destroyed by it, as will be proved by the verdict of an honest and upright jury in an action for conspiracy, which will be tried ere long before the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. A conspiracy there was—but where? Why, in the acts of the prosecutor himself, Mr. Barber Beaumont, who was guilty of suborning witnesses, and who will be proved to have paid for false testimony. Yes; this professed friend of the aggrieved—this pretended prosecutor of public abuses—this self-appointed supporter of the laws, who panders to rebellion, and has had the audacity to raise its standard in the front of the royal palace—this man, who has just head enough to contrive crime, but not heart enough to feel its consequences—this is the real author of the conspiracy, which will shortly undergo legal investigation. To these particulars I have thought it necessary to call your attention, in language which you may think perhaps too warm—in terms not so measured, but that they may incur your reproof. But—

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"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
"The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

You have been told that I intend to decoy Woods to his destruction; and he has said that he saw me in the passage of the house. I can prove, by honest witnesses, fellow-citizens of my native city of Norwich, that I was *there* at that time; but, for the sake of an amiable and innocent female, who might be injured, I grant to Mr. Woods the mercy of my silence. When, before this, did it ever fall to the lot of any subject to be borne down by the weight of calumny and obloquy which now oppresses me? The press, which ought to be the shield of public liberty, the avenger of public wrongs—which, above all, should have exerted itself to preserve the purity of its favourite institution, the trial by jury—has directed its whole force to my injury and prejudice; it has heaped slander upon slander, and whetted the public appetite for slanders more atrocious; nay more, what in other men would serve to refute and repel the shaft of calumny, is made to stain with a deeper die the villanies ascribed to me. One would have thought, that some time spent in the service of my country would have entitled me to some favour from the public under a charge of this nature. But no; in my case the order of things is changed—nature is reversed. The acts of times long since past have been made to cast a deeper shadow over the acts attributed to me within the last few days; and the pursuit of a profession, hitherto held honourable among honourable men, has been turned to the advantage of the accusation against me. You have been told that after the battle, I boasted of my inhumanity to a vanquished, yielding, wounded enemy—that I made a wanton sacrifice of my bleeding and supplicating foe, by striking him to the earth with my cowardly steel; and that, after this deed of blood, I coldly sat down to plunder my unhappy victim. Nay, more—that with folly indescribable and incredible, I boasted of my barbarity as of a victory. Is there an English officer, is there an English soldier, or an English man, whose heart would not have revolted with hatred against such baseness and folly? Far better, gentlemen, would it have been for me, rather than have seen this day, to have fallen with my honourable companions, stemming and opposing the tide of battle upon the field of my country's glory. Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name, and shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!—Before I recur to the evidence brought against my life, I wish to return my most sincere thanks to the High Sheriff and the Magistrates for their kindness shown to me. I cannot but express my unfeigned regret at a slight misunderstanding which has occurred between the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the visiting magistrate, and my solicitor. As it was nothing more than a misunderstanding, I trust the bonds of friendship are again ratified between us all. My most particular gratitude is due to the Rev. Mr. Franklin, whose kind visits and pious consolations have inspired me with a deeper sense of the awful truths of religion, and have trebly armed my breast with fortitude to serve me on this day. Though last, not least—let me not forget Mr. Wilson, the governor of the prison, and the fatherly treatment which he has shown me throughout. My memory must perish ere I can forget his kindness. My heart must be cold ere it can cease to beat with gratitude to him, and wishes for the prosperity of his family.

* * * * *

Here the prisoner read a long written comment on the weaker parts of the evidence;—the stronger and indeed the decisive parts, he left untouched. This paper was either so ill-written, or Thurtell was so imperfect a reader, that the effect was quite fatal to the previous flowery appeal to the Jury. He stammered, blundered, and seemed confused throughout; until he came to the Percy Anecdotes, from which he preached some very tedious instances of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence.—When he finished his books and laid aside the paper, he seemed to return with joy and strength to his memory,—and to muster up all his might for the peroration:—

"And now, gentlemen, having read those cases to you, am not I justified in saying, that unless you are thoroughly convinced that the circumstances before you are absolutely inconsistent with my innocence, I have a claim to your verdict of acquittal? Am I not justified in saying, that you might come to the conclusion that all

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the circumstances stated might be true, and yet I be innocent? I am sure, gentlemen, you will banish from your minds any prejudice which may have been excited against me, and act upon the principle that every man is to be deemed innocent until he is proved guilty. Judge of my case, gentlemen, with mature consideration, and remember that my existence depends upon your breath. If you bring in a verdict of guilty, the law afterwards allows no mercy. If upon a due consideration of all the circumstances you shall have a doubt, the law orders, and your own consciences will teach you to give me the benefit of it. Cut me not off in the summer of my life! I implore you, gentlemen, to give my case your utmost attention. I ask not so much for myself as for those respectable parents whose name I bear, and who must suffer in my fate. I ask it for the sake of that home which will be rendered cheerless and desolate by my death. Gentlemen, I am incapable of any dishonourable action. Those who know me best, know that I am utterly incapable of an unjust and dishonourable action, much less of the horrid crime with which I am now charged. There is not, I think, one in this court who does not think me innocent of the charge. If there be—to him or them, I say in the language of the Apostle, "Would to God ye were altogether such as I am, save these bonds." Gentlemen, I have now done. I look with confidence to your decision. I repose in your hands all that is dear to the gentleman and the man! I have poured my heart before you as to my God! I hope your verdict this day will be such as you may ever after be able to think upon with a composed conscience; and that you will also reflect upon the solemn declaration which I now make—I—am—innocent!—So—help—me—God!

The solid, slow, and appalling tone in which he wrung out these last words, can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it: he had worked himself up into a great actor—and his eye for the first time during the trial became alive and eloquent; his attitude was impressive in the extreme. He clung to every separate word with an earnestness, which we cannot describe, as though every syllable had the power to buoy up his sinking life,—and that these were the last sounds that were ever to be sent into the ears of those who were to decree his doom! The final word, God! was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy,—and he stood after its utterance with his arms extended, his face protruded, and his chest dilated, as if the spell of the sound were yet upon him, and as though he dared not move lest he should disturb the still echoing appeal! He then drew his hands slowly back,—pressed them firmly to his breast, and sat down half exhausted in the dock.

When he first commenced his defence, he spoke in a steady artificial manner after the style of Forum orators,—but as he warmed in the subject and felt his ground with the jury, he became more unaffectedly earnest and naturally solemn—and his mention of his mother's love and his father's piety, drew the tear up to his eyes almost to falling. He paused—and, though pressed by the Judge to rest, to sit down, to desist, he stood up resolute against his feelings, and finally, with one vast gulp, swallowed down his tears! He wrestled with grief, and threw it! When speaking of Barber Beaumont, the *tiger* indeed came over him, and his very voice seemed to escape out of his keeping. There was such a savage vehemence in his whole look and manner, as quite to awe his hearers. With an unfortunate quotation from a play, in which he long had acted too bitterly,—the Revenge! he soothed his maddened heart to quietness, and again resumed his defence, and for a few minutes in a doubly artificial serenity. The tone in which he wished that he had died in battle, reminded me of Kean's farewell to the pomp of war in Othel-

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lo—and the following consequence of such a death, was as grandly delivered by Thurtell as it was possible to be! "Then my father and my family, though they would have mourned my loss, would have blessed my name; and *shame would not have rolled its burning fires over my memory!*" Such a performance, for a studied performance it assuredly was, has seldom been seen *on* the stage, and certainly never *off*. Thus to act in the very teeth of death demands a nerve, which not one man in a thousand ever possesses.

When Hunt was now called upon for his defence (Thurtell's poor group of five witnesses having been examined) his feeble voice and shrinking manner were doubly apparent, from the overwrought energy which his companion had manifested. He complained of his agitation and fatigue, and requested that a paper which he held in his hand might be read for him: and the clerk of the arraigns read it according to his request in a very feeling manner. It was prudently and advisedly composed; but Mr. Harmer is no novice at murderers' defences. Reliance was placed on the magistrate's promise, and certainly Mr. Noel did not come brightly out of Hunt's statement.

When the paper was concluded, Hunt read a few words on a part of Probert's evidence, in a poor dejected voice, and then leaned his wretched head upon his hand. He was evidently wasting away minute by minute. His neckcloth had got quite loose, and his neck looked gaunt and wretched.

Mr. Justice Park summed up at great length, and Thurtell with an untired spirit superintended the whole explanation of the evidence; interrupting the Judge, respectfully but firmly, when he apprehended any omission, or conceived any amendment capable of being made. The charge to the Jury occupied several hours—and the Jury then requested leave to withdraw. Hunt at this period became much agitated, and as he saw them about to quit the box, he entreated leave to address them,—but on his counsel learning and communicating to the Judge what the prisoner had to say, the Jury were directed to proceed to the consideration of their verdict.

During their absence, Thurtell conversed unalarmed with persons beneath and around him: Hunt stood up in the deepest misery and weakness. Twenty minutes elapsed; and the return of the Jury was announced!

Whilst way was making through the throng, Hunt leaned over the dock, and searched with an agonized eye for the faces of his dooms-men! As they, one by one, passed beneath him, he looked at their countenances with the most hungry agony: he would have devoured their verdict from their very eyes! Thurtell maintained his steadiness.

The foreman delivered the verdict of "guilty" in tears, and in a tone which seemed to say, "we have felt the defence—we have tried to find him innocent—but the evidence is too true!"—respecting Thurtell, he uttered with a subdued sigh, "He is guilty!"

A legal objection was taken to the day of trial, but it failed.

Thurtell shook not to the last: Hunt was broken down,—gone! when asked why sentence of death should not be passed, the latter said nothing,

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so sunk was he in grief; but Thurtell stood respectfully up, inclining over the dock towards the Judge, requesting his merciful postponement of his death from the Friday to Monday; not for himself, but for his friends! Having pressed this on the Judge in a calm yet impressive tone,—he stood silently waiting his doom.

The Judge had put on his black hat—the hat of death, before this appeal; he heard it—and then gave the signal to the crier; who spoke out to the breathless court, those formal yet awful words: "*Be silent in the court, while sentence of death is passed upon the prisoners!*" His own voice being the only sound that broke the silence.

The sentence was passed. The prisoners were doomed. The world was no longer for them!

Hunt sobbed aloud in the wildness of his distress; his faculties seemed thrown down. Thurtell, whose hours were numbered, bore his fate with an unbroken spirit. While the very directions for his body's dissection were being uttered, he consumed the pinch of snuff which had to that moment been pausing in his fingers! He then shook hands with a friend under the dock, and desired to be remembered to others! Almost immediately the sentence was passed, Wilson handcuffed both the prisoners: and in a few minutes they were removed.

I confess I myself was shaken. I was cold and sick. I looked with tumultuous feelings at that desperate man, thus meeting death, as though it were an ordinary circumstance of his life; and when he went through the dark door, he seemed to me gone to his fate. It struck me that death then took him! I never saw him more.

There is the trial, as I saw it. You know that Thurtell on the drop met his death as he met his trial, without a tremor.* His life had been one long vice, but he had iron nerves and a sullen low love of fame,—even black fame,—which stimulated him to be a hero, though but of the gallows. He had learned his defence by heart,† and often boasted of the effect it would have: To Peirce Egan, indeed, he rehearsed it a month before he played his part in public, and he thought that, with a gentlemanly dress and a pathetic manner, it would bring him through, or, at least, ensure him a gloomy immortality. His ordinary discourse was slang and blasphemy; but he chained up his oaths in court. The result of all this masquerading, for a short time, has been public sorrow for his fate, and particularly among women! The re-action is, however, again coming round, and although it is impossible not to admire this man's courage and his intellect; it is also as impossible not to rejoice in the death of so much revenge, cruelty, and bloody power! Hunt may yet be punished with a pardon: How must he envy Thurtell now, whose death is over!

The trial, after all, I believe, has left the public mind much dissatisfied, and in doubt; and certainly the general opinion is, that Probert,

* I know it to be a fact that Thurtell said about seven hours only before his execution, "It is perhaps wrong in my situation, but I own I should like to read Pierce Egan's account of the Great Fight yesterday," (meaning that between Spring and Langan.) He had just inquired how it terminated.

† I have no doubt this defence was written by Mr. C. Pearson.

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the worst and the most dastardly of the gang, has improperly escaped. That he merited death, who can deny? That he knew all at Tetsall's, who disbelieves? I have already carried this letter to an unexampled length, but I cannot close it, without putting down the result of a very careful consideration of, and inquiry into the matter. And seeing how unsatisfactorily the accounts and confessions before and at the trial dove-tail with each other, I cannot resist hazarding a *supposition* that the following may be nearer the truth of the particulars of this horrible transaction.

Thurtell, with a person resembling Weare, in a gig drawn by a roan horse, is seen by Wilson, the horse patrol, driving fast on the wrong side of the road, between the fifth and sixth mile-stone, about twenty minutes before seven. At a very little before seven, Richard Bingham, the ostler of the White Lion, at Edgeware, sees him and his victim. Then about a mile further on, (nine miles from town) Clarke, the landlord of the inn, sees Thurtell pass with another in a gig, in which was also a parcel or bag. The last time the murderer and Weare are seen, is in Gill's-hill-lane, near Probert's cottage, by James Freeman. They were then waiting, probably for the arrival of Probert and Hunt, but the sight of Freeman disturbed Thurtell, and he drove down the lane to the place where the crime was perpetrated.—This was a little *before* eight o'clock.

It should seem that the hour appointed for the murder, was eight o'clock; all the circumstances conspire to prove it. This accounts for the rapid pace of Thurtell down the Edgeware-road, he supposing himself late; and the waiting about of Probert, who thought himself beforehand. Thurtell passed Probert unawares in Edgeware.

The first time Probert and Hunt are seen, after leaving London, is at the Red Lion at the Hyde about six o'clock, and Probert seems to have wished to impress on the landlord's (Harding's) mind who he was, for he said, "You forget me, my name is Probert." Hunt next got down before Probert reached the Bald-faced Stag, where the latter was familiarly known; here Probert told the ostler to make haste as he had to take up a *Lady*. They are next recognised at the White Lion at Edgware about seven o'clock, to which place Clarke had just returned, having seen Thurtell. The horse of Probert, which is a very fine one, and capable of going eleven or twelve miles an hour with ease, was quite cool and fresh. This both Clarke and Bingham well remember. Probert and Hunt drank brandy and water here in the gig, and Hunt then jumped out and proposed a second glass each, to which Probert consented, saying "I don't care, but *damn it, make haste!*" Hunt here looked up at the clock as though to mark the time: at this period Clarke is sure that it was not later than a quarter past seven. The White Lion is three miles only from the Artichoke at Elstree. And *it was nearly twenty minutes after eight when Probert and Hunt arrived there—Probert's fine horse very much distressed and bathed in sweat.* Thus one hour is consumed in going the three miles! And the horse experiences such distress in travelling them! How is this to be accounted for? Let me try to explain it;—And now I must come to the place of murder.

About *five minutes before the report of the pistol* in the lane, a gig

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was heard by some cottagers, of the name of Hunt, passing rapidly by their house towards Gill's-hill-lane. Other cottagers, named Clarke and Broughall, who live on the straight road, beyond the turning into Gill's-hill-lane, heard no gig pass, so it must have gone into the lane. About five minutes after this gig was heard to go by, Mr. Smith, the farmer, his wife and nurse, who were about three hundred yards from the spot in another lane, heard the pistols and Smith himself had indeed heard the wheels of a gig coming in the direction from Hunt's Cottage. They all listened and heard groans, but no shrieking or *singing out*. Mr. Smith indeed heard voices as in contention before the groans. The nurse also now heard *voices* distinctly *of two or three persons*, though the groans had ceased! All then became still—And a gig was afterwards heard rattling off.

The supposed track of the wheels, as described by Mrs. Smith, ran into the high road between Radlett and Elstree. It is not impossible for a gig to have gone a considerable way toward Elstree, then to have turned and taken a circuit by Aldenham Common, and so turning again to the left round the Red Lion at Elstree, to have reached the Artichoke with the appearance of coming from London.

Of course the party would only be seen at Elstree once,—it was possible therefore for a gig to have gone to Gill's-hill-lane through Stanmore, over Stanmore Common, Calldecott Hill, by Hill Field Lodge, and so on to Battler's Green. Probert was not seen at Elstree until nearly *twenty minutes after eight*. The return must have been rapid, and the appearance of the horse, who was cool at Edgeware and could trot ten or eleven miles an hour easily, bears it out. In confirmation of the supposed *route* by Aldenham Common back to Elstree, a poor woman of the name of Mary Hale, says she heard a gig "tearing by," in front of her cottage, the horse apparently galloping. This she says was between eight and nine.

From this statement I should say all three were at Gill's-hill-lane on the fatal night and at the fatal hour of eight o'clock. The confessions rendered all attempts at proving an *alibi* needless; although this seems to have been the object in view.

You must by this time be as tired of the Murderers as I am, and I therefore abruptly close here, praying that it may be long before the English character is again cursed with such blights upon it as Thurtell, Probert and Hunt.

Yours truly,

EDWARD HERBERT.

## THE DELUGE.*

THERE is probably no science at the present day that holds out more tempting problems, or has more curious secrets in store, than geology.

* Reliquiæ Diluvianæ, or Observations on the Organic Remains, &c., attesting the Action of a Universal Deluge, by the Reverend William Buckland, 4to. 1823.

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Some years ago it was the object of a very unreasonable jealousy among theologians; and yet it has happened in this as in other cases, that what was thought to threaten serious consequences to religion, promises ultimately to furnish new arguments for its truth. In the case before us, it has, we may say, already placed beyond the reach of controversy a great physical fact, resting almost solely on the testimony of the Scriptures, which was sometimes perhaps felt as a stumbling block by divines, and was long made a subject of derision by the infidel wits of the last century —we mean the general deluge. Professor BUCKLAND's book is extremely curious: and though calculated chiefly for men of science, will be found perfectly intelligible and very interesting by ordinary readers. He had CUVIER's researches to furnish him with lights and supply him with materials; but by fixing his attention on a single class of phenomena, he has been able to carry his investigation a step beyond those of that celebrated naturalist in some points, and he has arrived at conclusions highly singular and very satisfactory. We have no doubt that, by pursuing the path which CUVIER and BUCKLAND have traced out, we shall ultimately come to know almost every thing worth knowing, respecting the physical condition of the antidiluvian world. Nay, it is not at all improbable that we shall at some future period have a better idea of the social state of our antidiluvian progenitors than if the pillars of Seth, with a key to their inscriptions, were at this moment in the cells of the British Museum.

All are aware how perfect a picture of ancient life is preserved in the ruins of Pompeii, where a whole generation, young and old surprised by a sudden catastrophe, and reduced to skeletons, remain as if fixed by a magician's wand in the various attitudes of private and busy life, in the midst of their implements of industry, or of their ancient most domestic ornaments. There are in the bowels of the earth thousands of concealed chambers, which furnish a similar picture of animal life, and tell us of the character and habits of races now extinct, which inhabited its surface before man was formed, or which contended with him for dominion after he was called into existence. Such is the cave in Yorkshire examined by Mr. BUCKLAND. The flood which destroyed its inhabitants had closed its natural entrance with a deep covering of soil, till it was laid open by artificial operations in 1821. Excepting in those parts where the percolating moisture had deposited stony concretions, its surface, unvisited by air or rain, remained exactly as it was on the day when the waters retired. As the phenomena of this cave formed the ground-work of all Mr. BUCKLAND's speculations, we shall shortly describe it.

It is situated in the breast of a limestone rock, at Kirkdale, in the north-east part of Yorkshire, about 80 feet above the bed of a neighbouring rivulet, and far beyond the reach of modern floods. It is 245 feet long, from two to six feet wide, and from two to seven feet high. Its bottom is covered to the depth of a foot with a stratum of soft loamy clay, whose surface is quite smooth and almost perfectly horizontal, as if deposited by water. Its roof and sides are partly coated with Stalactites, or stony concretions formed by the superficial moisture filtering through



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the rock, charged with calcareous matter; and the same matter has in some parts extended itself from the sides over the upper surface of the earthly deposite at the bottom, like a crust of ice over a muddy pool. These calcareous concretions, when they depend from the roof, are called Stalactites, and when they lie on the bottom, Stalagmites. The stratum of loam or mud is thickly interspersed with teeth and jawbones, and other bones of animals, in a state of great comminution, all mixed together, and some of them sticking through the Stalagmitic crust, like twigs through the ice of a pond. These bones lie thickest at the bottom of the muddy deposite; they are generally well preserved, and in no degree mineralised. The animals to which they belong are the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, weasel, ox, deer, rabit, water-rat, mouse, and some birds—all except, perhaps, the wolf and fox, thought to be of extinct species, but nearly allied in character to those now existing. In the neighbourhood of this cave was found another (at Kirby Moorside) with a similar deposite of mud, six feet thick, at the bottom, but without a single fossil bone. There are many caves in other parts of England and in Germany which present similar phenomena; but without attending to these in the meantime, we shall state the inferences deducible from the facts ascertained with regard to the Kirkdale cave, strengthened and confirmed as they are by a multitude of analogous facts.

1st. That cave, which is far above modern floods, had its natural entrance shut till 1821, and as the organic remains belong to *extinct* species, they must have been deposited there under an order of things different from the present. 2. The fossil bones could not be those of animals which lodged in the cave, because it is too small to admit the oxen, horses, elephants, rhinoceroses to which a part of them belong. 3. Neither could they be washed in by a flood, because scarcely one rolled stone or pebble is to be found mixed with them; and though they are in a state of extreme comminution, such as it would require long agitation to produce, they are not water worn or deprived of their angles. 4. They must, therefore, have consisted of the bones of animals which lived and died in the neighbourhood, and which were carried into the cave by some other animals that inhabited it. 5. From the circumstance that only the teeth and hardest parts of the bones remain, the tenant of the cave must have been an animal that devoured bones. Now, the existing hyæna has this quality. Bones are its favourite food, and it rejects only the teeth and such hard bones and portions of bones as are found remaining here. When we add, that the fossil relics of the hyæna are not only found in the cave, but are in such abundance as to indicate the existence of 200 or 300 individuals of various ages, and that the dung of this animal, and of no other, is found among the loam, the proof is almost irresistible that this was an Antidiluvian hyæna's den, inhabited by a succession of these animals for many centuries. When we combine with the phenomena of the cave, what was previously known with regard to the multitude of fossil remains, some of them entire skeletons, belonging to the elephant, rhinoceros, bear, &c. found under the alluvial soil, over all England, France, Germany, Russia, and Siberia, it is equally incontestable that

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the remains of these animals found in Kirkdale cave, were not brought by the ocean from tropical climates, but belonged to individuals which had lived and died in the neighbourhood, as the same species then inhabited England generally, and all the north of Europe and Asia. The weaker creatures, such as the fox, deer, weasel, rabbit, we may suppose were seized and carried in alive; the large ruminant animals, whose bones are very numerous, were probably killed and dragged in piecemeal; and as for the stronger quadrupeds, such as the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, the voracious tenant of the cave would content himself with carrying off portions of their carcases when they died a natural death.

Mr. BUCKLAND, was so zealous as to make a visit to the celebrated caves in the Hartz Forest and Franconia, whose organic remains have attracted so much attention. The interior of these ancient repositories harmonised remarkably with the caves in England. And a comparison of the whole led Mr. BUCKLAND to detect a striking coincidence in an important point, which had been little or not at all attended to before. He observed in all the caves, without acception, one, and only one, horizontal bed of loam or mud in the bottom, sometimes with, sometimes without pebbles, serving as a matrix to the fossil bones where there were any, varying from one or two to twenty or thirty feet in thickness, and and in almost all cases covered partly or wholly with that crust of Stalagmite which is every day increasing under our eyes. The level surface of this deposite shows clearly that it has been formed by water. As it covers not merely the cavities of the bottom, but every ledge of flat surface on which it could lie, however elevated, the water must have filled the whole cavity ; and as there never is a second bed of loam above the Stalagmitic incrustations, it is plain that the waters had never visited the caves a second time—that in short there had most certainly been *one great flood, and only one.* We cannot enter much into details, but we think Professor BUCKLAND has made out this important conclusion in a manner extremely satisfactory.

Let us now for the sake of simplicity take the Kirkdale cave, and consider particularly the matter that covers its bottom. Let us figure a low narrow chamber of an indefinite length in the limestone rock, and four or five feet wide. The rocky bottom of this cavity, where laid bare, is found in some places worn smooth, as if with the feet of beasts. At other parts it is covered with a Stalagmitic crust, proceeding from the sides, but only in small quantity, and containing no animal remains. Above this is found some other calcareous incrustations, enclosing teeth and fragments of bone. Above this again lies a stratum or deposite of mud, a foot thick, enveloping a multitude of teeth and small bones. And this is covered by a newer crust of Stalagmite, resting on the surface of the mud, sometimes forming a floor from side to side, and which crust is daily increasing by new infiltrations. Nearly the same arrangement of parts is common to all the caves; and it clearly refers to four chronological periods. 1. A period when the cave was uninhabited, but dry as at present, and when calcareous incrustations spread themselves over its bottom. The small quantity of this primitive Stalagmite shows that the

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period was short. 2. A period when the cave was inhabited by a succession of hyænas whose bones and the bones of their prey were thickly strewed over the bottom, and a small part of them enveloped in the stony concretions, still continuing to form. The period as well as the former was evidently antidiluvian. The quantity of the animal remains, and especially the number of hyænas which must have inhabited the cave, show that the succession of these tenants must have run through a long period. It is worthy of remark, too, that the undermost bones, which had lain longest exposed, are most decayed; and it is curious, that while the under sides of some of these (as found *in situ*) retain their original roughness, the upper sides are smoothed as if from the paws or sides of an animal passing over, or reposing on them. 3. A period when a great inundation took place; and the waters, charged with the detritus of the land, deposited a sediment of mud upon the bones, which enclosed them like a matrix, the lowest part being most loaded with the animal remains, as might be expected. 4. A period since the waters retired, and during which the upper crust of Stalagmite has been, and still continues to be formed. From the quantity of this calcareous matter, we infer that the period since the retiring of the waters is longer than the 1st or 2d periods. And as a second deluge, had one occurred, would assuredly have deposited a second stratum of mud above the upper Stalagmitic floor, the total absence of such a deposite seems to show conclusively that no more that one deluge has occurred since the caves were formed. At a future era, from careful observations on the existing rate of increase of these concretions, and from other data, we shall perhaps be able to fix with considerable certainty the length of each period, and to determine a multitude of other problems of a most interesting kind. Neither man, nor any creature analogous to man, has yet been found in these antidiluvian repositories. But when the lights of science have penetrated Chaldea and Assyria, the primeval seats of the human race, we shall perhaps find the *ipsa corpora* of the first race of mankind, embalmed in the bitumen of Mesopotamia, or the calcareous deposits of Mount Ararat. We shall then know the stature and form—and some future CUVIER will even tell us the habits, characters, and whole animal economy—of those men who lived a thousand years, and begat sons and daughters.

We have not space or time to follow our author into his other curious inquiries. He inclines to the opinion that the climate of the antidiluvian world was different from that under which we live. But he holds, upon good grounds, that the sea and land occupied generally the same positions as at present. He has rendered the proofs of a universal deluge more distinct and satisfactory; he has furnished us with some new data for calculating the duration of relative eras, marked out by great physical changes; and he has decisively set aside the opinion to which CUVIER seems to have inclined, that the earth has been subjected to the action of a great inundation more than once since the consolidation of the newest rocky strata. We cannot conclude, however, without adding, that the book is well written, and considering the style in which it is got up, and the number of plates remarkably cheap.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A RESIDENCE IN CHILI.*

CHILI, after accomplishing a revolution as early as 1810, became, in the progress of the wars of South America, a sort of battle ground, which was warmly contested on the one hand by the patriots, from Buenos Ayres, and on the other by the royalists from Lima. In the end the sanguinary battles of *Chacabuco* and *Maypee*, in which the armies of these distant regions met, led to the entire occupation of Chili by the patriots, and the Royalists have been called upon to defend the last remaining territory of the king of Spain in the wide extent of South America,—the territory of Lima itself. In the strife for ascendency the importance of Chili has been strongly manifested. Its fine climate, its fertile soil, its rich resources made it not less an object of consequence than its local position, by which it became a point whence the conqueror might assail the vanquished with advantage.

Chili is bounded on the north by the desert of Atacama and Peru, on the west by the Pacific ocean, on the south by the river Biobio and Avanco, and on the east by the states of the basin of La Plata at the eastern foot of the Andes. The capital of Chili is Santiago, sometimes called Chili only, its Indian name. The country, since it became an independent republic, has been governed by a supreme Director, and a senate composed of five persons. The population is estimated at two hundred and fifty, or three hundred thousand souls.

The writer of this journal arrived at Chili in the American ship Canton, in August 1817, soon after the sanguinary battle of *Chacabuco*, in which *San Martin* and *O'Higgins*, with an army from *Buenos Ayres*, had entirely destroyed the royal forces under *Sambruno*. The wreck of the defeated royalists fled to *Talcahuano*, a sea port on the Pacific, where they fortified themselves, and succeeded in repelling the assault of the patriots, until a re-enforcement arrived from Lima. During the whole of this siege and assault of Talcahuano and afterwards until the battle of *Maypee* the writer, it appears, was detained by the royalists, the vessel in which he arrived having been seized and the cargo taken possession of by them. After the battle of *Maypee* he resided with the patriots. His long stay in the country, the various journeys he made, as well as the deeply interesting incidents then occurring, all conspired to render a narrative, if tolerably executed, attractive: and we have perused the journal with much interest and satisfaction. We shall refer our readers to the book itself for the details it furnishes of the vicissitudes of the war, and of the perils of the writer; and select some of his notices of the remarkable particulars in the character of this country and its inhabitants.

* Journal of a residence in Chili. By a young American, detained in that country, during the revolutionary scenes of 1817-18-19. Boston. Wells and Lilly. 1823. Pp. 237.

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"In Chili, they know but three seasons, Summer, Winter, and Spring; which last commences the middle of August. There is not one in hundreds that knows that the seasons are computed differently in any quarter of the globe. There is but little variation in their years one with another, and their crops can always be calculated upon with certainty. They never suffer from drought and their spring rains are never so abundant as to drown the seeds in the earth. Their evergreens are of course beautiful at all seasons and wild flowers of every variety spring up in August in all directions. The soil is almost uniformly of a reddish brown colour, free from stones, rich, and never requires manuring. Wheat in some places in the province has produced one hundred and thirty fold. This and wine are their staple commodities, and but little attention is given to any thing else. Peaches, apples, and quinces are found in all directions mixed with forest trees and shrubs and are no doubt indigenous. The wine is sent to market in the skins of different animals upon mules, and is preserved in large earthen jars some of which will contain two or three pipes. The price of pure wine in the country is about twenty cents a gallon. Skins here supply the place of almost all the improvements in husbandry of older countries. In the country almost all the articles of domestic use are composed of skins, which serve them without curing for a great part of their clothing, for shoes, ropes, twine, thread, bags, barrels, bottles, &c."

One of the most curious subjects of observation is the different degree of estimation in which different materials and productions are held in one country and another in proportion to their relative scarcity and abundance. Here to light her fire in the morning the cook will gather a bundle of rods some of which a Bond Street beau would select to grace his person in a morning lounge. To sweep her damp and filthy floor the chambermaid will bind together branches of fresh and fragrant myrtle, which with us would be dispersed to grace a hundred lovely bosoms in a ball room. Without the house you may find a pig's pen of the finest grained mahogany, (or some wood resembling it,) rough enough to be sure, and within the walls of your bed room composed of half burned bricks and mud."

"One of their favourite amusements is story telling, and in this they display strength of memory and ease of elocution that have often astonished me. Whenever half a dozen friends meet in an evening or a family are seated after supper some one among them "takes up the tale," and without the least hesitation or interruption goes on with his story of a full hour and sometimes two, with the same system and rapidity as if he were reading from a book. They are generally stories of captive princesses and enchanted knights, and, as far as I can recollect the Arabian Nights they are taken from them and handed down orally from father to son, among high and low, rich and poor. They have no other libraries than their memories, and these are remarkably retentive. A youth will often be sent from one city to another, charged with specie and a hundred different commissions, without a single memorandum in writing, yet will be sure to execute them all with accuracy and fidelity. You never hear a *Chilino* say, "*I forgot it.*"

"The mining interest throughout the province seems not only to be suspended, but to be essentially injured, as I am told it is considered here as almost impossible to clear a mine that has been long neglected; as they have no machinery, nor even pumps for that purpose. This forced neglect of the mines is a subject of general lamentation, and is viewed somewhat in the same light as a drought sufficient to produce famine and pestilence would be in other countries. In fact, they glory as much in their mines now, and their affections seem to cling to them as closely, as did those of the Spaniards 300 years ago."

The fact we are now about to copy is a striking one.

"A few nights since, the major-domo or steward of the estancia gave a rustic entertainment or *fandango* in his rooms adjoining. His friends and neighbours were all collected, and treated with music and dancing, wine and supper; and the whole night passed in mirth and festivity. The occasion of this entertainment was the death of his only child, an infant, whose corpse was all the while exposed in the most conspicuous part of the room. I once witnessed the same ceremony in the house of a very respectable family of Concepcion. I entered the room without having been advised of the reason or nature of the entertainment. The most conspicuous object was a figure highly decorated with flowers, and seated on a shelf over the table, and with a number of lights burning before it, and to which those engaged in the dance would often advert. I took it for granted that this was the image of some patron saint, whose festival the family were celebrating. Judge, then, of the indescribable

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horror and disgust I felt when on approaching to examine it, I found that this image had really once been a living child. I am told the *mother* does not always join in the crowd, but sometimes sits apart and weeps: and I trust, for the honour of our nature, that it is so. It is bad enough that such an incident should be made the occasion of mirth and festivity among relations and friends. Upon the death of an adult there are the same shows of grief and mourning as with us, though the ceremonies attending the interment are widely different. This *celebration* is kept up only on the death of children under seven years of age. The reason they give for it has more of philosophy than feeling in it. "El Angelito," the little angel has died in innocence, and gone to heaven. We ought then to rejoice, and not to weep."

The information given by the author, as to the frequency and effect of earthquakes is novel, and diminishes very much the alarming notions existing in this respect in relation to Chili. He says,

"It is no doubt true, that the shocks are more frequent than in most parts of Europe or North America, and it is true that the inhabitants live in constant and superstitious dread of them. Yet, after often inquiring of the oldest individuals I have met, I cannot find one who can recollect a *death* caused by an earthquake. This general dread of them probably proceeds from the removal of the capital of the province (Concepcion) to its present site, in consequence of the inundation and destruction of many of the houses in the old city, in the *great earthquake*, some 80 or 90 years ago. For the year past, there has been but one very perceptible shock in Concepcion. This was a few evenings since. Some eight or ten were at supper in the estancia, when suddenly they all started up and rushed out of doors, overturning every thing that might be in their way, and shrieking, 'Misericordia, misericordia.' The shock continued but for an instant, and was lighter than one which was felt in Massachusetts a few days before we sailed, and was the talk of a moment. I am told, however, that I can form no idea of the effect of an earthquake in Chili, as the year past has been remarkably and providentially exempt from this calamity.

## SIR F. HENNIKER'S NOTES ON EGYPT.*

Our readers have not perhaps forgotten the "Diary of an Invalid," by Mr. Matthews, nor the sprightliness and good humour with which it abounded. An equal or greater buoyancy of spirit, and flow of cheerfulness, seem to have accompanied the Baronet whose name is prefixed to our present article, during a more toilsome expedition, and through regions less smiling and hospitable. He offers, indeed, but a slight repast to the antiquary or to the virtuoso, his object, as he tells us, being more the survey of nature than the investigation of the works of art; and, as the scene of his travels did not extend beyond the neighbourhood of the second cataracts, and his visits to the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem were short, a more detailed notice could not fairly be expected from him: especially as he had a greater partiality for the amusements of drawing and shooting.

A vein of humour, sometimes tinged with sarcasm, and frequently rising to wit, runs through the entire volume: the author seems often, perhaps too often, to be laughing at the graver pursuits of the more scientific tourists, by whom Egypt has been lately investigated: he sees little or no beauty in an obliterated column; and he aims a happy blow or two at the idle diligence of "the Franes who carry away mummies with as much anxiety as if related to them, and blocks of masonry with as much satisfaction as if they had found the philosopher's stone." If we could conscientiously bring ourselves to make the complaint, we might say, that Sir Frederick keeps up too constant a fire of his peculiar humour, and that we feel ourselves somewhat fatigued with epigram and antithesis. His composition is too much like the smart sentences of Miss Never-out in the "Polite Conversations:" or rather like those of Congreve, where we are not allowed to recover from the effect of one stroke before we are saluted with another. The result of this unintermitted effort is an unavoidable uniformity of style and sentiment: each page is *idem et alter;* and it

* *Notes during a Visit to Egypt, Nubia, the Oasis, Mount Sinai, and Jerusalem.* By Sir Frederick Henniker, Bart. 8vo. 12*s*. Boards. Murray. 1823.

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should seem that the author, in the selection of his subjects, adopted those only which administered the best food for ridicule and satire. All human societies, all countries and all places, have their ridiculous sides: but they who confine their contemplations exclusively to the ridiculous, will present at best but partial and imperfect pictures.

Having freely expressed these remarks, it would be unfair in us to deny, at the same time, that the rapid and slight strokes of the traveller have not unfrequently a magical effect in bringing the scene, the character, and the costume, instantaneously before our eyes; and that, although an author who surveys manners and men almost through one unvarying medium, and to whom the whole world is little more than a farce, is not to be followed implicitly as a guide, we may join him with pleasure and even with profit as a companion. It is time, however, to let Sir Frederick speak for himself; and we extract the following passage from his second chapter, which is a picture of his first impressions on visiting Alexandria, and is thus headed:

"*Plague—Dogs—Obelisks—Pompey's Pillar—Canal—Catacombs—Flies.*

"Walked towards the obelisks of Cleopatra; they are situated at the edge of the new port. Within a few yards of the town, the butchers were drawing and quartering buffaloes: the sands fœtid with entrails: sharks and dogs are the only scavengers. Here commences a wall, which is supposed to be a defence, and is called the City Wall; under it are frequent mounds of rubbish, such as are seen in the purlieus of London, where retiring citizens placard "Belle vue" upon a cottage. Attempting to pass the first of these filth hills, a pack of brindled wolf-dogs rushed down upon us, barking furiously as if they knew me to be a Christian. I had almost determined, Actæon-like, to fly, but stood at bay, and at length backed out of their dirty territories, the dogs following till we approached a second mound. Here a second kennel was let loose upon us, and the former, having handed us over to strict watch, retired. They have a method in their madness; and I would match them for frightening strangers against double the number of geese of the Capitol.

"The town wall runs between the water's edge and the obelisks: fragments of pillars and architectural remains, probably once connected with them, are visible under the neighbouring waves. Encountered the dogs once more, and entered the town.

"Met a crowd of Roman Catholics returning from mass: they have a neat chapel, which is not only tolerated by the government, but even surmounted by the Turkish flag to preserve it from insult. In Bucharest, the capital of a Turkish province, every religion is tolerated—except the Mahommedan—strange inconsistency. The Pope also has an armed force, and having an armed force has the word Peace inscribed upon his standard. Near the chapel stand three plain granite columns, that *may have been* part of a portico, or any thing else. I really cannot make them interesting: Denon has made a pretty picture of the subject; but the beauties of it do not exist. Nearly opposite is a ruined mosque, in which was found a noble sarcophagus, it was packed up cleverly by the French for the Louvre, but *il se trouve* in the British Museum; the *cross* is still evident on some of the stones used in this Turkish temple—but even the eagle is not obliterated from all the public buildings at Paris. I laboured onward over some acres of crockery: at Rome it is difficult to believe that Monte Testaccio is formed of such materials, but here we may fancy the wreck of all the potteries of Egypt. The city cisterns are filled but once yearly, by the overflow of the Nile; they are spacious, and under ground; they will soon fall into disuse probably, as a canal is about to be opened between the river and the town; at present I am watching a camel, he carries two goats' skins for water—kneels down at command near the opening of the cistern; the skins being filled, he springs up, and bears his burden to the town—if cunning did not master strength, camels and elephants would never submit to man. The obelisks of Cleopatra do not appear striking to one accustomed to those at Rome; even in size they yield to that standing before the church of St. John Laterensis. One of them is under sailing orders for London, in the other there is nothing so remarkable as to observe that the hieroglyphics on two of the sides are nearly effaced by the pelting of the sand; such is the effect of minute particles even upon granite, while the sides exposed to the saline atmosphere have not suffered the slightest injury, and three thousand years have passed heedlessly by. These obelisks are called the *Needles* of Cleopatra: they have no eyes to them, but if they had, a cable six feet in diameter might pass through as easily as through the Needles of the Isle of Wight.

"Pompey's Pillar stands without the walls; the distance at which it is seen at sea prepares one for the intelligence that it is nearly 100 feet in height: the shaft is

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said to be the loftiest in the world (as a single block.) This *bel pezzo* of granite is in height superior to perhaps any house in London; and here, where the buildings are comparatively cottages, appears to great advantage; the capital (Corinthian order) is different as to material, and indifferent as to workmanship. in its character as a column it is less pleasing than many at Rome and Athens, and, as a monument, it is not to be remembered with Trajan's Pillar, nor with that in the Place Vendome at Paris, nor with "*The Monument*" in London: it has not, moreover, any admonition on the shaft: it *may* have one upon the pedestal, because Quaresmius gives one and Hamilton gives another; the former says it was erected by Alexander; I leave the curious to settle the point whether it was erected in honour of Alexander, or of Diocletian, or of Severus—'tulit alter honores.' I did not ascend it, though not forgetful of the plan of flying a kite, as was done over the tower of Pisa. It is quite sufficient for me to be told by our captain, that he, in company with seventeen others, dined on the top. Encamped near the pillar is one of the Pasha's sons, whose duty is to superintend the operations going on at the new canal, and to prevent the labourers from deserting: these labourers are procured by conscriptions levied on the villages: Egypt is still "the house of bondage." Met part of the governor's harem: each woman riding on a donkey, and covered with a mantle of black silk, as with a cloud. I should have mistaken them for bales of goods, can form no opinion of either face or figure: their master has lost his nose."

Rosetta rivals Alexandria in filth and wretchedness; though it is of better construction, and the gardens surrounding it are delightful.

"The banana, the palm, the orange, lemon, cedrato, and henneh, besides being objects of novelty and beauty, are all in bearing. The banana pleases me most, both in its fruit and in its appearance; the leaves are nearly six feet in length, and of a width to render them just elegant. The banana is called Poma Paridisi, but had it grown there, two leaves would have made a *gown* for Eve, instead of her making a shift with fig-leaves. The henneh, (loved-of-women) resembles myrtle. The various species of orange struggle for room, and the whole is surmounted by the palm-trees; their leaves resembling and drooping like ostrich feathers. *I never saw a hot-house to please me so much, scarcely excepting a drawing-room levee at Buckingham-gate.* The trilinguar stone that was discovered here is to be found *now* in the British Museum; no object of curiosity remains except the gardens. I wish that they were in London too."

In his notices of countries which have been recently explored by so many intelligent and scientific travellers, Sir Frederick touches rapidly and lightly on the topics that exercised their learned diligence;—and we think, therefore, that the most entertaining parts of his journal are those in which he sketches, with great powers of caricature and humour, the personal incidents of the expedition. His voyage to Damietta abounds with several pleasant adventures; and he also witnessed a singular ceremony:

"The sound of music led us on shore at the village of Zeara, where a 'fantasia' was given to celebrate the circumcision of the village children, who, undergoing the same operation in company, may, if they can, laugh at one another: this event occasions as much rejoicing to the Mohammedan parents, as the christening of a son and heir in Christendom; two drums and two squeaking pipes formed the band; eight villagers were very awkwardly, but very innocently, handling some long poles, with which they pretended to strike at one another, but gave a minute's notice as to what part of the body was the object of attack: during this, they kept time to the music like dancing bears. These poles are iron-bound at either end, and are the arms of the villagers. The dance and sham-fight are as much objects of delight to the Arabs, as the Romaica to the Greeks: the jokes of our sword-stick players are serious; the band belonged to some ladies of easy or no virtue, who graced this tournament with their company, seated on horseback, and bedizened with feathers, grease, necklaces of onions, and other attractions: the clown upon a donkey, with his face to the tail, was the master of the ceremonies: he cleared the way for us, and did not forget backsheesh; his face was white-washed, and he was clothed, which is no slight disguise to an Arab; the ladies were without masks, which is a less happy conceit."

Our facetious baronet accompanies the Chevalier Ferdiani to the Tanitic branch of the Nile as far as Om Faredge, whence they directed their course to the Bubastic branch. In the progress of their voyage, they determined on visiting Pelusium:



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when three hours' walk brought them to the mouth of that branch, and, having forded it, they found themselves at the out-posts of a Bedouin encampment. Seven men sprang on them, four of whom presented pistols at their heads, a fifth raised an axe, and another ran forwards with a club towards the Sheikh who accompanied them, as if to kill him, but suddenly dropt the weapon, exclaiming "Salam alekum—health to you." The same ceremony was performed by each individual of the two parties, and having thus given and received the Arab assurance of friendship, they were at liberty to consider themselves safe. "To take aim at a person," says Sir Frederick, "is meant as a compliment, which is sometimes increased by firing. I hate compliments, particularly in the Arab fashion." They were conducted to the Arab encampment, in which his accommodations are thus drolly and picturesquely described:

"Four hours' walk, and quite dark, when the assault of dogs warned us of our approach to the habitations of men or Bedouins: a party were seated on the sand round a glimmering fire; an occasional ray exhibited them to horrible advantage: ten men, black beards, white teeth, half clothed, and completely armed; what would Mrs. Radcliffe have given to have seen them, or I to have been away. Banditti when outbandittied on the stage are gentlemen in appearance compared to these Bedouins: they sprang up, as if taken by surprise; we performed the ceremony of Salem alekum with the whole party; in a few minutes a blazing fire was furnished by hospitality and curiosity; our number increased by at least fifty, all armed, for arms are the first, and clothes a secondary consideration. Pipes, coffee, boiled rice, and bread, which, in form and thinness, resembled pancakes, were soon prepared. These inhabitants of the desert '*practise* the laws of good breeding' with a punctilio that even Frenchmen would call ultra-polite: whenever an elderly man made his appearance, the whole party invariably stood up, and, unconscious of the applause that such conduct once obtained, offered the seat, according to priority of years: women were gliding among the trees, more anxious to see than be seen! Pride and curiosity of Arab women, if Arab women have any, are severely checked.—The Franc fowling-piece is greatly admired; English gunpowder is compared with Turkish: the grains of the latter are nearly as large as mustard-seed. Having been drawn on this expedition from a shooting walk, I had come without either coat, shoes, or stockings, and now had leisure to feel the cold—requested to be shown to my bed-room; did not expect a flat candlestick and a pan of coals, but having been invited to a residence for three weeks, I did hope for a hut of some kind; there was not one without women, and to be admitted into the same apartment with the females would be an innovation unprecedented in Arabian customs: we were therefore desired to huddle together in the sand and a rush mat, big enough for the great bed at Ware, was spread over the whole party; twelve Bedouins mounted guard in a circle round us; one of them taking notice that I placed my fowling-piece carefully by my side, tied an old gun-barrel to a stick, without a look, and offered it to my neighbour; our guards disencumbered themselves of their clothes, and placing them upon their heads, were soon asleep in the sand; we did not indulge in bed after day-break; a sheep was killed, and *dejeune sans fourchette* prepared—bread, rice, coffee, boiled mutton, and pipes—fingers supplied the place of forks—this hastily finished, we took leave."

Of Pelusium, once the key of Egypt, four red granite columns are all that remains. Having visited Tennys, from which the virtuosi have carried off every sign of its former grandeur, and the island of Toomah, the party returned to Damietta. We had accounts of Grand Cairo *ad satietatem*; and there is a general echo among all travellers of its narrow and filthy streets; but we cannot refuse admission to the following delineation of its beauties, which reminds us not a little of the growling though good-natured manner of Matthew Bramble.

"The epithet 'Grand' was applied to Cairo on account of its extent and magnificence, because that in the time of Mohammed it was considered a day's journey to traverse the city—but *now* an hour is sufficient. 'Its magnificence excited a smile' in those days, and *now* 'two different causes the same effect may give.' The streets, if such they can be called, seldom exceed two yards in width, they appear always full of people; but the plague spreads by contact, and if the accounts of its ravages are true, where does this vast and fearless population come from? The Pasha has a carriage, a cardinal's at second hand, similar to our Lord Mayor's wagon. How fortunate it is that there are not two carriages in Egypt, I know of only one street so wide as Cranbourn-alley. Franc-street has a strong gate fastened every night; it

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resisted the attempts of the Albanian soldiery in their last insurrection—such gates are frequent throughout the city, so that in the event of a riot the insurgents are easily trapped. Three inns—one has a garden, convenient in the plague season. The citadel is at the extremity of the town, at the foot of the Mokattam mountains—is commanded by a modern fortress—and that again by a neighbouring height—*on dit* that the French besieging it, planted their cannon on the nearest mosque—the Musselmen would not fire at their place of worship—they make a virtue of surrendering."

We must pass over the lively account of the pyramid of Cheops. After the discoveries of Belzoni and Caviglia, little information could have been expected on this almost exhausted subject from the worthy baronet; who travels over Egypt as a sportsman on a shooting excursion. We shall only observe that, on a second visit to the pyramid of Cephrenes, Sir Frederick mustered resolution to ascend it; and not a little both of address and firmness was necessary: for it seems that, excepting some occasional holes for the fingers and toes, the sides are as smooth as a steep slanting slated roof. By these holes the adventurers had to scramble up, suspended as it were at twice the height of the Monument; and it required above half an hour to complete the ascent. On the summit is a Cuphic inscription, no copy of which has been yet transcribed; and Sir Frederick avows that he did not think of copying it, as he was clinging to a stone, fearful of vertigo and of being blown over.

"To descend *safely*," he says, is much more difficult than to mount, and the two super-dangerous places excited no little fear; at the first of them, while my body was dangling from my fingers' ends, and my feet feeling in vain for a resting-place, and whilst I was calculating how soon I should fall, the guide tore me down very much against my will, holding me as he would have held a child over the railings of the Monument."

We are not aware of any Europeans who have ascended the pyramid of Cephrenes, except three;—Captain Gordon of the navy, who found it a task of extreme difficulty and peril; Sir F. Henniker; and the companion of his enterprise, Lieutenant Macdonnell.

Mr. Legh investigated the crocodile mummy pits in the neighbourhood of the village of Mahabdie, and our readers have not perhaps forgotten his interesting account of the adventure; in which, it is said, the Arabs *acted* death for the double purpose of deterring travellers and extorting money. Sir Frederick made a fruitless attempt to explore the same caverns: but the fears of the Arabs marred the undertaking; and, having been conducted to *a* pit, which he supposes not to have been *the* pit, he "returned to the surface of the earth," after an hour and a half of ineffectual labour.

"Dendera (Tentyra) has been so often described in large square books, that to repeat what has been already said would be wearisome to us both. The first object of attraction is a propylon, on the left hand side of which, in passing through it towards the temple, are inscribed large human figures, accompanied with sacred writing! on the right hand are hieroglyphics *only*, such as birds and other signs—the same is observable on the two other gateways belonging to this temple—perhaps the circumstance is of little importance to either of *us*, but the *curious* may like to trace the superstitions of the Greeks and Romans to the Egyptians, as half way towards the creation, and it will be of great moment to ascertain whether Adam was a right or left-handed man.

"Arrived at the Portico; I am lost in admiration, even though the concomitant filth hill is nearly on a level with the top of the portal.—The torus and overhanging cornice, the peculiar and characteristic beauties of Egyptian architecture, are here in full perfection; pillars that in size and number surprise and baffle the eye, solidity that speaks of the sublime, and carving on stone, that in quantity and beauty resembles a picture-gallery. The fabric is two hundred and eighty paces in circumference, and there is scarcely a spot of either wall, column, ceiling, or staircase but what is ornamented with lithography. Time, to spare so beauteous a work, has passed by without destroying, and the most delicate lines ever formed by the chisel remain uninjured, except by man. On one wall, less than fifteen feet in extent, are sixty-nine rows of sacred characters beautifully engraven—the hieroglyphics are of three kinds: a simple line—bas-relief—and a relief in a contour—the contour is four inches in depth. That substantiality may not be wanting even in thought, the building partakes of the pyramidal form, and there is scarcely an aperture visible, lest a broken

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exterior should render its solidity imperfect: the outer wall is seven feet thick, not petty bricklayer's work, but every stone in itself seven feet in thickness; and as if not sufficiently stable by its own weight is held by ingots of iron. Each stone of the architrave is more than twenty feet in length, and the pillars are twenty-two feet in circumference. On the capital of every pillar is represented Isis quadrifrons, unfortunately only the lips of which remain; the other features of the face have been carefully destroyed. Had they been suitable to the lips, notwithstanding their coldness, they might have excited the idolatrous sensations of Pygmalion.

"13th.—Employed this day in examining and drawing. The pillars which had puzzled my arithmetical eye yesterday, are only twenty-four in number, they stand in four rows, the intercolumniation is not greater than the diameter of the pillar, and seven feet is too short a space between columns that are twenty-two feet in circumference; they appear crowded in a nest, and overgrown—the ceiling, instead of resting upon them, is raised upon cross beams, and consequently divided into channels. Pressed by a want of light and air, and unwilling to destroy the integral strength of the exterior, the architect has compromised the matter by cutting embouchures, or loop-holes, which, though they may escape the eye when distant, appear to a near observer as paltry as the mouths of letter-boxes; the very celebrated zodiac occupies less than half of a ceiling, which is only twenty feet by twelve, and it is to be lamented that hieroglyphics, though beautifully executed, are obsolete and useless. The chamber of the zodiac is in the upper story of the building, near to which is a flight of steps that conducts to the highest roof or gazebo; this was probably used as an observatory. Among the hieroglyphics is represented a staircase with deities ascending. The study of astronomy is natural in a country where telescopes are not required, and to hold commerce with heaven is the part of priesthood. There are very few buildings that afford so much delight as the temple of Dendera; two days at least are gratefully employed here; but a work of such labour and expense would have been preferable if undertaken by the taste and elegance of the Grecian school."

We have little inclination to enter into a controversial war, which is now raging between the savans of Paris and some of our own virtuosi, concerning the antiquity of this celebrated temple. Both Mr. Bankes and Mr. Hamilton,—no indifferent judges of such matters,—think that it is not an Egyptian building; that it is of a comparatively recent date; and that the style and the freshness of the architecture have no analogy with the ruins of ancient Egyptian temples. The question, however, is important only in one point of view. The celebrated zodiac, which occupied a large part of the ceiling, and which we lament to say has been lately carried away and transplanted by a scientific depredator to Paris, (M. Lelorrain,) was first discovered by General Desaix; and some philosophers of the revolutionary period congratulated themselves on having discovered a monument, which would throw back the creation of the world to a point of time far beyond the Mosaic records, and thus destroy the validity of the Scriptures. Dupuis and Fourier assigned to it an antiquity of fourteen and fifteen thousand years: but the Abbe Testa contends, and on a satisfactory ground of inference, that the date of the ceiling cannot be anterior to the third century before the Christian era; and Visconti brings it down to the first century after Christ. The arguments used by the latter are ingenious, but built on an erroneous basis. The sign of the Libra, he contends, which is one of the figures on the planisphere of Dendera, was not introduced before the time of Augustus, the space dedicated to Libra having been antecedently occupied by the claws of the Scorpion. Libra, however, is an Egyptian sign. The Romans took their signs from the Greek zodiac, which wanted the sign of Libra. We have ourselves seen this celebrated astronomical monument; and we grieve to say that the spoliator, in order to reduce the weight of the block, has cut off two feet from each end, a process by which the ornamental parts of it have sustained irreparable mutilation.

We must pass over Thebes, the temple improperly called the Memnonium, the tombs of the kings, out of which Belzoni has drawn so valuable a prize, and Medinet Abou, described by Hamilton and others.

Ebsambul Sir Frederick terms the *ne plus ultra* of Egyptian labour, and an ample recompense for his journey: but the antiquities of this place have been too frequently and too recently described, to render the present account either novel or interesting. He was, however, obliged to dig his way through the sand, in order to get a view of the gigantic statues which support the roof of the temple; and having been buried alive for four hours, he found some difficulty in escaping, because, whenever he moved,

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the sand "poured down as subtle as quicksilver." He had constructed a kind of wind-sail, which supplied them with air; and "there was really," he observes, "no danger; for had the sand descended, the wind-sail would still have supplied them with air, and they would have been dug out *in a fortnight*."

We cannot follow this entertaining journalist to the Oasis; but we relaxed the gravity of our critical muscles at his exact description of travelling on a camel; "The motion is very disagreeable. He goes whizzing through the air, though he does not advance three miles per hour, and at every step he causes the same sensations as a rocking boat. 27th Feb.—"I am already land-sick, and have made a calculation that in each journey of fifteen hours, I have been bumped like a school-boy fifty-eight thousand times."

The convent of Mount Sinai is well described by Sir Frederick: but, after Burkhardt's account, it would be a wearisome repetition to our readers. The raptures of the author when the vale of Ascalon burst on his view are well expressed, and show that he is endued with sufficient taste and feeling for the higher walks of composition.

"—Arrive at the top of a ridge of hills, and behold the ocean!—This was, perhaps, the most grateful moment that ever I experienced. I had been journeying in a desert, and now beheld the noblest feature in nature; I had been exposed to ceaseless danger: and henceforth my safeguard is the flag of my country; I had been friendless and alone, and there is now but one step to England. The sons of Africa, mounted on the Alps, felt not such delight in surveying the plains of Italy, as I now felt in looking on the vale of Ascalon. The harassed Greeks, whose every step was toil, and every thought was wo, knew not such rapture when first the sea burst upon their view, as I now felt while gazing on the ocean that invited me to my country, and the waves of which were dancing round my home."

Sir Frederick was disappointed by Jerusalem; and most of the travellers who have visited that city, with the single exception perhaps of Chateaubriand, have expressed similar feelings. "It has not, says the baronet, "one symptom of commerce, comfort, or happiness." On an excursion to the river Jordan, he was attacked by banditti, and the adventure must be told in his own words:

"The route is over hills, rocky, barren, and uninteresting; we arrived at a fountain, and here my two attendants paused to refresh themselves; the day was so hot that I was anxious to finish the journey, and hurried forwards. A ruined building, situate on the summit of a hill, was now within sight, and I urged my horse towards it; the janissary galloped by me, and, making signs for me not to precede him, he rode into and round the building, and then motioned me to advance. We next came to a hill, through the very apex of which has been cut a passage, the rocks overhanging it on either side. I was in the act of passing through this ditch, when a bullet whizzed by, close to my head; I saw no one, and had scarcely time to think when another was fired some short distance in advance; I could yet see no one; the janissary was beneath the brow of the hill, in his descent; I looked back, but my servant was not yet within sight. I looked up, and within a few inches of my head were three muskets, and three men taking aim at me. Escape or resistance were alike impossible. I got off my horse. Eight men jumped down from the rocks, and commenced a scramble for me: I observed also a party running towards Nicholai. At this moment the janissary galloped in among us with his sword drawn; I knew that if blood were spilt I should be sacrificed, and I called upon him to fly. He wounded one man that had hold of me; I received two violent blows, intended I believe for him; from the effect of one I was protected by my turban—I was not armed—the janissary cut down another Arab, and all the rest scrambled up the rocks, the janissary turned his horse and rode off at full gallop, calling on me to follow him, which I did on foot: in the mean time the Arabs prepared their matchlocks, and opened a fire upon us, but only a few of their shots came very near. We had advanced about a league, when two of the banditti made a show of cutting us off. A sudden panic seized the janissary, he cried on the name of the Prophet, and galloped away. I called out to him that there were but two—that with his sword and pistols, if we stopped behind a stone, we could kill them both; he rode back towards the Arabs, they had guns, and the poor fellow returned full speed. As he passed I caught at a rope hanging from his saddle—I had hoped to leap upon his horse, but found myself unable;—my feet were dreadfully lacerated by the honey-combed rocks—nature would support me no longer—I fell, but still clung to the rope; in this manner I was

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drawn some few yards; till, bleeding from my ancle to my shoulder, I resigned myself to my fate. As soon as I stood up, one of my pursuers took aim at me, but the other casually advancing between us, prevented his firing; he then ran up, and with his sword aimed such a blow as would not have required a second; his companion prevented its full effect, so that it merely cut my ear in halves, and laid open one side of my face; they then stripped me naked. These two could not have known that their friends were wounded, or they would certainly have killed me; they had heard me vote their death, and which we should in all probability have effected, had the janissary, a Turk, understood me. I had spoken to him in Arabic.

"It was now past mid-day, and burning hot; I bled profusely; and two vultures, whose business it is to consume corpses, were hovering over me. I could scarcely have had strength to resist, had they chosen to attack me. In about twenty minutes Nicholai came up; his only sorrow was for my wound, and the loss of the sword, which was his own.—'You cannot live, Sir, you cannot live! they have taken away my sword; I asked them to give it back to me, but they would not.' He then related his part of the adventure—ten men had beset him—his horse was not to be depended upon—the gun was not loaded; and there were many Arabs on every side, so that retreat was impossible. The janissary now came to our assistance, and put me on his horse; we passed by a rivulet of tempting water, but they would not allow me to drink, though I was almost choked with blood. At length we arrived at about three, P. M., at Jericho.—The 'walls of Jericho' are of *mud;* at a corner of the town stands a small stone building, the residence of the governor: within the walls of it is the town reservoir of water, and horses for eight Turks. My servant was unable to lift me to the ground; the janissary was lighting his pipe, and the soldiers were making preparations to pursue the robbers; not one person would assist a half-dead Christian; after some minutes a few Arabs came up, and placed me by the side of the horse-pond, just so that I could not dip my finger into the water; one of the soldiers, as he went forth, took the rug from his horse, and threw it to me as a covering. The governor armed himself, and the whole garrison sallied forth in pursuit of the banditti.—This pool is resorted to by every one in search of water, and that employment falls exclusively upon females—they surrounded me, and seemed so earnest in their sorrow, that, notwithstanding their veils, I almost felt pleasure at my wound; one of them in particular held her pitcher to my lips, till she was sent away by the Chous. I called her, she returned, and was sent away again; and the third time she was turned out of the yard; she wore a red veil, and therefore there was something unpardonable in *her* attention to any man, especially to a Christian: she, however, returned with her mother, and brought me a lemon and some milk. I believe that Mungo Park, on some dangerous occasion during his travels, received considerable assistance from the compassionate sex.

"About sunset, the secretary of the governor provided me with a shirt. I was then put into a mat, and deposited in a small dark cell, but even there I was not at rest, for a cat made two pulls at my ear during the night—it was a very Mohammedan cat.

"Early on the following morning, the governor informed me, that he had scoured the roads of the banditti; and that as there was no doctor in Jericho, every thing was ready to convey me to Jerusalem. He had furnished me with some of his own cavalry, and had added a few pedestrians from the town; I was then tied on a camel, like a dead sheep, the Turkish horsemen preceded me, and, scouting over the rocks, afforded, I doubt not, a very pretty scene; but I was complaining of the motion of the camel, of the ropes that bound me, and the want of covering, while at every step my wound opened and shut like a quivering door. I begged to be transposed to a horse, but my guides refused to stop under pretence of danger."

In consequence of this melancholy accident, Sir F. H. kept his bed twenty days: when, impatient of the penance of so long a journey in the Latin convent, it was with no little pleasure that he at length took leave of "the blessed city." His homeward journey was by Nazareth, Acre, Ephesus, Smyrna, Constantinople, and Vienna.

We must now also *take leave*, but a more reluctant leave, of this agreeable traveller; heartily thanking him for the "broad grins" into which he has so frequently distorted our melancholy visages. A professed joker cannot, indeed, be always successful, for his wit will occasionally burn dimly: but that of Sir Frederick rarely goes out, and he is never absolutely dull.

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## PROSE BY A POET.*

THIS is a very pretty little book, we had almost said a beautiful one; but the diversity of its style will not permit the latter term to be applied as a general descriptive title. "Prose by a Poet" is a collection of short essays on various subjects, many of them interesting, all amusing. Some of them might have been written by a prose-writer,—none of them could have been penned by a proser. Had the work been merely entitled "Prose," the reader would inevitably have added "by a Poet," from the sweetness and melody of language which pervades many of the descriptions. There is more beauty of imagery and splendour of poetic vision diffused throughout these volumes of prose, than is to be found in many poems, such by profession: if modern fancy has sometimes soared to sublimed heights, it has not often attained a purer region in the heaven of "empyrean poesy," than it floats in here. We quote from a Fable, entitled the Moon and Stars."

On the fourth day of creation, when the sun after a glorious but solitary course, went down in the evening, and darkness began to gather over the face of the uninhabited globe, already arrayed in exuberance of vegetation, and prepared by the diversity of land and water for the abode of uncreated animals and man,—a star, single and beautiful, stept forth into the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone; now one, then another, here a third, and there a fourth resplendent companion had joined her, till light after light stealing through the gloom, in the lapse of an hour, the whole hemisphere was brilliantly bespangled.

The planets and stars, with a superb comet flaming in the zenith, for a while contemplated themselves and each other; and every one from the largest to the least, was so perfectly well pleased with himself, that he imagined the rest only partakers of his felicity,—he being the central luminary of his own universe, and all the host of heaven beside displayed around him in graduated splendour. Nor were any undeceived with regard to themselves, though all saw their associates in their real situations and relative proportions, self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired, either in the sky, or below it; till, bending over the ocean in their turns, they discovered what they imagined at first to be a new heaven, peopled with beings of their own species: but, when they perceived further that no sooner had any one of their company touched the horizon than he instantly disappeared, they then recognised themselves in their individual forms, reflected beneath, according to their places and configurations above, from seeing others whom they previously knew, reflected in like manner. By an attentive but mournful self-examination in that mirror, they slowly learned humility, but every one learned it only for himself, none believing what others insinuated respecting their own inferiority, till they reached the western slope, from whence they could identify their true images in the nether element. Nor was this very surprising,—stars being only visible points, without any distinction of limbs, each was all eye, and though he could see others most correctly, he could neither see himself nor any part of himself,—till he came to reflection! The comet however, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, *could* review that, and did review it with ineffable self-complacency: indeed, after all pretensions to precedence, he was, at length, acknowledged

* Prose by a Poet. Longman and Co. London, 1824.

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king of the hemisphere, if not by the universal assent, by the silent envy of all his rivals.

But the object which attracted most attention, and astonishment, too, was a slender thread of light, that scarcely could be discerned through the blush of evening, and vanished soon after nightfall, as if ashamed to appear in so scanty a form, like an unfinished work of creation. It was the moon,—the first new moon;—timidly she looked round upon the glittering multitude that crowded through the dark serenity of space, and filled it with life and beauty. Minute, indeed, they seemed to her, but perfect in symmetry, and formed to shine for ever; while she was unshapen, incomplete, and evanescent. In her humility, she was glad to hide herself from their keen glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean, wishing for immediate extinction. When she was gone, the stars looked one at another, with inquisitive surprise, as much as to say, "What a figure!" It was so evident that they all thought alike, and thought contemptuously of the apparition (though, at first, they almost doubted whether they should not be frightened,) that they soon began to talk freely concerning her,—of course, not with audible accents, but in the language of intelligent sparkles, in which stars are accustomed to converse with telegraphic precision from one end of heaven to the other,—and which no dialect on earth so nearly resembles as the language of eyes,—the only one, probably, that has survived in its purity, not only the confusion of Babel, but the revolutions of all ages, &c.

Our limits stop us: we are almost ashamed to disturb the reader's admiration of these passages, by the truly critic-like objection, that our author in passing from one to the other, has unceremoniously and injudiciously changed the *gender* of his stars; they are feminine in the first paragraph (as they ought to be,) and masculine in the second.

"The Life of a Flower," supposed to be written by itself, which precedes this, is also, exquisitely told, in a strain of playful elegance, and light, graceful, natural language. The specimen above, will perhaps, excuse us the necessity of illustrating our opinion by another; nor do we think it quite fair in the Reviewers to plagiarise by wholesale from an author's works, extracting the honey, and leaving the empty combs for the purchaser of the book.

There is some *bonâ fide* poetry in these volumes; yet strange to say, it is far less poetical than some of the prose beside it. It is not exactly Poetry by a Proser; on the contrary, there are many of the *disjecti membra* to be recognized, here and there, by an industrious anatomist: but we certainly never should have suspected the author of poetry to any amount, had he not betrayed his propensity in a more unequivocal manner than shines through his verse.

A reader who begins (as some readers may) at the beginning of this work will, perhaps, be prejudiced (as we were) against it, by the flippant tone which reigns through the introductory piece, a kind of deprecatory dialogue between the reader and the book, needless in any case, and injurious in this. Perhaps the author wrote it merely to cover paper; but this innocent design has a fatal result,—that of proving very evidently, that, whatever faculties of mind he may enjoy, *wit* is not one of them. He should be careful how he endeavours to indulge a disposition to be witty; there is nothing more exalted in the scale of intellect than wit, nothing more contemptible than the pertness which is frequently mistaken for it. Advice, we are aware, is more generously offered, than gratefully received; yet we will venture to advise our "Poet," in his future composition, *not* to be witty. His temperament is evidently

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playful, but his spirit is not sharp enough for wit; he succeeds very well in amiable pleasantry, his attempts to be smart are always unhappy. May we be permitted to ask, if it is to the Genius of Wit, or No-meaning, that we owe the choice image contained in this sentence: "Like the variable star in the head of Medusa, he (*the author*) graduates between a luminary of the third, and one of the sixth magnitude, as the 'muse of fire' burns bright or dim within him?" In Shakspeare's Prologue, the Muse is allotted quite a different task; there she is not expected to *burn* at all, but merely to "ascend the brightest heaven of invention." Miracles, however, we are told, will never cease: why should the Muse not burn in *propriâ personâ* for a poet's convenience, as well as do a great many other extraordinary things, to which the mad use of metaphor has frequently condemned her?

Few, whether admirers or despisers of Ossian's poetry, will agree with our author as to the felicity of his proposal about turning its irregular cadences into Anapestic verse, except in the unfavourable sense which he himself seems to entertain of such a measure; "though a few pages got up in this manner may not be unpleasing, a volume would be intolerable." For ourselves, we give such an attempt our unqualified disapprobation. Whatever be the merits of Ossian, put the sentiments into any thing like regular metre, and you annihilate the principal charm of the book. Nothing but the vast variety of its manner can relieve the sameness of its matter. Its imagery is caught from the wilderness, its manners from wild society; its rhythm must also be wild, and the wilder (if not barbarous) the better. We are surprised that any man with an *ear*, and our author undoubtedly has one, can deny the necessity of frequent poetic *discords* in such a poem as Ossian. But we have often remarked that poets who "graduate between the third and sixth magnitude," are mainly deficient in what may be called ear for general harmony. A poem must be in verse, or it is no poem to them. We would not, however, be considered as champions for the immaculate beauty of Mr. Macpherson's rhythm; it is, in many places, very defective.

We are of that class of critics, who seldom praise *tete ore:* in every human work, there is inevitably something faulty, which our taste is generally fastidious enough to discover. Our author, we dare say, has little wish to put in a plea of perfection for his work, and less hope that we should allow it. But we can, with sincerity and safety, adjudge to these volumes the merits of considerable poetic fancy, harmony of language, and purity of sentiment. We can moreover, recommend them, for their moral scope, and the lessons of piety which they sweetly infuse, to the bosom of every private family. We have rarely (and we regret it!) been able to accord such recommendation to books whose chief motive is the inculcation of virtue; in order to be didactic, their authors think it necessary to be dull; where they ought to solicit with the bland lip of poetry and eloquence, they repel with the harsh voice of lecture and pedantry. The work before us, by a judicious intermixture of gay imaginations with serious reflections, renders morality as sweet to the taste, as it is wholesome to the constitution.



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# RURAL ECONOMY.

FROM THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

MR. FESSENDEN, from whose paper we extract the following letter, introduces it to the public in these terms:—We hope our friend will pardon us for giving his letter at full length, without his license, either expressed or implied. A good patriot may sometimes be allowed to trespass a little on private property, provided he can thereby benefit the public; and by parity of reasoning, a private letter may be published without the consent of the writer, if it contain information which may prove useful to the community. That part which relates to our own "reminiscences," could not be well separated from the rest without injuring the texture of the article. We therefore concluded to publish the whole instead of "an extract of a letter," &c. according to immemorial usage, although we are sensible that we run some risk of being accused of egotism in thus obtruding upon our readers, some allusions to a portion of our editorship's biography, our propensity to poetizing, and other things which have no connexion with what should be the objects of an agricultural paper.

*Silver Lake, Susquehannah County, Pennsylvania.*
*4th, Aug.* 1823.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received and read the first volume of the N. E. Farmer. If the work shall be continued with the spirit and intelligence with which it has been hitherto conducted, it will be of great service to the farmers of the United States. It is very gratifying to see that agriculture is becoming a fashionable pursuit among those who desire to mingle pleasure with profit—the *jucunda et idonea;* and that it is taking the rank in our country, to which it is entitled by its great national importance. Agricultural papers are very useful in aiding this, by the detail of well authenticated facts, to prove the best mode of culture; by the publication of scientific essays on the subject; and by making agricultural men acquainted with each other, urging them to perseverance in their labours, and showing them the interest which is taken in the objects of their pursuit.

I perceive by your poet's corner, that you have not abandoned the muses.

> Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem.
> Testa diu.

A taste which nature has planted deeply, is not easily lost. Indeed, when we met at our literary friend Dennie's, many years ago, if I had been told that you would publish a work on Agriculture, I should have expected it to be purely Virgilian; that you would begin with Quid faciat

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lætas segetes, and that all your crops would be measured by dactyls and spondees.

It would give me much pleasure to contribute to your work, as you desire; but your pages are already well filled with original and selected matter; and you have among your correspondents many who are much better practical farmers than I am; and experiments, and their results, are what farmers seek. I might, however, suggest to them, as a very important part of their communications, the necessity of noticing the *kind of soil* upon which their experiments are made. A scientific farmer can tell, from a specimen of earth exhibited to him in his study, what crops would grow best on it, as easily as a geologist can say among what particular kind of rocks certain metals are to be found; and a farmer without science may easily learn to distinguish the different kinds of soils, which are designated by the relative proportions of their component parts. To plant in clay that which grows best in sand, or vice versa, is a useless expenditure of labour; and a little attention to this subject, would frequently prevent the loss of both time and money.

In No. 17, you have quoted from Judge Cooper's notes to *Willich's Domestic Encyclopedia*, that "there are many districts of Pennsylvania, perhaps the best pasture land in it, that do not contain a particle of limestone. Such for instance as a great part of Luzerne, and the Beech Country, comprehended between the north east branch of the Susquehannah, and the south line of the state of New York and the Delaware river. There is no finer grass country."

The greater part of the "Beech Country" mentioned by the judge, constitutes now the county of Susquehannah, and deserves the character which he gives of it as a grass country. It receives its name from the prevailing timber; but that is considerably mingled with hemlock and sugar maple, and, in less abundance, with birch, ash, chestnut and cherry. The inhabitants are principally from the eastern states. The settlement has been very rapid. Fifteen years ago it was a wilderness. It is now tolerably well settled; but land is still cheap; that which is unimproved may be had from three to six dollars, and farms are sold from eight to twelve dollars per acre. The country is remarkably healthy and well watered. The soil is a sandy loam, generally about eighteen inches deep, incumbent on a subsoil which is formed of *extremely fine* siliceous sand and alumine, very compact, and here called "hardpan;" a name, I believe, of New England origin, for I do not recollect to have heard it elsewhere. This kind of subsoil is found in Pennsylvania wherever the beech, maple and hemlock are the prevailing kinds of timber, and its power of retaining water, is a great cause of the kinds of timber which grow on it, as well as of its fertility as a grass country.

Sir John Sinclair prefers a porous subsoil, and considers a retentive one as injurious to the crops. This opinion is contradicted by the American Editor of the Code of Agriculture, who says that the finest grass lands in New England have only a thin coat of loam on a stiff clay; and that on such soils, there is no loss of manure by filtration. Perhaps both parties may be right in their respective situations; for in many

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parts of England and Scotland, for which Sir John's work is particularly calculated, the farmer has to guard against excess of moisture, while in our country we suffer from the want of it. Col. Powel mentions (See No. 35 of the New England Farmer,) that "the English farmer wisely contends with the evils produced by too much rain, while the American husbandman should as anxiously guard against his most formidable enemy, drought." I believe this has not been sufficiently attended to by American farmers.

In our climate, a soil which is best adapted to absorb moisture, when resting on subsoil which prevents its filtration and waste, is the one best calculated for grass, oats, and broad leaved crops. It has been observed by one of the best informed English writers on this subject, that "in wet climates crops exhaust the soil less than in dry ones;" and that "the same quality of soil is more productive in a moist than in a dry climate." A difference equal to that between a moist and a dry climate, is made by the difference between a retentive and a porous subsoil; especially if he who possesses the former, shall according to the advice of colonel Powel, in the tillage of his land, endeavour to protect the soil from the great exhalations occasioned by the sun of our climate.

As it would be useful to agriculturists to obtain analyses of different soils, which have been found to be peculiarly adapted to raising of particular kinds of vegetables, I send you an analysis of the soil and subsoil of our beech lands; and perhaps you may draw others from some of your correspondents. It is to be observed, that the soil and hardpan submitted to the tests were in the state of nature; that is, taken from a part of the land lately cleared of its timber, which had neither been ploughed nor manured. The soil was taken a foot below the surface.

| | Soil or vegetable mould. | Hardpan. |
|---|---|---|
| Silica, | 67.8 | 73.6 |
| Alumina, | 7.8 | 12.2 |
| Carbonate of lime | 1. | 2. |
| Oxide of iron, | 7. | 7.4 |
| Vegetable and animal matter lost by calcination | 8.9 | 4.2 |
| Magnesia, | 6.2 | |
| | 98.7 | 99.4 |
| Loss, | 1.3 | .6 |
| | 100. | 100. |

It will be seen by the above that the soil is not quite, as Judge Cooper says, "without a particle of limestone;" but that it contains a very small portion of lime. The hardpan appears to contain twice the quantity which is found in the soil; and as I have seen carbonate of lime thrown out of a well in this neighbourhood, it is probable that there is limestone to be found deep in the ground. But this does not affect the vegetation.

It has been suggested by a friend, and I think with much plausibility, judging from the similarity of the constituents of the soil and subsoil, that the former has been made from the latter by the action of the frost,

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and extends to the depth which the frost penetrates in severe winters. This opinion is strengthened by the custom of masons in laying the foundation of buildings here, who never think it necessary to go deeper than to the hardpan. When the latter has been turned up, and exposed to the action of the air and frost for one or two winters, it is found to produce grass very abundantly.

As I believe there are some parts of the eastern states where this subsoil exists, I would be glad to be informed, through your paper, of the nature of the superincumbent soil, and of the crops which are considered best adapted to it.

I am, dear sir, your friend and servant,

R. H. ROSE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON MILLET.

*To the President of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society.*

I recommended, in the early part of the last year, the cultivation of Millet for fodder, and stated the success I had met, in its use as food for neat cattle. I have since cultivated it much more extensively, and have been confirmed in the impressions I had conveyed, as to its management—its product—and its value, when applied to the support of horses, and black cattle, although I am satisfied, that it is not so well fitted for the use of sheep, as clover hay. The unusual drought of May and June, materially affected the growth of early sown Millet—the heavy rains of July and August injured as much in many cases, the quality of its fodder. I sowed ten acres of land in *good tilth*, with Millet, red clover, and orchard grass seeds: they were all lightly harrowed, and carefully rolled. As the success of the grass, was more important, than the weight of the Millet crop, I sowed but two pecks of Millet seeds per acre, half the quantity which I am accustomed to use, where I desire a heavy crop of fodder. In despite of the injuries caused by the want of snow, during the winter, I have never had before, so fair a prospect of thickly set sward. I should not adopt this practice generally since Millet must be sown so late, as to expose tender grasses, to the evils of drought in July and August, before they can be sufficiently strong to survive them.

Millet should never be grown upon land which is not *in good condition* and *in very fine tilth*. The seeds should be lightly covered by a harrow with wooden teeth, and after rolled. Of thirty acres upon which my last crop was grown, I tried various experiments. The field which was the most lightly harrowed was the most productive. I am led to believe however necessary the harrow is in all cases, to properly cover seeds, yet in few it is used with sufficient care, or in a fit shape. Excepting winter grains I know no seeds which are not I think usually too deeply buried.

JOHN HARE POWEL.

*Powelton, Philadelphia County,*
*April* 10, 1824.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A REMARK ON KNICKERBOCKER.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I do not know that it has ever been observed, by any of the learned commentators or sprightly critics, upon the chronicles of our sagacious countryman, Dietrick Knickerbocker, that he has a touch of the true poetic vein in his composition. As a proof of this, I beg leave to submit to your judgment the following passage, from the commencement of the sixth book of his first chapter:

But now the war-drum rumbles,
The brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note,
And the rude clash of hostile arms,
Speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles.
The gallant warrior starts from soft repose,
From golden visions and voluptuous ease;
Where in the dulcet, "piping time of peace,"
He sought sweet solace after all his toils.
No more in beauty's syren lap reclined,
He weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows:
No more entwines with flowers his shining sword,
Nor through the livelong lazy summer's day,
Chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals.
To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute,
Doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace,
And clothes his pamper'd limbs in panoply of steel.
O'er his dark brow where late the myrtle waved;
Where wanton roses breathed enervate love,
He rears the beaming casque and nodding plume;
Grasps the bright shield and shakes the pond'rous lance,
Or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed;
And burns for deeds of glorious chivalry! H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## PROGRESS OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS, &c.

THE Comptrollers of the *Public Schools* for the city and county of Philadelphia, have recently submitted their annual report to the public. It appears, from this highly interesting document, that many of the objects of their care were prevented from receiving the benefits provided for them, by the epidemic which prevailed during the summer and autumnal months of the last year. The evil was not confined to the mere loss of this time, but was more extensively felt. Parents who suffered from the visitations of disease were subject to expense or deprived of their usual earnings, and thus were unable to provide suitable clothing for their children when the winter session commenced. The comptrollers animadvert upon the pernicious examples which the children too frequently witness at home and express their regret that so many are permitted to

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range at large, through the streets, the easy prey of every temptation. Every reflecting mind, it is justly remarked, must commiserate the victims of this miserable lot, and wish that the lawgivers of the state would devise some remedy for so grievous a mischief. Since the organization of this system, in 1819, we learn that the estimable benefits of moral and religious instruction have been imparted to 10,809 children; and there are at present in these schools 2706 pupils, of whom 1558 are boys and 1118 are girls. Experience, it is observed, abundantly proves that the perfection of the plan of mutual instruction, materially depends upon a qualification for government, in those who conduct such establishments. Mild and encouraging measures, uniformly secure respect, obedience, and application, from the pupils: results which severity—the parent of disgust—can never produce. The whole sum expended, last year, was 16,611 dollars.

*The Philadelphia Saving Fund Society* had invested the sum of $331,885 89 on the 1st of January last.

*The Northern Soup Society*, at the close of its operations for the winter season, published a statement of their proceedings, which shows how much may be done with small means, prudently managed. In the course of 79 days, 209 families, consisting of 329 adults and 535 children were gratuitously supplied. The quantity of soup distributed was 16,664½ quarts, to which adding 587¾ quarts sold, makes the whole amount 17,252 quarts, or an average of nearly 218 quarts per diem, the cost of which was less than two cents per quart. Thus 864 persons were furnished with wholesome and nutricious diet, during a season of the year when those who are disposed to work find it difficult to procure employment, for a sum little exceeding $300.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Wilmington Spectator, of Ohio, announces a *life of Washington*, written in the Latin tongue, with English notes, for the use of schools

That such a work, embracing the narration of events of recent occurrence, if ably executed, and clothed in correct latinity, would arrest the attention of the juvenile student, and more especially interest the American reader, will be conceded by all. The author of it is Francis Glass, A. M. of Dayton, Ohio, a gentleman, who to very general information, is said to unite critical acquaintance with every part of classical literature. A considerable portion of the work is now written, and has, in part, been submitted to the faculty of the Ohio University, at Athens, and to that of the Cincinnati College. The Professors of these institutions, after a careful examination of the specimen submitted for their examination, concur in pronouncing it a work of very uncommon merit, and as being justly entitled to the highest patronage. It is expected, the work when completed, will embrace upwards of 300 pages, a great proportion of which will be original, as it is intended, that the notes will embrace much matter, which has never yet appeared in any work whatever.

The editors of the *National Intelligencer* have received from an Italian gentleman, who signs himself G. C. Beltzoni, a letter dated St. James, near New Orleans, in which the writer informs the citizens, and government, of the United States, that in a journey undertaken during the summer of 1828, he had the good fortune to discover the true northernmost and westernmost sources of the

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Mississippi, as well as the southernmost sources of the Riviere Sangiante, improperly called Red River, emptying its water in the Bay of Hudson through Lake Weenepek and Nelson River. The sources of these two important rivers have been totally unknown till now. He also claims to be the only person who has navigated the Mississippi, from its sources to its mouth, and navigated almost all the Sangiante, by which means he has collected much important information, which will enable him to correct many geographical mistakes. He is now employed in preparing his memoirs, and gives this information that he may not be deprived of his rights by those who wish to reap undeserved glory by following his track.

James Kent, Esq. late Chancellor of New York, has been appointed to revise the laws of that State, at a compensation of $2000.

Professor Griscom, of New York, proposes to publish the Mechanic's and Manufacturer's Magazine; a monthly journal devoted to the arts and trades of the United States.

Whatever opinions may be entertained, with respect to the policy of encouraging, by statutory regulations and import duties, the manufacturing industry of the United States it cannot be doubted, that both the useful and the elegant arts will continue to increase amongst us; and it must be the wish of every one who is friendly to the prosperity of America, that the true science and enlightened skill of the country, may keep pace with its population;—that no enterprise, compatible with general good, and founded upon judicious and patriotic motives, should fail, for want of that intelligence which is the life of success in all such undertakings.

The Editor indicates other topics which will be combined with these; such as notices of improved modes of teaching, the progress of *beneficent* institutions, &c. These are already sufficiently illustrated in the daily journals, by the various patrons of such institutions, and we would recommend to the Editor to confine himself to the principal design of his journal. It is of sufficient consequence to require his exclusive attention.

The United States Naval Chronicle, by Charles W. Goldsborough, Esq. is a compilation calculated to be exceedingly serviceable to the affairs of the navy, as it presents within a short compass, documents, that may be often referred to. To the general reader, however, it is without much interest from its want of method, and style. The notice of the "Dry Dock" system presents a curious history of a subject which at one period attracted much public attention, but which is now established by the best of tests, experience, to be a valuable improvement in our naval establishment. Interspersed are some interesting anecdotes, of our distinguished naval warriors, and slight sketches of some of those who in the commencement and progress of the revolution, gave celebrity to this means of our defence. We regret to see the anecdote which the author has preserved and detailed with repulsive minuteness of the duels of the gallant Somers. It is only calculated to foster a spirit of private revenge and false honour whose prevalence is too often fraught with distress and misery to a circle of surviving relatives and friends, and is disreputable to the character of our country. It should have been suppressed. The part taken by the younger Decatur in this affair is matter rather of sorrow than applause, and brings forcibly to our remembrance the circumstances of his untimely end. The sketches of Biddle, Manly, Paul Jones, and others, of revolutionary fame, might have been advantageously enlarged by a reference to anecdotes and biographies, preserved in the former volumes of this journal or in the fugitive publications, of former times.

Anthony Finley has just published "A New General Atlas; comprising a complete set of maps representing the Grand Divisions of the Globe; together with the several Empires, Kingdoms, and States in the World." This work is compiled from the best authorities and corrected by the most recent discoveries; it contains sixty coloured maps; is the cheapest collection of the kind that we have seen, and vies with the best in accuracy, distinctness, and beauty.

Mr. Woodward proposes to publish a pocket edition of Scott's Family Bible, in 6 vols. The specimen is very neatly executed. For particulars, *see our cover*.

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## LINES

### On seeing the Miniature of a married Lady, painted by Dickinson.

Selleck Osborn, long known as an occasional contributer to the Poet's corner, in various journals, has published a collection of his best effusions, from which the following lines are transcribed. The topics are trite, but it will be perceived that they are touched with delicacy and feeling.

Oh! can it be? can ivory live,
By the creative touch of art?
With mortal means can genius give
All that can warm and bless the heart?

Unconsciously—I know not how
The magic comes—but whilst I view
That lovely face, I make my bow,
As to a living beauty due.

Two sins beset—I *idolize*,
If thus thy image I adore;
If, as thou seemest to my eyes
Thou'rt *real*—I have peace no more.

Surely that mouth can sweetly breathe—
Surely those eyes must wink anon—
The glass I kiss—all's cold beneath,
But the belov'd illusion's gone!

## THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER TO DIANA.

Since thou and the stars, my dear Goddess, decree
That, old Maid as I am, an old Maid I must be,
Oh! hear the petition I offer to thee,
For to bear it must be my endeavour;
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one whom I lov'd in my youth can be found,
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver!
From the scorn of the young, or the flouts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing better to say,
(Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her;)
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness, or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!



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From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour uncheck'd, that most pestilent elf,
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever;
From the vapourish freaks or methodical airs
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver!
From the erring attachment of desolate souls,
From the love of spadille and of matadore boles,
Or of lap-dogs and parrots, and monkeys, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon and clever;
But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,
Diana, thy servant deliver!
From spleen at observing the young more carest,
From pettish asperity tartly expressed,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot,
Let her sing if at ease, and be patient if not,
Be pleas'd when regarded, content when forgot,
Till the Fates her slight threads shall dissever!

## LINES

*Written at Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, October* 1822.

In the following lines, our readers will find themselves engaged with no ordinary Poet. The third stanza contains one line exquisitely beautiful; but I shall leave him or her, who can duly appreciate it, to find it out. Probably the reader of taste and sagacity, who has been conversant with the poetry which has heretofore adorned the columns of the Evening Post, will not long conjecture in vain as to the fortunate author.—*New York Evening Post.*

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the Castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

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A gentle hill its side inclines,
  Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
  Through this romantic scene.
As silently and sweetly still
As when, at evening, on that hill,
  While summer's wind blew soft and low,
Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
His Katherine was a happy bride,
  A thousand years ago.

Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile—
  Does not the succouring ivy keeping
Her watch around it seem to smile
  As o'er a lov'd one sleeping?—
One solitary turret gray
  Still tells in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
  The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch,
  Then rang, from aisle to pictur'd dome,
The light step of the soldier's march,
  The music of the trump and drum,
And babe and sire, the old, the young,
And the Monk's hymn and Minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
  Welcom'd her warrior home.

Wild roses by the Abbey towers,
  Are gay in their young bud and bloom,
They were born of a race of funeral flowers
That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
  A Templar's knightly tomb.
He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
  Where the cross was damp'd with his dying breath,
When blood ran free as festal wine,
And the sainted air of Palestine
  Was thick with the darts of death.

Wise with the lore of centuries,
What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
  Those giant oaks could tell,
Of beings born and buried here,
Tales of the peasant and the peer,
Tales of the bridal and the bier,
  The welcome and farewell,

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Since, on their boughs, the startled bird,
First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
The Norman's curfew bell.

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trod by the Percys of old fame,
And trac'd upon the chapel walls
Each high, heroic name,
From him* who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons;
To him who, when a younger son,†
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A Major of Dragoons.
* * * * *

That last half stanza—it has dash'd
From my warm lip the sparkling cup,
The light that o'er my eye-beam flash'd,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this bank-note world—is gone;
And Alnack's but a market town,
And this, alas, its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way,
Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
Northumberland boors, and plaided Scots,
Men in the coal and cattle line,
From Teviot's bard and hero land,
From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexam, and
New Castle upon Tyne.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spencer's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;
Ours are the days of fact not fable,
Of Knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy—
'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
Has call'd "the era of good feeling;"
Highlander,—the bitterest foe
To modern laws, has felt their blow,
Consented to be tax'd and vote,
And put on pantaloons and coat,
And leave off cattle stealing;

* One of the ancestors of the Percy family was Emperor of Constantinople.

† The late Duke.

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Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
  The Douglas in red herrings;
And noble name, and cultur'd land,
Palace, and park, and vassal band
Are powerless to the notes of hand
  Of Rothchild, or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,
Has come—to-day the turban'd Turk,
(Sleep Richard of the lion heart!
Sleep on, nor from your cearments start,)
  Is England's fast and firm ally,
The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
And on the Cross, and Altar stone,
And Christendom looks tamely on,
And hears the Christian Maiden shriek,
  And sees the Christian father die,
And not a sabre blow is given
For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
  By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the arm'd pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
  Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half-dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn,
A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
  And cheek, and brown hair bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy:
And one, half groom, half Seneschal,
Who bow'd me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon keep to turret wall,
  For ten and sixpence sterling. C.

## TO THE ROSE.

By Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Thou blushing Rose! within whose virgin leaves
  The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
  For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade e'er noon!
  What boots a life that in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
  And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

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If thee thy little beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many Herods lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born,
Nay force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life to hasten death.

## TO WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

The name of the poet of Hawthornden must be familiar to our readers, but that of the author of the following verses is perhaps not equally so. They were written by Mary Oxlie, of Morpeth, a Scotch poetess, and a friend of Drummond; and prefixed to a rare edition of his poems, printed in London in 1656. As a specimen of the taste of that remote period, they are worth republication.

I never rested on the Muse's bed,
Nor dipt my quill in the Thessalian fountain;
My rustic Muse was rudely fostered,
And flies too low to reach the double mountain.

Then do not sparks with your bright sun compare,
Perfection in a woman's work is rare;
From an untroubled mind should verses flow,
My discontents make mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of household care,
Where these remain, the Muses ne'er repair.

If thou dost extol her hair,
Or her ivory forehead fair
Or those stars whose bright reflection,
Thralls my heart in sweet subjection;
Or, when to display, thou seeks
The snow-mixt roses on her cheeks;
Or those rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty rows that meet;
The Chian painter, as ashamed,
Hides his picture, so far famed;
And the queen he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye;

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Since those lines doth limm a creature,
That so far surpass'd her feature.

When thou show'st how fairest Flora
Prank't with pride the banks of *Ora**
So thy verse her streams doth honour,
Strangers grow enamour'd on her.
All the Swans that swim in Po,
Would their native brooks forego,
And as loathing Phoebus' beams,
Long to bathe in cooler streams.
Tree-turn'd Daphne would be seen
In her groves to flourish green;
And her boughs would gladly spare
To frame a garland for her hair.
That fairest nymphs with finest fingers,
May thee crown the best of singers.

But when the Muse, dissolv'd in showers,
Wails that peerless Prince† of ours;
Cropt by too untimely fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senseless things to see thee moan,
Stones do weep, and trees do groan;
Birds in air, fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food;
The nymphs, foregoing all their bow'rs,
Tear their chaplets deckt with flowers,
Sol himself, with misty vapour,
Hides from earth his glorious taper,
And, as mov'd to hear thee plain,
Shows his grief in show'rs of rain.

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Too, too prophetic, did thy wild note swell,
Impassioned minstrel! when its pitying wail—
Sighed o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, withered by the northern gale.

* The mistress of Drummond was a daughter of Cunningham of Barns, who dwelled on the *Ora*, which Mr. Pinkerton believes to have been the river so called in Fife, running from Loch Orr to Leven river.

† Prince Henry, son of James I, on whose death, in 1613, Drummond published an elegiac poem, entitled "Teares on the death of Mœliades."

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Thou wert that flower of primrose and of prime!
Whose op'ning blow, 'mid many an adverse blast,
Charm'd the lone wanderer through this desert clime,
But charm'd him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature!
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit, as the blest are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhaled, and blends with heaven!

T. Park.

## SONNET,

### By Wordsworth.

Ever since Wordsworth began to write, as one of Mr. Blackwood's critics very justly remarks, he has fixed the attention of every genuine lover and student of English Poetry; and all along he has received from these the tribute of honour due to the felt and received power of his genius. The following is one of a series of Sonnets on the river Duddon, a stream which flows through one of the vallies in the country of the Lakes.

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompass'd? Was the Intruder nurs'd
In hideous usages, and rites accurs'd,
That thinn'd the living and disturb'd the dead?
No voice replies:—the earth, the air is mute:
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record that whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

## EPIGRAM

### *On a bad Dinner with excellent Punch.*

Friend Paio may boast of true orthodox merit,
What he wants in the *flesh*, he makes up in the spirit.

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## PORTRAIT OF JAMES S. EWING, M. D.

The present number of the Port Folio is embellished with a portrait of the late JAMES S. EWING, M. D.; a man whose temper was so frank and generous as to attract many friends; and whose good humour was so habitual as to communicate its pleasant influence to all who came within its sphere. But his character has already been given in this Journal, and it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it again. Our engraving is taken from a portrait drawn from recollection by FAIRMAN, and is esteemed a good likeness.

Dr. Ewing was the author of several mechanical improvements; among which, his *Sthenometer*, for ascertaining and regulating the degree of pressure in steam-boilers, and his patent hydrants, for one of which he received the extra-Magellanic premium from the American Philosophical Society, and for another, the Scot medal from the Agricultural Society, deserve particular mention. His hydrants are in general use in Philadelphia, and are found to surpass all others in convenience and economy.

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For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURENCES.

*Maine.* A law to promote the sale of the public lands, has been passed, by which it is provided that suitable townships shall be surveyed, and divided into lots of a hundred acres each, and sold to settlers only. The first forty settlers in any township are offered a lot of a hundred acres, to be selected by the purchaser; at *thirty cents an acre*, one half to be paid in money at the time of contracting, and the other in labour in making roads. After contracts have been made for forty settlers in any township, the residue of the lands in the township is to be sold at the rate of sixty cents an acre.

John Johnson who is now in prison, under conviction for stealing a horse and chaise, was apprehended in Canada, with considerable personal violence, and brought into this state for trial. By a late Montreal paper it appears that three persons concerned in his arrest, have been tried on an indictment for a riot, assault, and forcibly conveying Johnson out of the province. The defendants were convicted of *a riot and assault*, but not of deporting him from the province.

Imprisonment for debt has been abolished.

*Massachusetts.* The lands within six miles of the Middlesex canal on each side, have increased one-third in price; while land in the country generally retains its former value. In the state of New Hampshire, through which the Merrimack flows, timber is now worth from one to three dollars per ton standing: before the canal was made, it was worth *nothing*, so that in the article of timber alone, that state is supposed to have been benefited to the amount



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of at least five millions of dollars. The wood land there has risen in price, since the opening of the canal, from $2 per acre to $6, 8, and $10 per acre Proprietors of land, adjacent to the New York canal, from a small portion of their land, have sold timber to an amount more than sufficient to pay the cost of the whole tract.

*Rhode Island.* It has been stated that upwards of fifty thousand bushels of apples were gathered from the orchards on Rhode Island, the last season.

*Connecticut.* Mr. Stebbins of Simsbury, has proposed to establish a school on a plan similar to that of Fellenberg. By this system the pupils are taught industrious and mechanical habits, at the same time their minds are acquiring the principles of elementary instruction.

It is computed that three hundred thousand dollars are annually expended in New-Haven in consequence of the location of Yale College, and of seminaries for female education. For the last year there have been educated, in six or seven schools of the higher class, about two hundred and fifty young ladies, of which number about two hundred are from other states.

*New York.* By the annual report of deaths in the city of New York, during the year 1823, it appears that the whole number was 3,444. Of this number there were men 1007, women 734, boys 955, girls 748.—Males 1962, females 1482—that is, 480 more males than females, 273 more men than women, and 207 more boys than girls.—1224 of these persons were between 1 and 10 years of age, 1209 were between 20 and 50—109 between 70 and 80, 40 between 80 and 90, 14 between 90 and 100 and 2 upwards of 100.

No less than 683, or almost one-fifth of the whole number died of consumption—and 18 of the small-pox, 3 of which last died in November, and 15 in December.

There appears to have been no sweeping disease in the city during the year. The greatest number that fell victims to any single distemper, besides consumption, was 202 by convulsions.

At the last Circuit Court, for Cayuga county, the case of *Parnel Moody vs. Elisha Baker*, excited a peculiar interest. The Cayuga Republican says, it concerned the character of a young lady, which had been slandered under peculiar circumstances. Special damages were laid in the loss of marriage between the plaintiff, and the son of the defendant. After a long investigation, during which the defendant made no attempt to prove the truth of the words laid, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for 1450 dollars.

A full report on the subject of pauperism in this state, has been submitted to the legislature. There are 6,896 permanent, and 15,215 occasional paupers. Of the former, 446 are lunatics or idiots, 287 blind —928 extremely aged and infirm, 797 incapable of labour from other physical infirmities, and 2,604 children under 14, forming together 5,062 persons who are a burthen on the public, and are really entitled to its charity; besides which are 1,789 permanent paupers, of both sexes, capable of labour, and who might, as computed in the report, earn one hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually. Of the whole number of this class, it is supposed that 1,585 males and their families of 989 wives, and 2,167 children, were brought to want by drunkenness, and the report says, "there is little hazard in adding that to the same cause may be ascribed more than one-half of the occasional pauperism." Of the whole number of both classes 10,523 are males, and 11,588 females—5,888 are aliens or naturalized foreigners, and 8,753 are children under 14 years of age. The city of New York alone maintains more than three-sevenths of the

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whole number of both classes, and eighteen counties on the Hudson and Ocean, containing about one-third of the whole population, support more than half. In the state there is one permanent pauper for every 220 souls, and one for every 100 occasionally.

A suit, founded upon a contract between S. Whitney, E. Tibbits, G. Hoyt and D. Dekoven, defendants. and W. A. Weaver, a lieutenant in the Navy, has recently been determined in the Court of Chancery. The opinion of the chancellor was that ' The contract was clear and explicit. An officer of the navy of the United States agrees with the owners of the ship America, and a cargo, about to proceed from New York to Lima, that the Franklin, a ship of the navy, of seventy-four guns, also about to proceed to Lima, shall give special protection to the America and her cargo; and that he, the officer, shall go in the America, and shall represent her as a store-ship, bound to the Pacific ocean, with stores for the navy of the United States, and himself, as an officer of the navy, in charge of such stores. In return for this protection and this service, the owners of the America and her cargo, agree to pay to this officer one-fifth part of the profits which may arise from the outward voyage of the America and her cargo. The question is, whether this contract was legal or not

"Whether I regard the corruption of a practice which should permit officers of the navy to employ the national force for their private profit, or consider the laws establishing and limiting the emoluments of those officers, I find the strongest reason to decide, that all private compensations are illegal.

"This is, in substance, a contract for a bribe to a public officer. It is unnecessary to examine the turpitude of this transaction, in comparison with bribes to magistrates, or other agents of the public, or to graduate the guilt of different cases of the same crime. All such bribes, and all such contracts are illegal. The motives of such contracts must always be corrupt; or, if such a case can exist without the guilt of corruption, the direct tendency of all such transactions to corruption, renders it necessary that they should be universally unlawful."

While a young man was gunning lately near the beach at the mouth of East Chester Bay, about 14 miles from New York, he discovered something floating on the water, which proved to be a living animal of the deep. He watched it for several hours, and at last, as the animal approached the shore, and extended its jaws, he discharged his piece directly in its mouth, upon which it bellowed most tremendously, and became so furious that it attacked and beat off the gunner's dog, which had sprung towards the animal the moment it was fired at. The gunner repeated his fire, and the third shot proved mortal. It has since been brought to this city, and proves to be a sea-elephant, weighing upwards of 600 pounds, and measuring about nine feet in length. This animal is rarely seen in northern latitudes.

At Cooperstown three important causes were lately tried. 1. *Mary Arnold vs. Joseph W. Moffit* was an action on the case for seduction and breach of promise. No defence was made. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with three thousand dollars damages. 2. *Sophia Pringle vs.* Rev. *Nath. Huse*, was a similar case. In consequence of an understanding that the parties were soon to be married, they had interchanged mutual releases of all former promises. The defendant immediately married another person, and pleaded, successfully, the release in bar of this action. 3. A young girl, in humble circumstances, as she is called in the newspapers, brought

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an action against Garret V. Denis-ton, judge-advocate-general of New York, for seduction, and recovered nine hundred dollars.

*New Jersey.* A copper mine has lately been discovered in Somerset county, near the town of Bridgewater. A number of levels have been driven and shafts sunk to a considerable depth, and many tons of a red oxyde of copper are wrought from the mine. The ore, when assayed, has been found to be extremely valuable, surpassing in richness that of any other known copper mines.

*Pennsylvania.* Commissioners have been appointed to survey a route for a canal from the Susquehannah to the Schuylkill river, through Lancaster and Chester Counties: also, two routes between the Susquehannah and the Allegheny rivers.

The following is a statement of deaths in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in each month, from the 1st of January, 1823, to the 1st of January, 1824.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| January, | 314 | July, | 486 |
| Febuary, | 254 | August, | 495 |
| March, | 207 | September, | 551 |
| April, | 290 | October, | 457 |
| May, | 210 | November, | 445 |
| June, | 370 | December, | 521 |
| | | | 4600 |

Of these, 2366 were adults and 2234 children;—641 died in the Alms-House, and 800 people of colour are included. There have been born during the same period, 2977 male, and 2836 female children, making the total number of births 5813; leaving a difference in favour of births 1213.—

*Delaware.* The good people of Wilmington are so much dissatisfied with the route which has been selected for the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal, that they are determined to destroy the commerce of Philadelphia by withdrawing their custom from that city, and transferring it to New York! If this notable scheme does not effect their purpose, it may be apprehended that they will *set fire to the Delaware river.*

*Virginia.* Four hundred thousand dollars have been appropriated for the improvement of the navigation of James River.

At a late meeting of the citizens of Alexandria it was unanimously resolved to present a memorial to Congress for the retrocession of that town to Virginia.

On the question of renewing a Bank Charter, it was lately decided by the speaker of the Legislature, whose descision was sustained by a large majority, that a member being a stockholder of the Bank, was not, therefore, deprived of his vote—the interest being considered too remote to disqualify him.

An opposite descision took place some time ago, in the Senate of South Carolina on the question of renewing the Charters of the South-Carolina and State Banks.

The decision in Virginia appears to us to be the proper one, though not for the reason which is here stated. As long as a representative holds his seat, we think he is entitled to vote on every question which comes before the House, excepting in cases specially provided for by the rules or by statute.

*Alabama.* The Legislature of the state of Alabama, have passed a law, which may be styled an act for the encouragement of gambling.

It provides that every person who keeps a billiard table, in the city of Mobile, shall pay a sum of 150 dollars. The aggregate of this *bonus* on vice constitutes the *only* compensation of the Judge of the county court of that county.

Imprisonment of females for debt has been abolished.

*Mississippi.* A law has been passed declaring the limits of each county to be the prison bounds, and prohibiting the imprisonment of any white woman for debt.

*Louisiana.* A petit jury lately sen-

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tenced a man to pay a certain fine for murdering one of his slaves. The jurors were informed by the court, that it was their province to ascertain the guilt of the prisoner and not to award the punishment. But they refused to change their verdict. Whether the court submitted to such an encroachment upon its authority, we are not informed. The case may excite a smile, but the conduct of the jury is not more absurd and reprehensible, than that of grand inquests, which occasionally, in the southern and western states, *present* persons as suitable candidates for certain offices. All political feelings should be discarded from the jury-box, as scrupulously as from the pulpit. There is, said the wisest of men, a time for all things.

*Tennessee.* The legislature of Tennessee has received a petition from a certain Lamas Clampit, in which he states that he owes certain duties to society, and that in order to fulfil them, like a good citizen, *he is desirous of taking to himself a wife.* He further states that *he has no doubt of being blessed with a large family of children,* and concludes by praying the legislature to pass a law *allowing him to erect a* BILLIARD TABLE, *for the support of his said intended wife and expected children!* The petition was referred to a committee.

*Kentucky.* At Louisville, last month, specie was at 98 per cent advance in exchange for Commonwealth paper.

*Ohio.* By the census of this State it appears that there are in it 428 deaf and dumb.

A late Chilicothe paper informs us that on the preceding evening the people of the town assembled and burnt all the members of the Legislature from that county in effigy, excepting one, together with the clerk of the Senate. What produced the ferment was the non-election of Judges Cook and Armstrong, in particular; and it is understood also, that nearly ALL the Legislature have done this session, had prepared the public mind for this burst of indignation.

The Board of Canal Commissioners have reported on the advantages of constructing a Canal to unite Lake Erie and the Ohio river. The route will pass from Lake Erie to the Ohio through the upper part of the valley of Muskingum and Licking, and the lower part of the Scioto valley.

*Indiana.* The immense numbers of pigeons that inhabit the western regions of the United States have excited the astonishment of travellers and occasioned wonderful accounts which many, who have not been-eye witnesses, have considered as fabulous. Although the pigeon is decidedly a bird of the wilderness, yet it does not hesitate to encroach on the settlements of man, and often proves destructive to his wheat and corn-field.

From a computation, it appears, there are upon a square mile every day, 5000—that they embrace a tract of country, seventy miles square; so that allowing one half this area to be filled at the rate above mentioned, there would be above twelve millions. Pigeons are great gormandizers, and it appears, that allowing their food only equal to one gill of wheat per day, which is supposed to be short of the quantity of nutriment they would require, they would consume about 115,327 bushels per day—this, at fifty cents per bushel, would amount to 57,663 dollars. Providence has given them a peculiar power of seeking far and wide, through the fertile forests of the west, to gratify that appetite, and gather up the surplus fruits of the earth which would otherwise waste, like the leaves, to enrich the soil that produces them.

The town of Richmond, Wayne County, situated on the east bank of White River, was laid out in 1816. It now contains 453 inhabitants, and

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two printing offices. The Quakers of this state hold their yearly meetings here, in a house 100 feet long 60 wide, and two stories high. It is represented that 5000 persons attended the last meeting.

*Illinois.* STONE COAL AT THE SALINE.—A bank of stone coal of inexhaustible extent, has lately been discovered at the Saline, in this state, which promises the greatest advantages to the manufactory of salt. General *White*, to whom the publick is already so much indebted for the late discovery of strong water at that place, is also entitled to the credit of this new discovery—which, we are assured, will lessen the expense of making salt at least one half. A quarry of it has been opened, and preparations are in a state of forwardness to commence boiling with it instead of wood, in the course of two or three weeks. The cost of this fuel, at the mouth of the furnace we understand will not exceed *three cents* a bushel.

*Missouri.* Much apprehension is entertained by the people on the frontiers of this state from the hostile attitude of the neighbouring Indians. We have not more than three thousand men to protect a territory of nearly 5000 miles, and keep in check a body of 20,000 warriors, who are restless, intrepid, and sanguinary.

One of our friends writes from St. Louis as follows:

In my ride to this place, near Kaskaskia, I saw the son of the ruling chief of the tribe of that name, once among the most powerful of the savage nations, mustering probably 5000, but now so cut up by their enemies as to to count but 50. The old chief, named Ducoigne, I believe I saw at a distance. He lives in a very comfortable house just beyond Kaskaskia. These people had once a church of the Roman Catholick persuasion 1500 strong! They formed a grammar and dictionary of their language in Shawnoe and French. They were both taken off by a fellow whose name I forget and carried to Detroit, where they are probably preserved. The Priest was of their own tribe.

*Michigan Territory.* If the population of this territory continue its present rate of increase, it will be entitled, in the course of two years, to an equal rank in our national confederacy.

It is mentioned in the Detroit Gazette as a singular fact, that there is not an individual imprisoned for crime or debt in this Territory.

## OBITUARY.

HENRY SERGEANT, Esq. aged 42 years. (March 26th.)

The deceased was a man whom misfortunes had the power to afflict, but not to bend. With great sensibility, and the loftiest principles of honour, he maintained his integrity under circumstances the most adverse, and exerted all his faculties with unwearied diligence, to do justice to those who, according to his own exalted conceptions of duty, had claims on his time and talents. With a constitution impaired by frequent and enfeebling disease, he still devoted his days with untiring effort, to repair for others the losses which his own misfortunes had occasioned; affording by his conduct an example of the idea of virtue, which he had always fondly cherished and inculcated. In the midst of these efforts, he sunk. His friends have lost a companion endeared to them by his kind and generous nature, no less than by his rich and highly cultivated understanding; and his immediate relatives, who felt and

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[illegible] his worth and goodness, will find a void in their social circle, which can never be supplied.

It may not be improper to add, to the above tribute to the moral character of the deceased, that in the intervals of business he was a diligent reader and sometimes amused himself in literary composition. A sensible paper on the state of our "Currency," in the Port Folio for 1819, shows that he understood the theory as well as the practical operations of his profession; while the "New Readings in Shakspeare," in the vols. for 1818 and 1819, of the same work, evince the playfulness of his humour.

Samuel Wilcocks, Esq. of Bucks County, (Pa.) aged 37 years:—an event by which his family are deprived of a most amiable and affectionate relative, his many friends of a much esteemed associate, and the community of a man, upright, honorable, and conscientious, in all his pursuits.

In Wrentham, Mass. Major Samuel Cowell, an officer and patriot of the revolution, aged 87. In his youth, he served as a private soldier in one campaign in the old French war, in Canada, and afterwards, in the revolution, he took an active part, and was distinguished for the firmness of his principles, as well as his zeal. When the news of the battle of Lexington was brought to him, he instantly left the field in which he was engaged, collected the company which was then under his command, saw that they were all properly equipped, and began his march towards Boston, in a few hours after the news had reached him, and by daylight the next morning was encamped in Roxbury. He died in the same house in which he was born.

In Monmouth, Me. Simeon Dearborn, Esq. aged 90.—In our revolution he was actively engaged, in defending his country's rights. At the taking of Burgoyne he was a Lieut. of Militia and was in actual engagement.

Mrs. Rowson, who died lately at Boston, was the daughter of William Haswell, an officer in the British navy. The family resided at Nantucket when the revolutionary contest came on, when, in accordance with the cautious policy of that day, Mr. Haswell, a half pay officer, was of course, considered a prisoner of war, and sent into the country for safe keeping, but subsequently to Halifax, by cartel. This officer had several sons—two of whom have been gallant officers in the naval service of the United States, and both were distinguished in the fight of the Le Berceau, and in some other engagements of that short war. Susanna Haswell was married to Mr. William Rowson, in the year 1786, in London. While she resided in Massacusetts, she had frequent opportunities of seeing that great orator, and lawyer, James Otis, then one of the most influential men in America. Much pains had been bestowed on her education, and this learned and enthusiastic scholar was delighted with her early display of talents, and called her his little pupil. This intimacy she recollected with pleasure and pride, in every period of her life. In the same year of her marriage, she commenced author, and published her first work, "Victoria," which was dedicated, by permission, to the Duchess of Devonshire, then the most brilliant star in the circles of taste and fashion. Her Grace was a genius, a beauty, a politician, and a writer of considerable distinction; but her affability and kindness surpassed even her charms and accomplishments. The merit of Victoria, and the kindness of her who had become the friend of the author, secured it a flattering reception. The Duchess, among other acts of kindness to Mrs. Rowson, introduced her to the Prince of Wales; and she obtained, by this interview, a pension for her father. Mrs. Row-

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son's next work was "Mary, or the Test of Honor." This was not entirely original, but was taken, in part, from a manuscript furnished by a bookseller. This book she never claimed as her work. Then followed "A Trip to Parnassus," "A Critique on Authors and Performers;" and then "Fille de Chambre," "Inquisitor," "Mentoria," and "Charlotte Temple, or a Tale of Truth." This last work has had the merit of the most extensive sale in this country of any other ever published here—more then twenty five thousand copies of it were sold in a few years.* Mrs. Rowson lately commenced writing a sequel to this book, but did not finish it. In 1793, she returned to this country and was engaged in the Philadelphia theatrical company for three years. Notwithstanding her arduous duties on the stage her pen was not idle; at this time she wrote the "Trials of the Heart," a very voluminous work; "Slaves in Algiers," an opera; "The Volunteers," a farce—founded on the whiskey insurrection, in Pennsylvania; and the "Female Patriot." In 1795, while in Baltimore she wrote a poetical address to the army of the United States, called the "Standard of Liberty," which was recited by Mrs. Whitlock, from the stage. Mrs. Rowson went to Boston in 1796, and was engaged at the Federal-street Theatre; and for her benefit, produced the comedy of "Americans in England." Here closed her dramatic labours—since then, she has never attempted any thing for the stage, except, perhaps, a song or ode. At the close of her engagement, she opened a school; and before the end of the year she had an hundred, pupils and many more anxious to be admitted. From this place, she went to Medford, and opened an academy for young ladies. This seminary was thronged from every quarter, not only from her own country, but from Newfoundland, Jamaica, New-Providence, and more distant places. From Medford, she removed to Newton, about the same distance from Boston, and continued her school until she removed to Boston; in every place she had as many pupils as her health would allow her to take. During her laborious duties, she found time to write—"Reuben and Rachel," a novel; the scene of which is laid in this country, and other works. She has also compiled a "Dictionary;" two systems of "Geography;" "A present for young ladies," being a collection of various exercises and poems, recited by her pupils, "Historical Exercises," &c. She was the conductor, at one time, of the "Boston Wekely Magazine," in which she wrote many valuable essays, on various moral and interesting subjects. Odes for masonic purposes, hymns for charitable associations, and songs for patriotic festivals, came from her pen, too numerous to mention singly; and each of them did credit to her poetical powers. The "Biblical Dialogues" was her last publication.

* This is so extraordinary a circumstance in the history of American literature, that we are disposed to question the accuracy of the statement. Ed. P. F.

In Lisbon in September last, aged 74, Abbe Joze Correa de Serra, Counsellor of Finances, Knight of several orders, Member of several learned societies, formerly Minister Plenipotentiary from Portugal to the United States, and well known in Europe and America, as a distinguished botanist, and as a gentleman possessed of an uncommon share of literaray knowledge. In all the different countries in which he resided, a just respect was paid to his talents, which, together with the kindness of his manners and the brilliancy of his wit, ensured him every where the most friendly reception. His public services justified the high confidence of his government; his literary merits have been publickly acknowledged by several institutions in Europe and America.

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# The Port Folio.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VARIOUS; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

For the Port Folio.

## *WHITE'S* VOYAGE TO THE CHINA SEA.*

MONTESQUIEU has told us, that "it is very remarkable that the Chinese, whose lives are guided by rites, are, nevertheless, the greatest cheats upon earth. This appears chiefly in their trade, which, in spite of its natural tendency, has never been able to make them honest. He who buys of them ought to carry with him his own weights, every merchant having three sorts; the one heavy, for buying; another light, for selling; and another of the true standard, for those who are on their guard." The Cochin-Chinese, according to our author's account, prove themselves apt scholars of their more ancient neighbours, and perhaps exceed them, if possible, in fraud, knavery, and low cunning. Mercantile integrity or honour has no place among them. "It would be tedious to the reader and painful to myself," says Lieut. White, "to recapitulate the constant villany and turpitude, which we experienced from these people, during our residence in the country. Their total want of faith, eagerness to deceive and overreach us, and their pertinacity in trying to gain by shuffling and manœuvring, what might have been better and easier gained by openness and fair dealing; the tedious forms and ceremonies in transacting all kinds of business, carried into the most trifling transactions,

* History of a Voyage to the China Sea. By *John White*, Lieutenant in the United States Navy. Prodesse quam conspici. Boston, Wells and Lilly, 1823, pp. 372.



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the uncertainty of the eventual ratification of any bargain, (the least hope of wearying the patience of the purchaser out, and inducing him to offer a little more, being sufficient to annul any verbal stipulation,) and there being no appeal, unless there is a written contract, which is never made till every art has been used and every engine put in motion and exhausted, to gain more; all these vexations, combined with the rapacious, faithless, despotic, and anti-commercial character of the government, will, as long as these causes exist, render Cochin-China the least desirable country for mercantile adventurers. These causes have made the Japanese relinquish the trade: they have driven the Portuguese of Macao from the country, and turned their commerce into other channels, and are yearly and rapidly lessening their intercourse with China and Siam."

Cochin-China or Onam, the inhabitants of which are termed Onamese, derives its present population from a body of Tonquinese, who, being defeated in a rebellion under a Tonquinese prince against his sovereign, about two centuries ago, fled hither, the Lois or Laos, an ignorant and timid people, who then occupied it, fleeing before them to the mountains. The former rapidly increased, and in process of time conquered Cambodia. The present limits of this country extend from latitude 8° 40′ to 17° North, and from the coast about 150 miles westward. It comprises three divisions, and the large cities of Saigon, Don-nai, Nhiatrang, Quin-hone, and the royal city of Hué. At the middle of the 18th century Cochin-China had been rendered, by a mild government, a fertile country, and an extensive maritime coast, one of the most powerful in Eastern Asia. But luxury and effeminacy followed the discovery of gold and silver mines; and Cochin-China in the east, like Spain in the West, rapidly declined in character, strength, and population. Civil war laid waste the provinces, and the manners of the people suffered rapid deterioration. The reigning monarch, Caung-shung, was, in 1774, driven from the throne, and owed his reestablishment to a French missionary, named Adran, whose adventures are singular. In 1787, this missionary sailed from Pondicherry with the son of the king, for Paris, where the young prince was presented at court, and Louis XVI. concluded a treaty with Adran, who was made a bishop, and received from Louis the appointment of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Cochin-China. Matters being thus arranged, he returned with the young prince to Mauritius, where a fleet, consisting of a ship of 50 guns, 7 frigates, and some transports, and troops to the number of 4 or 5,000, were put under his direction. Their sailing was afterwards suspended, and the French revolution put a stop to further proceedings. By this time, however, Caung-shung had returned to his dominions and recovered his authority, and Adran became the prime minister of the monarch, to whom he had so zealously adhered. At the arrival of

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Capt. White in 1819, Adran was dead; Caung-shung was still on the throne, but verging fast to dissolution. Adran had adopted wise and vigorous measures for restoring the country, and under his administration it was returning to order and strength: his death, however, put a stop to all further improvements, and it suddenly relapsed into licentiousness, misrule, and barbarism. Of this state of things the events in our author's voyage furnish abundant proof. "In regard to the population," says Lieut. White, "we received contradictory accounts, and we never could obtain access to any of the archives by which this point might be settled. Some of the mandarins asserted that the country contained ten millions of inhabitants, others calculated the population to be 14 millions, but the missionaries reduced the number to 6 millions. This difference probably arose from the fluctuating boundaries of the country by annual conquests. It may be presumed, that those mandarins exaggerate, who state the population to be 14 millions; which, indeed, may be the case with those who assert it to be 10 millions. Perhaps, if we place its amount at 8 millions, the mean between the smallest number of the mandarins, and that of the missionaries, we shall come nearest the truth; but this conjecture rests upon no better data than those I have already mentioned." All calculations of population founded on conjecture, must necessarily be unsatisfactory, as is evinced by the contradictory accounts of China, the erroneous statements in relation to England and Ireland in the middle of last century, and indeed of all countries that do not adopt the American mode, of taking a census, at regular periods. If the population of Cochin-China be no more than 6 or 8 millions, it is manifestly the result of the despotism of the government, its bad laws, and corrupt manners, for such are the fertility of its soil, the facilities of navigation; the value and variety of its productions, and the agreeableness of its climate, that under the operation of liberty and industry, it would support probably as many people as any country in the world of the same extent. The mountains yield gold, silver, copper, iron, and other metals. "The forests, besides the various kinds of odoriferous woods, such as the eagle, rose, saffron, and others, afford iron wood, several species of the varnish tree, the dammer or pitch tree, the gambooge, the bamboo, and the rattan, besides a great variety of woods useful in dying, in construction, and in the mechanic arts. The country produces also cinnamon, honey, wax, peltry of various kinds, areka, betel, tobacco, cotton, raw silk, sugar, musk, cassia, cardamums, some pepper, indigo, sago, ivory, gold dust, rhinoceros horns, and rice of six different kinds."

It is to be regretted that the samples of rice brought to the United States by Lieut. White could not have been prepared for planting, as they would probably have improved the quality of this valuable article of food. "There are six different kinds of rice in Cochin-China, five of which I procured samples of and

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brought to the United States; but unfortunately the weavels and other vermin destroyed the vegetative principle in all of them. Of one kind the kernel is quite long, farinaceous and opake: this is generally distilled into whiskey. Another kind is small, long, and semi-transparent, and is very delicate and nutritious. A third kind is covered with a thin red coat and in consequence of some parts of it being removed in the process of husking appears variegated—red and white: this species is very fragrant and is much esteemed. There is another kind with a short round kernel which is generally used for boiling. Besides all these kinds, which are propagated in low grounds, there are two sorts of upland or mountain rice, from which a most beautiful fine snowy white flour is made, and used in making cakes and various kinds of confectionary."

The object of Lieut. White's voyage was to trade; and after one disappointment he succeeded in reaching the city of Saigon, situated up the river Donnai, where he had been led to expect he should be able to procure a cargo of sugar, and other commodities. He arrived there with his vessel, the brig Franklin, of Salem, in company with another vessel,—the ship Marmion, of Boston, commanded by Capt. Blanchard,—"the first American ship that ever ascended the Donnai river, and displayed the stars and stripes before the city of Saigon." The difficulties and delays in treating with the officers and merchants of the character we have before described, where every artifice was employed to exact, extort, and cheat, and where perpetual demands were occurring for presents, which were very unceremoniously enforced by seizure, may easily be conceived. The adventurers, however, succeeded in obtaining parts of cargoes of sugar, and it appears that with all the burthens added to the price, it was procured considerably cheaper than the price of the remainder cargo subsequently purchased at Java; the former costing 7 dollars 22 cents per Chinese picul, the latter 8 dollars 50 cents: a circumstance probably owing to the little competition existing in the trade at Saigon.

The price current of the market at Saigon, a city of 180,000 people, bespeaks abundance. "Pork 3 cents per pound; beef 4 cents per pound; fowls 50 cents per dozen; ducks 10 cents each; eggs 50 cents per hundred; pigeons 30 cents per dozen; number of fish sufficient for the ship's company 50 cents; a fine deer a dollar and a quarter; 100 large yams 30 cents; rice 1 dollar per picul of 150 lbs. English; sweet potatoes 45 cents per picul; oranges from 30 cents to 1 dollar per hundred; plantains 2 cents per bunch, &c. &c."

The following narrative of a species of musical fish is a matter of curiosity. "On the passage up one of the seven mouths of the river, our ears were saluted by a variety of sounds, resembling the deep bass of an organ, accompanied by the hollow guttural chaunt of the bull frog, the heavy chime of a bell, and the tones

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which imagination would give to an enormous Jews harp. This combination produced a thrilling sensation on the nerves, and, as we fancied, a tremulous motion in the vessel. The excitement of great curiosity was visible on every white face on board, and many were the sage speculations of the sailors on the occasion. Anxious to discover the cause of this gratuitous concert, I went into the cabin, where I found the noise, (which I soon ascertained proceeded from the bottom of the vessel,) increased to a full and uninterrupted chorus. The perceptions which occurred to me on this occasion were similar to those produced by the torpedo, or electric eel, which I had before felt. But whether these feelings were caused by the concussion of sound, or by actual vibrations on the body of the vessel, I could neither then, nor since, determine. In a few moments the sounds, which had commenced near the stern of the vessel, became general through the whole length of the bottom. Our linguist informed us that our admiration was caused by a shoal of fish, of a flat oval form, like a flounder, which, by a certain conformation of the mouth, possesses the power of adhesion to other objects in a wonderful degree, and they were peculiar to the Seven Mouths. But whether the noises we heard were produced by any particular construction of the sonorific organs, or by spasmodic vibrations of the body, he was ignorant. Very shortly after leaving the basin, and entering upon the branch, through which our course lay, a sensible diminution was perceived in the number of our musical fellow voyagers, and before we had proceeded a mile, they were heard no more."

We must not omit the author's description of the dress and manners of the Onamese fair sex: there is more to digust than to attract in the picture. An uncleanly person in the "lillies" of the human race is one of the sure marks of a semi-barbarous state of society; and in the same class may be ranked the habit of chewing the areka and betel, prevalent among the higher classes throughout this region of the east. "Females of rank are distinguished by the numbers of robes they wear. The under one being the longest, and each additional robe being somewhat shorter, and of different colours, give them quite a gaudy appearance. When they go abroad, they wear a hat woven of slender fibres of the bamboo, made impervious to water by a fine varnish. It is in the form of a saucer inverted, and secured under the chin by a slender bow, attached to each side of it, like the handle of a water pail. Some of the higher classes have the bow made of horn, ebony, ivory, and even of silver or gold. Their shoes are Chinese. They also have their attendants, who carry a small cabinet, generally made of some odoriferous wood, and inlaid with gold and silver, with several compartments to contain their areka, betel, chunam, &c. The young females of Cochin-China are frequently handsome, and some even beautiful, before their teeth, tongues, gums, and lips, become stained with their detestable masticatory: the

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children of both sexes, however, begin this practice at a very early age. They are by nature finely formed; but their symmetrical proportions are distorted and disguised by their dirty habits, and a woman at thirty is an object of disgust, and at forty absolutely hideous."

On the whole this book contains a lively and interesting view of the present condition of Cochin-China, and fills a void in relation to its recent history and actual state. It is interesting to the merchant, in its account of the commercial capacities of the country—to the geographer in its details of the divisions, towns and population;—to the man of science in its views of objects of curiosity, history, and research. Such a book published in London, if the production of an English Navigator, would command as much attention as any work of the kind, and would meet a ready sale. Even now we have no doubt its pages will furnish many subjects for the conductors of the British Magazines and collectors of voyages. Yet, in our country, we regret to say, that scarce patronage could be obtained sufficient to authorise its publication; and the author's only hope of compensation for enlightening and instructing us, is the applause of a few, and the consciousness of bestowing a benefit on his fellow men. It is not surprising, under such circumstances, that more works of merit do not issue from our press—the wonder is that we have so many.

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For the Port Folio.

## WARRENIANA.*

This is a very pleasant little *jeu d'esprit*, for which we are probably indebted to the ingenious authors of the "Rejected Addresses." Mr. Warren, an eminent manufacturer of Blacking, in "famous London town," is supposed, in the plan of this work, to receive a variety of tributary lays from the most conspicuous poets of the day; and the prose-writers, as well as certain members of parliament, are brought in, by admirable burlesques and parodies of their several styles, to sound the fame of the Patent Polish. The humour of the writer is so entirely free from personality, that it can be offensive to none—not even to the gentlemen at whose expense "the laugh goes round." These are Mr. Gifford, the portentous knight of the Quarterly, Washington Irving, Wordsworth, Hogg, L. Hunt, C. Mills, Dr. Southey, C. H. Town-

* Warreniana; with notes, Critical and Explanatory, by the Editor of a Quarterly Review. pp. 162.

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sead, Barry Cornwall, the Editors of Blackwood's and Campbell's Magazines, Lord Byron, S. T. Coleridge, the Times and John Bull Newspapers, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore, Mr. Canning, Mr. Hume, &c.

The history of the publication is thus given by Mr. Gifford, the editor:

"It was during one of these later visits in the autumn of 1820, that my friend proposed to me the Editorship of the present volume. He was pleased to add, that the circumstance of my previous apprenticeship to a shoemaker peculiarly fitted me for the task, and that he would diminish what remained of difficulty by his own immediate co-operation. It appeared, when I catechised him on the subject, that in order to increase his connection he had been for years in the habit of retaining the services of eminent literary characters. This joined to his own poetical* abilities, which displayed themselves in perpetual advertisements, had considerably enhanced the value of his profession. Still a something seemed wanting; one complete edition of "Warreniana," to which the public might refer as certificates of his merit. With this view he had lately engaged all the intellect of England in his behalf; each author furnishing a modicum of praise in the style to which he was best adapted, and receiving in return a recompense proportioned to his worth. There were some, however, who from the circumstance of their residing abroad, (as in the instance of Lord B—— ) found no little difficulty in complying with this application. In such case their own bookseller was appointed the agent through whom their communications were conveyed.

The following is a palpable hit at our distinguished countryman:

"The metropolis of England to a stranger, and more especially an American, exhibits the varied wonders of a fairy-land. Its hoary cathedrals at Westminster and Cheapside; its richly foliaged groves of Kensington and Hyde Park, carpeted with the freshest verdure, and reflecting in added beauty the dazzling hues of morn, or the mellowed effulgence of twilight,—these and a hundred objects of similar attraction, present each to the mind of the traveller a theme for unbounded admiration. For the first week of his arrival he betrays a wondering ignorance at the alternate grace and grandeur of each scene or edifice he beholds, and broods, with the tenacious eagerness of a child, over every fresh source of amusement. He visits, with intensest interest, the rival temples of Melpomene and Thalia, recalls the Quirinal Hill in contemplating the majestic Achilles, and paces, with kingly step, the tesselated pavements of Regent Street. In a few weeks, however, this feverish ecstacy subsides, and he has then sufficient soberness of temperament to pay his passing tribute of applause

* For an ingenious criticism on the merits of Mr. Warren, as a poet, the reader is referred to the article intituled "The Sable School of Poetry."

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to those sweet but unobtrusive nestling places, which are consecrated by the recollection of living or departed genius. Then it is that he visits the Boar's Head at Eastcheap, and, in fancy, quaffs his sack with Falstaff; or, with feelings of equal enthusiasm, bows before the shrine of Warren, the manufacturer and minstrel of the Strand.

"As for this reverential purpose I was once buying a pot of Blacking at Number 30, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated in a state of deep abstraction behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling shop-boys around him.

"I inquired his name, and was informed that it was WARREN. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity; this was one of those imaginative spirits whose newspaper advertisements have gone forth to the ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I have cleaned my shoes, even in the solitudes of America. It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of Warren, yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

"As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin and subsequent elevation, his unconquerable diligence and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favourite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has compensated the want of them in another by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. Warren. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogise his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of poesy and wit.

"Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone,

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and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a church-yard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty, at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor Solomon's Elixir, pushed Day and Martin from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor Solomon is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but Warren's Blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will ensure its eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers with a gentle and oleaginous refulgence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken *sole.*

"In America we know Mr. Warren only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet: and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clods of earth. Warren has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest he will stand unshaken to the last. Besides, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident, that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the scathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

"I do not wish to censure, but surely—surely, if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Warren and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of Macbeth. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

"But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt until it be for ever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of Warren may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affection. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidious vicinity. But the man of letters who speaks of the



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Strand, speaks of it as the residence of Warren. The intelligent traveller who visits it, inquires where Warren is to be seen. He is the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity."

The "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem," as Lord Byron described the "Christabel" of Coleridge, is admirably parodied in "The Dream," from which we extract the following lines:

"Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

"Warren the manufacturer rich
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
She barketh her chorus of bow, wow, wow:
*Bow* for the quarters, and *wow* for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all-arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

"Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May;
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;
But louder, far louder, he listed a roar,
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rung the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Oped his gray lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she
Ugly and old exceedingly."

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In the piece entiled "Warren at St. Stephen's," supposed to be furnished by the Reporter of the Times newspaper, the manner of some of the principal speakers is very happily caught. Thus Mr. Hume,—one of those troublesome pests in a legislative assembly who are eternally finding fault and proposing impracticable schemes of reform,—is made to bring forward a long-promised motion relative to the estimates of Mr. Warren's blacking:

"I shall begin by enumerating the sum *total of the whole* of what is technically termed the Horse Guards. On examination it will be found, I believe, that the regiments properly so called are four, and if we allow each regiment, on a hasty calculation, to be 800 strong, (to say nothing of the band,) and multiply this 800 by four, we shall have a clear product of no less than 3200 men, all of whom are in the constant habit of using Warren's blacking. This, sir, to say the least of it, and provided that only shoes were the articles polished, would be an intolerable expense; but what shall we say when told, that the ministry, as if in mockery of reform, (*hear, hear, from Sir F. B——t*) compel the four regiments to wear jack boots. Now the motion I have the honour to make, regards these very articles, and proposes that they be henceforth cleaned but twice a week, on a presumption that the country would be materially benefitted by the alteration. This presumption is much strengthened by the following statements, by which it appears that 3200 pairs of jack boots are at present daily polished, and that the consequent expenses (allowing one pot of blacking, price sixpence, to be used between three pairs,) are 9733*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *per annum*. But if we restrict this extravagance to twice a week, the expenditure would then be 2771*l.* 12*s.*, whereby there would be an annual saving of 6961*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* Again, on a supposition that the jack boots are abridged to Wellingtons, and these Wellingtons cleaned in like manner but twice a week, to wit, on Fridays and Sundays, the expenses would then be 923*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, making on the whole a reduction of 8809*l.* 9*s.* *per annum*. I must not, however, forget to mention, that in this statement there is an odd sixpence over, which, after every necessary retrenchment has been made, may be fairly divided between the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool."

Alderman Curtis makes the following speech:

"I can't for the life of me help saying a small matter upon the subject of this night's debate, but at the same time as I arn't over nice in point of tongue, I shall say it as speedy and as soon as possible. Fine words butter no parsnips, and if so be I'm a bit behind hand in flummery, I will at least make up for it in common sense. What *boots* it, as the shoemaker said, how we talk, if we talk to the point? For my part, I stand only on facts, and quite blush for the hon. members of opposition, when not content with cutting up the jack boots of the Horse Guards, they bother us

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about the expenses of blacking them. Now, the long and short of the business is, that Warren's Blacking is dirt-cheap, for it not only saves scores of pounds in the matter of the mirrors, but stirs up other manufacturers besides. For instance now, the success of Robert Warren has lately brought forward another one, who goes and poaches, as it were, in the same *Warren*, and then comes and takes a house under the very nose of his rival. (*Loud Laughter.*) And what, you'll ask, is the consequence of such opposition? Why, that by this here Warren trying to outdo that there Warren, both Warrens are obliged to mind their P's and Q's; which we all know they need not do, if so be that there was never no opposition. Opposition, sir, except in Parliament, is the very life of trade, and is just as necessary as marriage (*A pensive smile from Mr. C——e of Norfolk*) to propagate business. I intreat the house then to do away with the resolutions of the hon. member for Aberdeen. The country is in a *nation* flourishing state, for our Aldermen were never so fat as now, and in my last voyage to Ramsgate, I was pleased to see as how the Corporation of the different towns where I stopped to lay in provisions, seemed some pounds fatter than the year before. But independent of all this, let the house look at the charming appearance of things in general. Let them only look at the swinging stock of turtles as is daily sold, and see the high price as venison fetches. Not but what I can bring a thousand other proofs of our increasing trade, besides the mere matter of eating; only as I feel myself more at home in that ere line of argument, I feel more justified in using it. (*Laughter from all sides of the house.*) By the bye, this reminds me of the hon. member for Winchelsea's proposal to dish the city feasts. My God, what an idea! Do away with the city feasts, and you does away with government, for the constitution of England requires every bit as much nourishment as the constitution of Aldermen. For my part, Sir, I have only to pray (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B—tt—h*) that I may never live to see that ere awful hour when turtle-soup shall cease to be the crack dish at Guildhall. (*The touching emphasis with which the hon. Baronet delivered this sentence drew tears from the eyes of many of the country gentlemen.*) I come now to the subject of our national poverty. And, first, the hon. mover assures us as how England is ruined, a fact, however, that sticks in my throat like Amen in Macbeth's, which, as far as I can learn, was nothing more than a piece of dry toast as had gone the wrong way. Moreover, he (Mr. H—e) says, that Reform alone can save us; to which I reply, in the words of Homer, "Credat Judy;" that may be Judy's creed, but I thank heaven it arn't mine. Once again, then, I beseech the house to vote against the reduction of Warren's Blacking. We have no need of reduction in no shape. John Bull, as I showed just now, is better off than ever; the tread-mill and the new churches are as full as they can hold; the Orphan's

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Fund is turned into a sort of Sinking Fund, for the use of them as can dip deep enough for she; good wholesome water may be had at Aldgate Pump for nothing; the beggars (thank God) are all hanged, and a new Old Bailey is being built for the rest; and, in short, the whole country resembles the place described by those charming authors, "The Elegant Extracts," where

> The turtle wantons with the ape,
> The deer frisks in the dell,
> And vineyards with the tender grape,
> Give out a goodly smell.

"Upon a due consideration of these advantages, I think it but right to vote against the reduction of Warren's Blacking."

We had marked other passages for selection; but we find that they must be omitted, to make room for a specimen selected from a *Warreniana Americana*, which has just come to hand, and which we hope Mr. Gifford will adopt in his second edition. If he approve of this excerpt we may be tempted to send a few more across the Atlantic.

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For the Port Folio.

## WARRENIANA AMERICANA.—No. I.

By H. N. of Baltimore.

I have not yet given my opinion of the merits of Warren's incomparable liquid blacking, although it is a thing which I have long used in my family. In fact I myself have used it ever since 1794, when I was an apprentice. It is much blacker than my ink, which I always make myself for my own use, and I am constantly receiving letters from the most respectable people in all quarters of the union complimenting me on the excellence of it, and asking me where I buy it. I mention these things not to take any credit for them, but forasmuch as they are facts, and I see no reason why the truth should not be told. Although I have said that I have long used this blacking, it must not be deemed from thence that I am advanced in my age. People call me old N. though I am only in my 42nd year; but I suppose that it is on account of my plain downright mode of stating facts and things that they bestow this appellative upon me. Charlotte Guelph was never any more than Charlotte Guelph, in my Register, and I always called her so without fear of the Holy Alliance, or any of the legitimates and Hartford Convention tories of our own country; and when the woman died I could see no reason why they should make such a fuss about it. Many an honester woman

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has gone off the same manner, and nothing was said on the occasion, because she was no more than plain Mrs. I hope my reader will excuse this desultory style of treating my subject; it is my way of treating things, and although it may seem to be tedious to introduce so many topics, yet it must be borne in mind that the longest way round is often the nearest way home, as Dr. Franklin used to say. One word about foreign manufactures, before I come to the subject of Warren's Blacking. I think the bulk of the people of the United States have been grossly mistaken as to their true interests, and this opinion of mine gains ground daily among all the well-informed people who are in the habit of reading my paper for the purpose of getting right ideas of things. Instead of looking at home for wealth, ease, and independence, we have been staring with both our eyes across the Atlantic; and, to the pitiful trade we had on that ocean, has been ascribed the prosperity of these states. Rational and proper trade among ourselves I am a friend to, not to that which would *nearly have sought protection under the British cannon*—that was *purchased* in the shape of BRITISH LICENCES, of Guelph's consuls, and other *dealers* in the "freedom of the seas,"—or that which paid a TRIBUTE to Great Britain under her infamous ORDERS IN COUNCIL, as did the goods we burnt at Baltimore some years ago. Regarding the sovereignty of the people, an equality in rights, and the support and encouragement of industry, so that *the mouth of labor may not go supperless to bed,** as the chief among human things needful to the welfare of a society, I have zealously endeavoured to explain the first principles of them, in my paper, the cost of which is but $5 the year.

I have no doubt some of my readers will accuse me of inconsistency in my use of Warren's Blacking, while I am under a solemn impression that this republic can never be truly independent while we rely upon foreign nations for the necessaries and comforts of life. But show me a manufactory of Blacking in these states and it shall immediately have my custom; and I will make all my family use it, and recommend it to the numerous and enlightened readers of my Register, as *I done* with regard to Mr. Guy's receipt for curing the tooth-ache. Thus, step by step, we should be getting up the ladder of independence, and the prospect from thence will truly gratify the patriot. "*Steady*, boys, *steady*," and the victory over domestic prejudice and foreign intrigue is certain. But as long as we cannot manufacture the article ourselves, them that buy the imported must be free from censure. Nor ought we to grumble and higgle about the price. "The value of a thing, is just exactly what 'twill bring," as that venerable patriot—John Dickinson—often used to observe to me, when I was a young man, and he little thought that I should one

* See Niles' Register. Ap. 1824.

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day in future,—or *in esse*, as the lawyers say—become the humble instrument to instruct my and his fellow citizens in the "meaning of words" and the "application of principles." Speaking of my younger days, I can remember when I put on my first pair of breeches, and I remember I thought my father had made a man of me by the act. But "Warren's Blacking,"—I had really lost sight of that, when thinking about Hartford Convention-men —Bull's Consuls—pattern-card gentry—British agents—and my own breeches!!—I hope that I shall not fly off again, but there are some "natural associations of ideas" that "puzzle the will," and require more discipline than I aspire to, to keep one's pen in its course. Now, here a dissertation on the propriety of giving utterance to a man's thoughts just as they occur to him, might be seasonably introduced—but I'll leave it for another opportunity.—It cannot but be a matter of knowledge to all the candid and intelligent subscribers to my Register—that I am happy to say are in general pretty punctual as the "times go"—otherwise I could not get along—since "what is often used must be often greased" as poor Richard says—I say it must be a thing notorious to all that Warren has a competitor in the market—"two Richards in the field," as my worthy friend the constitution-expounding and Shakespeare-quoting senior editor of the Richmond Inquirer would say. Messers Day and Martin are also venders of blacking, competing thereby in the market with Warren. But I shall not pretend to indicate the preference that my mind induces me to lean to, for indeed I have none about the matter. "Measures and not men" has always been the "pole-star" that guides my editorial career. I detest the mumbo-jumbo of man-worship that is only fit for the enslaved mind of a legitimate. I have often said, with regard to the Presidential question, about the great men who are now in the public eye for the most dignified position in the people's gift, that *it is of less importance to me than a ray of moonshine when I am asleep*, which succeeds, and I may say as much of the conflicting and contending claims of the two rivals whose wares now struggle which can outvie the other in the market. *Each* of the candidates *have* polished many a boot by means of *their* Blacking, and the *nation's* reputation demands that *they* should be treated decently. The *wishes* of the people in many of the states *is* far from being settled for or against any particular individual. One may every where, especially in the middle states, meet with five persons, (all "democrats" or all "federalists,") and find as many various preferences for the supremacy! But, lately in an oyster cellar, I accidentally fell in with seven dandys from New York, very finished dressers, all favourable to large cravats and polished boots, with gilt chains, and they were all, to a man, in favour of Warren.—To conclude—it is probable that *as editor* of the Register I shall not take any part in favour of this man against that, for manufacturer of Blacking. But I am opposed to

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any caucus, which would multiply divisions among the people, and not unite them in any one sentiment. *Some may have been working behind the scenes,* BUT THE PEOPLE HAVE NOT ACTED ON THE SUBJECT. To them I leave it, because it is their business, and they know how to black for themselves (without any of the *ifs, buts,* and *ands* of my friends the Editors of the National Intelligencer, who thereby often put construction at defiance.)—I shall resume the subject on a future occasion, when I shall treat it more exactly than I find I done in the above desultory and hasty suggestions, which I merely place on record for future reference.

For the Port Folio.

## ON THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICS.

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN IN PHILADELPHIA.

SIR,

Some days ago you told me that the young ladies at a certain school were studying the elements of geometry from a popular treatise of Navigation, compiled by one of our most eminent mathematicians. From the interest which I have always taken in the education of youth, I am inclined to communicate to you my sentiments on such books of geometry, as seem best adapted to the use of the higher schools in this country. Good, concise, elementary treatises of Algebra and Geometry, for the use of schools, are much wanted in the United States. The proper object of geometry is the development of the abstract properties and relations of space. In this science it cannot be expected that females will make much proficiency. Nor ought geometrical knowledge to be considered as a necessary object of their pursuit. By the Grecian philosophers in general, mathematical studies were regarded as an essential part of a liberal education, and as the best model and exercise for the judgment of youth. Pythagoras, to whom the discovery of the solar system has been erroneously ascribed, instructed his pupils in mathematics; and Plato, one of the most learned men of antiquity, made the previous knowledge of geometry a condition of admission into his seminary. Geometry has been recommended by Mr. Locke, and other eminent authors, for its tendency to strengthen the reasoning faculties. The main object of this branch of academical education is not so much to make geometricians, as to initiate youth in the art of reasoning in a clear, correct, and methodical manner. From the time of the ancient Greeks to the present day this kind of instruction has been found most successful in practice. No study has been proposed, by men of learning, as preferable for youth: none has been attempt-

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ed with greater efficacy in the attainment of the object. I will quote one authority, which claims the respect and reverence of all men of literature. Quinctilian says, "*In geometria partem fatentur esse utilem teneris ætatibus; agitari namque animos, atque acui ingenia, et celeritatem percipiendi venire inde, concedunt:*"—which may be thus translated,—*The study of geometry is useful to youth, for it excites and exercises their mind, and sharpens their faculties, and thereby gives quickness of perception.* For arguments in favour of the propriety of mathematical studies, as mental discipline, in the higher places of education, I refer to the works of Reid, Stewart, and other writers on metaphysics.

Bonnycastle's Geometry, in 8vo, is probably the best work of the kind, when we consider it in the double sense of a complete introduction to mathematics, and an excellent system of practical logic. The latter quality was a principal object of the author's attention when he composed his book. Our publishers have an interest in the sale of other books of the same kind, and would not be willing to reprint it, lest it should retard the sale of those which are now in use. Some propositions, which are not absolutely necessary in a course of mathematics, might be omitted by students both in schools and colleges.

The treatises of geometry of Bezout, Bossut, and of the professors in the college of St. Cyr, in Paris, are good introductions to mathematics; but they are not good systems of practical logic, which I deem an essential quality in a treatise of geometry designed for youth. There are many larger works of the kind than these, both in French and English; but they are not fit for young ladies, who cannot devote much time to the study of abstract science without the neglect of other acquirements, which are considered of primary importance.

Concise systems of geometry, in connection with other mathematical subjects, may be found in several works, as Ingram's Mensuration, (a recent book, and unknown here,) Young's Syllabus of a course of Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, vol. II, and Young's Illustrations of La Place's Celestial Mechanics, and in Mackay's Navigation. All these, with some additions, and extensions of some of the short demonstrations of Young and Ingram, would be fit for the use of youth, and might be transcribed without much loss of time. The expense of preparing and printing any of these three tracts would be little. The authors are excellent mathematicians, and have been engaged in public or private education. I would recommend a large collection of useful problems to follow the elements.*

Ingram's Mensuration contains 35 theorems, with many corol-

* See Keith's Euclid, Paaley's Practical Geometry, Landman's Practical Geometry.



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laries, in plane geometry. These are all the propositions which he uses in the theory of Plane Trigonometry, Mensuration of Superficies and Solids, Surveying, Gauging, &c. With the addition of a few elementary propositions in planes and solids this short treatise of geometry would be a sufficient introduction to all the branches of mixed mathematics, as Mechanics, Optics, &c.

Each of the three books of Dr. Young contains about 60 propositions in plane and solid geometry, which are all that he employs in his demonstrations of the mathematical principles of Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Optics, and Astronomy. To these a few theorems might be added, either on account of their elegance, or convenient application in certain geometrical subjects of the higher kind.

Mackay's Navigation contains 19 theorems in plane geometry, which are sufficient for the theory of Plane Trigonometry and Navigation. It would be necessary to add ten or more theorems, to render the tract fit for other purposes. Mackay's demonstrations are fuller than those of Young and Ingram, and are therefore easier to beginners. I should prefer Mackay's geometry to the other two tracts if it were more extensive.

The doctrine of proportion is not included in any of these tracts. Young and Ingram give the principal properties of proportion in the algebraical part of their books. These properties must be prefixed to the geometry, because they are required in the demonstrations of some propositions, and in all parts of mixed mathematics.

Though any of the above tracts on geometry may suffice for the use of schools, yet I should prefer a larger book, like Bonnycastle's, which would answer the double purpose of a system of practical logic, and of a complete introduction to all the synthetical parts of mathematics. The recent and improved editions of Euclid's Elements of Geometry by Playfair, Ingram, and Keith, are excellent systems of practical logic, and good introductions to mathematics in general; but certain parts of Euclid's Geometry are more difficult to learners than some of the latest and best treatises of geometry which have been published in Europe. Of the recent treatises of geometry, Cresswell's is undoubtedly the most systematical, and is founded upon the most legitimate principles. But the very circumstance of the accuracy of its fundamental principles, and the metaphysical nature of a few of them, render the first 39 pages somewhat intricate, and not so intelligible to young students as might be desired. But after these have been established, and some of the most elementary propositions demonstrated, the rest of the volume is clear and satisfactory. This treatise constitutes a complete course of elementary geometry; but it is too large and too expensive to be adopted in this country.

There is an excellent treatise of plane geometry by professor Leslie of Edinburgh; but the geometry of planes and solids is not

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to be published soon, so that the work is not complete. We do not, however, want such extensive books as the last two in our schools and colleges, where the pupils are young, and the more useful and practical branches of literature and science are generally taught. The present state and circumstances of America seem to exclude, with propriety, from our public seminaries the cultivation of recondite and abstract studies. Hence perhaps it is that we are inferior to some other nations in profound and abstruse learning; while we rival, or even surpass, them in the more useful and popular kinds of knowledge. *Cui Bono?* is the question, and the principle which directs our conduct on most occasions. It is certainly an excellent rule in all cases of profit and temporal interest; but in all other respects it is pernicious, and checks the progress and mental improvement of the human species. It is, in general, a selfish maxim, and militates against benevolence, morality, and religion.

To Geometry should be annexed the common elements of Plane Trigonometry, with its application to practice. Trigonometry is a branch of geometry, and is applicable to a variety of measurements, and mathematical investigations. As much of the theory and practice of Plane Trigonometry as can be taught in schools may be extracted from several books, as Hutton's or Davidson's Mathematics, Ingram's Mensuration, the larger treatises of Trigonometry by Keith, Bonnycastle, and Gregory. A neat and concise separate treatise is wanted in schools. The tracts in certain books cannot be recommended to learners, for some of them consist of theory alone, others contain only practical rules and numerical examples, and others are destitute of simplicity, perspicuity, and accuracy in the demonstrations of the propositions. The deficiency of good elemementary books in the higher places of education, indicates the neglect of certain studies, or the superficial manner in which they have been generally prosecuted.

In my account of certain books of geometry I have forgotten to mention Legendre's; part of which has been translated from the French for the use of the University of Cambridge, in Massachusetts. In the method of demonstration it has a greater resemblance to Euclid's Elements than any one of the kind which has been published on the continent of Europe. But it is too large for the use of schools, and is exceptionable, both in its arrangement and execution. The problems and theorems are detached, though they have a mutual connection with, and dependence on one another. To evade the difficulties which all authors have encountered in laying the foundation of the science of geometry, M. Legendre has made certain gratuitous assumptions, which the ancient geometricians would not have granted. He assumes first principles as true which are not evident, and need demonstration; and he demonstrates, indirectly, the equality of right angles, though this property is an immediate and obvious consequence from two

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of his definitions. With these, and other minor exceptions, Legendre's Geometry is clear and plain. But his theory is not established on pure elementary principles. It is easy to write a plain book of abstract science, if the author take the liberty to assume what ought to be proved.

After all that has been said, I am of opinion that the most useful treatise of geometry which can be provided for schools and colleges, would be a judicious selection from the latest editions of Euclid's Elements. To effect that object it would be necessary to introduce a few new demonstrations, for the purpose of expunging auxiliary propositions, and reducing the work into a small compass. Certain useful or elegant propositions, which are not absolutely necessary in a common course of mathematics, might be put in a separate book, or supplement, at the end of the volume, and would serve as exercises for students who had made due proficiency in the simpler elements which precede them. The 5th Book of Euclid's Geometry, containing the doctrine of proportion, is seldom read in colleges, and may be rejected. Proportion might be treated analytically in two pages. The properties of planes and solids, in the 11th and 12th Books, should be abridged, and demonstrated in the manner of Playfair's or Ingram's editions of Euclid. The outlines of such a selection and abridgment as this were executed in this country some years ago, and could be soon prepared for the press. The elements of Plane Trigonometry, with the solution of the cases, and with practical examples, would properly terminate the work.

I would recommend the selection from Euler's Algebra, in 8vo, (printed at Cambridge, in Mass.) in preference to the abridgment of Bonnycastle's Algebra. Several defects and errors appeared in the first impression of the selection, which a competent instructer might supply and correct. The Algebra in Hutton's Course of Mathematics has some merit; but it is not separate. There are better books of algebra than any of these, but they are either too large, or are not accessible to us. Among the best for learners we may reckon those of Bridge, in English, and of Bezout, Bossut, Lacroix, and of the seminary of Saint Cyr, in French. There is an American translation of Lacroix's Algebra, in 8vo, which is become a class-book in some of the colleges in New England.

A correct and systematic book of natural philosophy is a desideratum in the higher schools. Mrs. Marcet's Conversations on Natural Philosophy frequently offends us by their tedious prolixity and senile garrulity. Besides, they want simple familiar experiments to illustrate the principles of philosophy, and to fix them in the memory of learners. The study of physics ought to be introduced into the higher schools, in a moral and religious point of view. Man ought to explore and comprehend the works of creation. This study has been culpably neglected in most countries, and should be no longer deferred in this country, where the

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government does not fear and wilfully check the progress of learning and civilization. The Elements of natural philosophy, by James Mitchell, M. A. are the best for young students which I know. They abound with simple illustrations and experiments. But the style is deformed by almost innumerable grammatical inaccuracies. If they were reprinted here, it would be necessary to revise and correct the whole work with great care. It is written in the incorrect and slovenly style which characterises the men of science and classical learning who have been educated in the public grammar schools and universities of England. Most of their late and present writers are as imperfectly acquainted with their vernacular speech as if it were a foreign language. This unpardonable ignorance of a correct style of composition arises from an inveterate and fallacious opinion, that classical literature supersedes the necessity of studying the idiom and phraseology of the English language.

Dr. O. Gregory's Lessons on Natural Philosophy, in 12mo, may be recommended to youth of both sexes. Gregory is professor of mathematics at the Military Academy (or college) at Woolwich, and is distinguished by the variety and extent of his learning. His Lessons contain a popular view of astronomy, which is sufficiently extensive for young ladies, and might be taught in the higher schools with advantage to the pupils. They have been often reprinted in England, but are not likely to be published in this country. We reprint books of this kind rather by accident than by judicious selection. Profit, not General utility, is the motive which determines our conduct in the publication of books. We inquire whether a book is known to the public, and *likely to sell*, before we commit it to the press. Hence it happens that valuable books, which are favourably received and widely circulated in Europe, are seldom seen in America. Our schools and colleges dislike innovation, and reluctantly change the plans and class-books which are familiar to them. Like the governments of nations, they lag behind the existing state of general knowledge and civilization. Even the richly endowed universities of England pertinaciously retained the monastic and antiquated systems of education long after they were exposed to public censure and ridicule by the more liberal and enlightened members of their own body: and I believe that the university of Oxford has not yet completely emerged from the obscurity of the dark ages of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, which overwhelmed Europe at the remote time of its foundation. Considering its superior advantages of numbers of officers, libraries, and richly endowed colleges, it appears to have contributed little to the promotion of useful and general knowledge. Where can we find its text-books on mathematics, metaphysics, and morality? We have formerly seen a mathematical compilation, for the use of the university, by the late learned Dr. Horsley, in 3 vols. 8vo, which appears

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to have followed its author to the grave. We have attempted to read the history of the last and present century, by Dr. Nares, Regius Professor of Modern History, which exhibits a singular specimen of defects and prejudices, and of a corrupt style of writing. Its direct tendency is to mislead the reader, and to vitiate the style and taste of youth, at a time of life when chaste and correct models of composition are indispensable. If such imperfect and exceptionable text-books as this be approved and adopted at Oxford, we need not envy the superiority of their system of education, nor look up to them as our masters and guides in polite literature. Too mean and imperfect for the purpose of academical education, it may however excite our ambition to excel it, and induce us to seek or produce works of more intrinsic merit and utility. But let us restrain our presumptuous anticipations, and while we are casting reflections upon the venerable institutions of other nations, let us not forget that our own are imperfect, and destitute of many advantages and requisites which time and experience may ultimately supply. Our hopes of excellence decline when we contemplate the imperfect models of imitation which the ancient institutions of the most civilized nations afford us. It would seem as if time had sanctioned errors, and retarded useful improvements; and that a total change of circumstances, and a new order of things were necessary to break the chains of inveterate habits, and to restore the human mind to its natural activity and energy.

My intention was to write a note relative to certain concise and simple tracts on the elements of algebra and geometry, which I deemed fittest for the use of schools. But I have deviated from my first purpose, and have been imperceptibly led to the production of a tedious dissertation. No apology for its rude and irregular form will, I apprehend, be necessary to a man of education, who is inclined to promote the advancement of learning, and the amelioration of indigence and misery among the lower classes of the community. With due respect, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. N.

## ANECDOTE.

The late R. B. Sheridan being once on a Parliamentary Committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members of the committee were present and seated, though business had not commenced; when, perceiving there was not another seat vacant, he, with his usual readiness, said, "Will any gentleman *move*, that I may *take the chair*?"

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## ON THE VIRTUES AND VICES OF BOYS.

Whatever may have been the efficient cause and the real origin of the numerous imperfections of our nature, one final cause and one important use of them may be found in the opportunities thus afforded us to correct and improve them by our own efforts. Such imperfections and such opportunities, the power and the liberty of falling into transgression or of avoiding it, seem to be essential to a state of probation. Dryden, indeed, has asserted, but surely rather with the licence of a poet, than the accuracy of a philosopher, that God *never made his work for man to mend*. Not merely the accidental injuries to health, but the natural infirmities of the constitution, may be often rectified and amended by medicine, temperance, and habit. The intellectual faculties confessedly owe their best powers and greatest value to education and exercise; the violence of constitutional passions may be prevented by prudence and reflection from transgressing the bounds of innocence; and the very essence of good morals depends upon our own culture and our own exertions. Thus appear at once the propriety and the necessity of many of our most important duties; the means and the difficulty of acquiring those qualities and merits, to which only future reward has been promised; and the justice and equity of that responsibility for our conduct, which revelation has proclaimed. Thus appears also the indispensible obligation of the parent to provide for the moral, as well as the intellectual, improvement of his offspring; and upon the schoolmaster, to restrain the propensities to vice, and to cultivate the dispositions to virtue, in those entrusted to his care.

How far the human mind is by nature inclined to the love and the pursuit of virtue, or to the pleasures and practice of vice, is a question of too much extent and difficulty to be determined in a work like the present. Nor is the determination necessary to our purpose. The actual virtues and vices of boys do not seem to proceed so much from reflection, conviction, and principle, as from physical sensibility, accidental situation, the example of others, and their own habits. Sense, appetite, and passion have been called the elder brothers of reason; and the former certainly exert nearly their full force, before the latter attains its maturity. It depends in a great measure, however, upon the discipline of early life, whether they are to be the servants or the tyrants of the mind: and hence it is, that external authority becomes necessary to our children, till their own understanding is capable of directing their conduct. The judgment of those of greater experience and wisdom, and the commands of their superiors must at first constitute their chief rule of action; their supreme law in morals, as well as manners; in the practice of religion, as well as in the pursuit of science. This is, indeed, the true ground of that unlimited

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power, with which nature has invested the parent over his offspring. It is the justification of that high authority, which he finds it necessary to delegate to the preceptor of his son.

The virtues of a schoolboy cannot be numerous or great. They can be such only as his age and situation admit. Those usually observed are such as may most naturally be expected from characters not yet corrupted by vicious example, or rendered suspicious and malignant by experience in the world; sincerity in their professions, and fidelity to their engagements; mutual confidence and affection; generosity towards their friends; zeal and industry in their pursuits; and gratitude towards their benefactors. The seeds of these virtues, and of such as these, wherever they are found, should by every possible means be cultivated and encouraged. In the distribution of his applause, and of the few rewards that are in his power, the experienced teacher can want little direction. He will, however, be cautious, on one hand, not to render the former cheap by its frequency or its excess; not to exhaust the latter by lavishing them on ordinary degrees of merit; and, on the other hand, whatever encouragement his situation enables him to give, he will give it in such a manner as to show that he delights in virtue, and rewards it with pleasure.

To watch and to promote the improvement of his pupils, in good morals, as well as in science, is indeed, not more the duty than the delight of the schoolmaster. But unhappily, it is by no means the whole of his task. The correction of vices, or of tendencies to vice, will demand at least an equal share of his time and attention. Within the narrow circle of his province, like the magistrates of larger communities, he will more frequently be called upon to punish transgression, than to reward merit.

That some boys are continually, and that all boys are occasionally, prone to mischief and to vice, is a truth of which every schoolmaster daily receives irresistible and painful conviction. But whether this arises from the immaturity of their understandings, the impetuosity of their passions, or the corruption entailed upon us by our first progenitors, it is neither easy nor necessary to decide. My business is not so much with the cause of the evil, as with the remedy. It is less the duty of a schoolmaster to illustrate the origin of the disease, than to effect its cure; or at least to restrain the evil, which he cannot wholly remove.

There is, however, one source of vice in boys so frequent amongst us in the present times, and so powerful and extensive in its effects, that though I may in many instances give offence, instead of producing conviction, I shall state it without reserve. I cannot hope to correct an evil of such magnitude, but I know what is due to the rising generation, to the profession, and to truth.

The source, to which I allude, is excessive indulgence to our children; a circumstance which never fails to produce or to aggravate depraved sentiments, and pernicious habits. Quinctilian

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complained that in his days the first thing which the sons of gentlemen were taught, was to call in lisping accents for their ornaments of purple or of crimson; and that more attention was employed to improve their palates, than to correct their pronunciation. With what justice a similar complaint may be made at present, there is less reason to prove than to lament. Where due tenderness to our own offspring ends, and excessive indulgence begins, it may not, indeed, be easy to determine with precision. But indulgence is obviously excessive, when, in the important articles of food, amusement, and study, the inclinations and appetites of the children are consulted, instead of the judgment of the parents: and this indulgence becomes still more mischievous and culpable, when it is granted to one child in preference to the rest: or at the expense of their comfort and convenience. Of this, indeed, the ill effects are neither few, nor inconsiderable.

A favourite son is seldom beloved by his brothers; and still more seldom feels any sincere love for them: and thus one of the most pleasing and the most amiable of human affections is discouraged and impaired at that season of life, when it might be most successfully cultivated and established.

The preference constantly shown to one child in the end disappoints its own purposes. It grows in time to be received as a right; and instead of exciting sentiments of pleasure and gratitude in his mind, fills it with vain notions of his own importance; with the spirit of insolence and oppression.

The extreme fondness of the parents is often more troublesome than pleasing to the child. Sometimes he sees and despises their weakness; and when contradiction is exerted, and some occasions will imperiously demand its exertion, it will offend more than all former kindness has obliged. No wonder then that of all our children, he who has been most indulged, should generally prove the most refractory and the most ungrateful.

But where no undue preference or partiality is shown, excessive indulgence is by no means deprived of its folly or its mischiefs. It quickly teaches disingenuous and dishonourable artifices. The child soon learns to affect pain, sickness, and unhappiness; because he knows that by such means he shall obtain whatever he desires from parents who will not bear to hear him cry; and thus that ingenuous temper and conduct, the great ornament of youth, is destroyed before the period arrives, which it ought chiefly to have adorned.

Habitual indulgence to children seldom fails to terminate in a mean and selfish disposition. It teaches individuals to claim, and tempts them to seek, their personal gratification, at whatever expense to themselves or others; and thus philanthropy, the fairest boast of human nature, and one of the first precepts of our religion, is poisoned at the source.

It sends them to school with hopes of having the same indul-



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gence continued: and if they are disappointed, as their own best interests require they should be, the disappointment produces aversion to study, regret for the pleasures they have lost, fanciful and fictitious complaints against the seminary, perpetual solicitations to be removed from it, and all those contemptible humours and passions, which torment alike the parents, the teacher, and the pupils, and prevent improvement as much in science as in virtue.

It teaches them such delicacy, and such an avidity of appetite in the article of food, as, in the course of their future life, exposes them often to inconvenience, and always to contempt; and it often creates such a taste for wine, as impairs the constitution before it is fully established, or terminates in one of the most despicable of human vices, habitual drunkenness.

Too much tenderness in the management of infants may naturally be expected to impair their constitutions: and it is observed by our practitioners in medicine, that of children delicately treated, a much larger proportion than of others, sink into the grave before they reach the years of maturity. The parent, therefore, by excessive indulgence to his child, not only injures his temper and his morals, but exposes his health and his life to additional hazard.

Above all, this early and habitual indulgence teaches the rising generation to gratify all their passions as they arise, and to consider such gratification as the principal business of human life; a notion of all others the most inimical to duty and good morals; the destruction of the great principle, on which we are commanded to seek virtue, honour, and happiness.*

While I censure indiscriminate indulgence, however, let me not be understood to enjoin any useless rigour; any unnecessary severity. Let me not be supposed to condemn natural affection, while I wish only to restrain its excess. The discipline, which I would recommend for children is, that they be taught from their earliest infancy constant respect for the judgment of their parents, and implicit submission to their authority: that they should not be permitted, under the same circumstances, to renew any request, which has once been deliberately rejected: that they should learn to be satisfied with the food provided for them; and be indulged in delicacies only as the reward of obedience and good conduct: that they should retire to rest in the evening, and rise in the morning, at fixed and regular hours: that they should on no account be excused from the performance of the task, which has once been appointed; and that they should receive all their instruments and opportunities of amusement as favours from their parents and their

* The despicable character and the melancholy fate of the only son of Peter the Great of Russia have always been ascribed to the culpable indulgence of his education; to his being permitted from his infancy to gratify the passions of his heart, instead of cultivating the powers of his understanding.

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teachers. Were such a habit early begun, and steadily continued, it would soon appear to be a system, not of unnatural rigour, but of the truest tenderness. Personal correction, which so many parents wish to avoid, would be rendered in a great measure unnecessary; for custom would generally produce the same beneficial effects. The immediate happiness of the child, the great source of parental indulgence, would be more successfully promoted; for dutiful children experience greater pleasure in obedience, than the most perverse and refractory ever find in opposition and rebellion. The reciprocal affection of his offspring, a very laudable object of a father's ambition, would be most effectually secured: for the son, who has been subjected to judicious discipline, seldom fails to reward it by his gratitude, as well as his improvement; while with him, who has been ruined by indulgence, the weakness and folly of his parents are ever afterwards the subject of censure and regret. Should these effects, contrary to all experience, even fail to be produced; still the children will be taught the great principle of human duty; to restrain their desires in submission to legal authority; and to suspend present pleasure in the hope of future and greater compensation.*

* A practice, which I have always thought censurable, is now become almost universal amongst us, that of introducing the children of the family to the company after dinner. The affection of the parents may no doubt be gratified by having their own offspring around them; and their pride may be flattered by displaying their supposed excellencies to their friends. But they should recollect that to the greater part of the company their presence is indifferent or irksome. All instructive and even amusing conversation is suspended; all attention must be directed to the young people; and many compliments are paid on their account at the expense of sincerity and truth. But the greatest objection to the practice, and what is most to the present purpose is, that the children are thus from their very infancy accustomed to a sort of dissipation, by their familiarity with the company, and to luxury, by partaking of the wine and the dessert. Except where it is required as a medicine, and that, I apprehend, is not frequently the case, no good reason will easily be assigned, why wine should be given to children at all. That it does not contain any nourishment is universally acknowledged; and that it does contain a pernicious spirit cannot be denied. Hot and strong sauces, and all such as are usually called high dishes, ought also to be rigidly proscribed at a table for children. To the strongest constitution they are at best not beneficial: and to a child they are undoubtedly noxious: the certain causes, when habitually given, of cutaneous eruptions, chronic complaints, and premature infirmity. All rational theory and all actual experience conspire to prove, that the plainest and simplest food is the most eligible: and the different proportions of nourishment in the different kinds are probably very little; and certainly much less than many fanciful speculators would teach us to believe. The attention, which is often paid to different kinds of food, the different degrees of nourishment expected from them, and the supposed difference of their effects upon the health, the strength, and even the intellects of children, remind one of the notable expedient of the running footman in Boerhaave, who attempted to excel all his fellows by feeding for some months exclusively upon the flesh of hares.

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But with whatever wisdom and firmness the parent may have discharged his duty, during the infancy of his children, much will still remain for the schoolmaster to perform. It will remain for him to continue the good habits already begun; to confirm the good principles, which domestic instruction has implanted; and, as the understandings of his pupils advance to maturity, to build that upon conviction, which before rested solely on authority. The general and most efficacious modes of proceeding for these important purposes are undoubtedly those, which are most obvious and common; and many of the minuter regulations must be determined by the discretion of individuals, and the circumstances of each particular case. But on a point so interesting, in a work upon such a subject, a few observations, unless their own insignificance should expose them to contempt, will not be thought improper or unseasonable.

Boys, it is well known, are ready on all occasions to pledge their honour in support of their veracity. Whether they have undertaken to accuse another, or to acquit themselves, to deny a past transgression, or to promise future obedience, their honour is always willingly adduced for the truth of their assertions. But this species of testimony from children I made it a rule always to discourage, and generally to reject. They were giving me a pledge, I frequently told them, of which they did not appear to know the full value; and which therefore I would not accept: and I added, that if they did not know the value of it, they must be sensible it ought to be reserved for occasions of solemnity and importance. But when a youth approaching more nearly to manhood, pledged his honour for his veracity, I always judged it expedient, where no further injustice was involved in the question, to accept the pledge, as indisputable evidence of truth, even when I knew the assertion to be false. This plan I deemed it prudent to adopt; not only that I might escape the irksome task of chastising an offender, whose age made personal chastisement indecent and disgraceful, but that I might not degrade him in his own opinion and the opinion of his schoolfellows; that I might make him sensible of the value and advantage of a good character, and encourage him to preserve in future, what I did not appear to know, that he had deserved to lose. This forbearance I never found reason to regret. The same youth would rarely hazard a second time the same solemn pledge in support of falsehood. All such occasions, however, should be studiously embraced by the master to explain to his pupils the true use and meaning of the popular and mistaken term of honour; that as the principle of virtue it is always indefinite and fallacious, and often sanguinary and unjust; and that the only solid basis of good morals must be found in the laws of their country, and the precepts of their religion.

Amongst the pupils of almost every school, again, are certain maxims of conduct, which it is at once impossible to approve, and difficult to correct. In the powers exercised by the senior over

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the junior scholars; in the preservation of the secrets and confidence of each other; in the doctrine of supporting at all times their schoolfellows rather than their teachers; and in the distribution of honour and shame, reward and punishment; in these cases, and such as these, they often proceed upon maxims hostile alike to the principles of justice, and the authority of the master. Fidelity to engagements, however, and adherence to principles, though erroneous and inequitable, are entitled to some degree of respect; and these combinations the prudent teacher will endeavour rather to dissolve than to break; he will employ persuasion and conviction, rather than power and compulsion. He will seize every proper opportunity to illustrate the doctrine of general consequences; the rights of society at large, in preference to the claims of its separate portions; and that universal engagement to truth and justice, which is prior both in time and obligation to the personal and mutual engagements of individuals. Jaffier may be disgraced by having betrayed his friend; but he would have been involved in much deeper guilt, had he been faithful to his friend, and betrayed his country.

The actual vices, or the tendencies to vice, which a schoolmaster will be called upon to restrain or correct, are neither few nor inconsiderable. A school is not in any other point a more exact resemblance of the world at large, than in the display, which it affords, of the passions and transgressions of the individuals, of which it is composed.

The minor vices of perverseness and caprice, sullenness and obstinacy, are usually best corrected by that ridicule, which they so abundantly deserve; and which, indeed, they generally incur, as well from their companions, as their teachers. In every large school there is a sort of public opinion, which has an almost irresistible influence upon the sentiments and conduct of its members; and it is of the utmost importance to the master to obtain this influence in favour of his own authority, and on the side of truth and justice. With respect to the faults under consideration this is generally effected without difficulty; and hence it is, that they are ususally diminished in proportion as the seminary is numerous and respectable; and that from our public schools they are almost entirely excluded.

One of the vices, to which young and ingenuous minds are often subject, is sudden and violent anger. As this is not more indecent and culpable in the offender, than dangerous and mischievous to those around him, as it does not more certainly involve him in quarrels at school, than it will afterwards expose him to contempt or disgrace in the world; it ought to be checked and corrected by every means which the invention and authority of the master can supply, by ridicule, censure, and punishment. It is sometimes supposed that this proneness to sudden and violent anger is a mark of superior genius and spirit. But the supposition is itself as errone-

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ous, as its tendency is pernicious. In boys, as well as in men, to be passionate is more frequently the mark of a weak, than of a vigorous intellect; of a rude, than of a cultivated mind. It is observable, on one hand, that no characters are more subject to intemperate sallies of anger, than children, old men, and females; and on the other, that amongst the fairest honours of our seamen and soldiers must be reckoned their command of temper and habitual humanity.

Another vice, which should seem as unnatural, as it is disgusting, in a schoolboy, is the practice of profane swearing; yet is this more frequent than would be credited upon any authority less than the testimony of our own senses. As it is a vice, however, to which there is no other temptation than vanity and affectation, example and habit, it might be hoped that vigilance and discipline would be able to restrain or prevent it. The obligation upon the master to exert his authority for the purpose, is, indeed, equally obvious and indispensible; from the ill effects of the practice upon the future conduct and character of his pupil. It is not more culpable than offensive; not more inconsistent with true piety, than with the manners of a gentleman; and where the habit is once established, it is perhaps never afterwards wholly corrected. Such, indeed, is the fascination of custom, that this species of impiety not only breaks out and gives offence in the most polished circles of society; but too often diminishes the reverence that is naturally due to dignity and gray hairs; or disgraces the lips even of the ministers of religion.

Amongst the vices of boys at school the odious practice of lying is perhaps one of the most frequent. There cannot be a doubt but that the human mind naturally loves truth; and, I believe, that no boy asserts a falsehood without some urgent temptation. But the misfortune is, that he cannot look forward to distant consequences; and the hope of immediate good, or the fear of immediate evil, tempts him to violate truth, without being fully sensible of the nature and extent of his transgression. Falsehood is generally the second fault in the offender; and committed to escape the detection or punishment of the first. As the habitual practice of it, however, is equally ruinous to virtue and to character, the master must spare no pains for its prevention, no vigilance for its discovery, and no severity for its correction. It will be wisdom in him, on one hand, to suspect every pupil, without making him acquainted with the suspicion; lest the youth be provoked to seize the advantage of the transgression, of which he feels that he has already incurred the disgrace; and on the other hand, not to appear to have withdrawn his confidence from the pupil whom he most suspects; as that will sometimes stimulate him to support the character for veracity, which he may flatter himself he has already obtained. When a youth approaching to manhood knows that his assertions will be depended on, he may generally be trusted with sufficient

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safety; but when younger boys are aware that their word will be implicitly trusted, they are often tempted to falsehood by supposing it to be without danger. I have seen the indiscreet and implicit confidence, which parents too often repose in the veracity of their own children, and which they sometimes require the teachers equally to repose in it, followed by very serious and very ruinous effects. It is the most fertile source of habitual falsehood and practical dishonesty. It is hardly necessary to add, that all artful evasion of the truth, all disingenuous equivocation whatever, should be subjected to the same severity, as the most direct and daring falsehood. It is equally mischievous to others, and perhaps more fatal to the principles of the offender.

The schoolmaster will occasionally have the mortification of discovering frauds in traffic amongst his pupils; and sometimes theft itself will be detected. This traffic should by all possible means be discouraged. It naturally leads to artifice and imposition. The purchaser is sometimes tempted to raise money by unjustifiable means, in order to obtain the possession of what his fancy has induced him to covet; the seller, to dispose of what he ought to preserve, or what he has surreptitiously procured from his friends; and each learns by degrees to take advantage of his fellows, and to practise all the worst and meanest arts of trade. Of the debts incurred by this traffic, payment should never be enforced by the master; the bargains should, as often as possible, be set aside; notice of such transactions, and the articles of barter transmitted to the friends of the parties concerned; and every instance of imposition not only censured as dishonourable and immoral, but punished with corporal chastisement and temporary disgrace.

In what manner the crime of theft should be punished there cannot be a question. The master himself can hardly be allowed an option. Expulsion from an academy brings little disgrace; and the change of his school would often be considered by the offender as an advantage. The rod is the only probable expedient to stop the progress of such alarming depravity. To use the language, which Johnson praised in his master, the offender must *be flogged, to save him from the gallows.*

Of all external restraints, upon the indulgence of licentious passions, the most powerful must be drawn from the apprehensions which the youth may feel, that his transgression will come to the knowledge, and excite the displeasure, of his parents, and his friends. In all cases of morality, indeed, and in this above all others, less will depend upon the care and vigilance exerted at school, than upon the principles instilled, the liberties allowed, and the examples exhibited at home. The tutor can only continue what the father must begin, or support what he has enjoined. The parent is the natural teacher of morals to his son. The preceptor is only his substitute and representative. The master of an academy may select a situation as far removed as possible from exter-

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nal temptation. The play-ground may be exposed to his constant inspection. He may guard strictly against wandering beyond the bounds prescribed; and he may insist upon an uniform compliance with the hours of business and repose. Above all, he may show his own love of virtue and purity, and enforce their principles, alike by his lessons and his conduct; and by his learning, his prudence, and his humanity excite in the minds of his pupils the highest ambition of his approbation, and a proportionate fear of his displeasure. But beyond these precautions his moral influence cannot easily be extended; and when the impetuosity of the passions of youth, and the licentious manners of the times are candidly considered, the teacher will not be hastily condemned, though his vigilance should be occasionally eluded, and his best exertions sometimes fail of their effect. The schoolmaster, indeed, who cannot insure the objects that have been specified, has intruded himself into an office, from which he ought to be driven by the contempt or the indignation of the public. But he, who has diligently and effectually secured them, whatever be the ultimate event, may demand, like Augustus, to be dismissed from his labours with applause; with the thanks and praise of his pupils and his country.

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## ON AN EARLY KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

SENECA complains that in his time the youth of Rome were compelled to pay too much attention to science, and too little to the business of the world. *We are taught*, says he, *not to live, but to dispute.* In this country at present the cause of complaint seems to be reversed. We are in such haste to bring our children to an acquaintance with life and manners, that they are in danger of obtaining only a superficial knowledge of books.

One of the most observable distinctions, indeed, between our ancestors and ourselves, in the conduct of education, is the more early admission of our children into general society; or, as it is usually termed, a more early introduction into the world. Scarce half a century has elapsed since it was not uncommon to confine young men at school till they reached maturity; till the time, at which the laws allow them to be masters of their own conduct. But at the present day, with an exception of those only who are destined for the church, or for the higher departments of medicine or of law, boys do not in general remain at an academy till more than fifteen or sixteen years of age; and they are frequently hurried into business at a still more early period. Whether this change of system be the result of wisdom and experience, or the dictate of fashion and folly; whether the present opinion and practice be favourable or prejudicial to the cause of learning and virtue, are questions of too much importance to the rising generation

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to be neglected: but which will without difficulty be determined, if it can be made appear, that the arguments urged in favour of this early introduction are generally groundless and fallacious; and that all its advantages are more than balanced by evils of still greater magnitude.

An early introduction into life and business is sometimes defended; because the unavoidable expenses make it inconvenient or impossible for the parent to support his son till a later period at school; and where this plea is well founded, it is certainly decisive. Necessity must always justify what it demands. How far it is incumbent upon the parent to distress himself, in order to procure the better instruction for his children, is a point, which must be determined, not by any definite and general rule, but by the private judgment of the individual: and it must be obvious, that all reasoning on a subject, like the present, supposes the circumstances of the father to allow him an unrestrained option in the education and disposal of his son.

A youth is often prematurely hurried from school, that he may the more early be established in business for himself. If an apprenticeship or a service of any given number of years be required to learn the *art and mystery* of the employment, to which he is destined; it is thought advantageous by the parents that by the time he is of age the state of servitude should be finished. He is therefore dragged from his teachers at fourteen, that he may be ready to *begin the world* at twenty-one. This project, however, like most of the projects of folly, generally ends in disappointment. In what mercantile or professional pursuit can a youth of twenty-one engage as a principal with advantage! In the ordinary affairs of trade men of established reputation and experience are not partial to commercial transactions of importance with a youth of twenty-one; and to a youth of twenty-one, as a legal or medical practitioner, few men think it prudent to entrust the management of their pecuniary concerns, or the care and superintendence of their health. At the expiration therefore of his apprenticeship or servitude, he is under the necessity of spending several years, as a clerk or an assistant, with a man of greater age and experience than himself; a mortification which might have been avoided, had even a smaller portion of time been previously employed at school in the pursuit of general and preparatory science. Nor is this the whole or the worst. The youth thus trusted in a great measure to his own guidance in the world, before his understanding is mature, or his principles confirmed, too often prevents his own advancement, and frustrates the hopes and wishes of his parents, by his own misconduct; by his want of knowledge, or want of integrity; by his negligence, his follies, or his crimes. Hence it is so frequently observed, that he who remains the latest at school in his youth, obtains, by the middle of life, the foremost place in society. His superior education enables him to conduct himself and his business



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with greater prudence and skill; procures for him every where respect and attention; gives him weight and influence amongst his neighbours and connections; and obtains for him more rapidly the honours of his profession and of the public. In one case only does it appear justifiable to remove a youth from school at a very early age: when he is to be fixed in his father's profession and his father's house; where his intellectual and moral improvement may still be directed by the care and tenderness of his parents. Under any other circumstances, as far as this argument is concerned, the question appears to be unanswerably decided against this early and premature introduction of boys into the world.

At no great distance from what has been just stated, another objection to this early introduction of our sons to their respective trades and professions may be found in the conduct of a numerous class of masters amongst us, who refuse to receive a clerk or an apprentice under their own roof, and their immediate protection. The time has been, when every master looked upon himself as succeeding to the duties, as well as to the authority, of the parent; when he thought it incumbent upon him to entertain in his own house the youth entrusted to his care; and to provide for his moral and religious improvement, as well as to initiate him in the knowledge of his intended occupation. But this rational mode of proceeding, which was, indeed, not less agreeable to the dictates of justice and humanity, than favourable to the best interests of the rising generation, is now falling rapidly into neglect; and an opposite system is too frequently adopted; though different individuals may have very different motives for the same conduct. One man declines taking the charge of any other children than his own; and another is apprehensive that a stranger might introduce vulgar or vicious manners into his family. A third will not have his hours or his amusements exposed to interruption, nor his house or his table to intrusion or censure; and another conceives, that when the services, of which he pays the customary price, have been performed, or when he has communicated the information, for which the stipulated premium was received, the connection between himself and his assistant does not extend to any other object; that he is under no further obligation or responsibility. But whatever may be the real or pretended reasons of the present practice, it is obviously dangerous in its tendency, and often ruinous in its effects. If a youth of fourteen or fifteen years of age have at his own disposal all the hours not immediately devoted to business, can it rationally be expected that he will always employ them well! Will he, after the labours of the day, retire to a solitary lodging, to spend his evenings in reading and reflection, while the theatre, the tavern, and the gaming-house are open to receive him! Is it to be supposed that he will always persist in the narrow path of rectitude, while the Syren song of temptation is warbled on every side to seduce him from it, and neither wisdom nor authority lifts its voice to

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warn him of his danger! Is it not much rather to be feared, that he will soon become the slave of his own passions, and the dupe of the more experienced wickedness of others! that in the boundless ocean of dissipation he will quickly make shipwreck of his principles, his character, and his fortune! Too many instances of unhappy victims to the effects of their own vices, or to the vengeance of the violated laws, might be adduced to prove the reality and the magnitude of the dangers that have been suggested; and where the master refuses to watch over the general conduct of his servant, to inspect his morals, as well as his industry; the parent, at least, ought to keep his son under the guidance of his preceptor till he he is of an age to be prudently trusted to his own.

The argument most frequently adduced on this occasion, and which in reality possesses the greatest weight, is founded upon the advantages resulting, or supposed to result, from what is called an early knowledge of the world. If by a knowledge of the world be meant, what the expression may fairly imply, the knowledge of our nature and situation, of our powers and duties, of our origin and our end; an acquaintance with the human heart, and with the manners of our fellow creatures in all their forms and varieties; with the history and the languages, the laws and the policy of the different nations of the earth; this would be, indeed, an important acquisition; and amply reward the pursuit, by whatever innocent means it might be obtained. But this is a knowledge, of which the attainment requires from the student, not a less, but a larger, than ordinary provision of scholastic education; not a more superficial, but a more profound acquaintance with literature and science; and therefore a greater, not a less, degree of previous seclusion and study, and a longer, not a shorter, continuance with his books and his teachers. This consideration then decisively opposes the system, which it is intended to support; and the argument, which refutes itself, cannot want any other refutation. But if by a knowledge of the world be intended, what seems to be generally understood by the expression, a knowledge of the manners and pursuits of the day, of local and temporary usages, and fluctuating and evanescent fashions; an acquaintance with popular subjects of conversation, and a taste and dexterity in popular amusements; this knowledge, it must be allowed, can be attained only by mixing with the objects, and frequenting the scenes from which it is derived; by constant familiarity with public life. What is the true use and value of this boasted knowledge, and under what circumstances it may be most advantageously and safely acquired, it is the object of the present inquiry to ascertain.

An early introduction into public life is sometimes considered as the only remedy for that timidity and false shame, which are supposed often to obscure those talents, which would otherwise have amused or informed the company; and to expose a young man to ridicule, where he might have secured admiration or es-

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teem. But this is by no means a just state of the case. Ingenuous modesty has always been justly reckoned one of the greatest ornaments of youth, and diffidence of mind and manners generally procures credit for more talents than it actually conceals. The great misfortune is, that when false modesty is banished at an early age, the true is seldom left behind. The premature expulsion of diffidence is too often the extinction of the sense of shame. Forwardness soon disgraces the youth, whom bashfulness would have adorned; and though a few partial friends may mistake vivacity and impudence for wit and spirit; yet may he be assured, that he is indebted to the politeness or the contempt of the rest of the company, for that silence and attention, which he supposes to be paid to his abilities and his merit.

This early introduction into the world is again recommended, as giving in due time a general elegance of manners. That elegance of manners in a child is highly flattering to the vanity of a parent, and pleasing to all, who are the objects of his attention, will not be disputed. But surely as much politeness as can be requisite in a schoolboy may be acquired by the regulations of the place of his education, and the intercourse with his domestic connections. That the boy's familiarity with public life is not necessary to the politeness of the man, is ascertained at once by reflecting, that men were equally polite before boys were permitted to form a part of general society. What is called politeness, indeed, depends less upon any fixed and general principles, than upon the public opinion of the day. Those manners are esteemed elegant, and that address polite, at any given period, which the higher classes of society at the time approve and practise. There was as much true politeness in the solemn etiquette and cautious formality of our ancestors, as there is in the affected negligence, and licentious freedoms of the present day. Amidst the former, indeed, a youth might have been admitted with safety; but the latter are in every point of view pregnant with mischief and danger.

Those manners, and that address, which are required to form what is usually denominated, a man of the world, cannot, I am afraid, be acquired by a boy, without his acquiring at the same time that laxity of principle and of morals, which too often form the leading features of the character. It is not easy for a man of the highest wisdom and integrity to engage deeply in worldly pursuits and transactions, and to practise all the necessary arts to obtain favour and popularity, without some relaxation of his moral and religious principles; without some violation of the purity of truth and virtue. And for a boy it may be considered as wholly impracticable. He will not be able to make the necessary distinctions; to stop at the point, where harmless accommodation ends, and guilty compliances begin; where interest or pleasure is to be no further pursued, because duty calls upon him to retreat. When he is instructed, on one hand, to place a high value upon the fa-

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vourable opinion of his company, and to suppress or sacrifice all his own inclinations and feelings to gain and to preserve it, he is inevitably taught hypocrisy and deceit, at that period of life, of which candour and sincerity are the natural ornaments, and the strongest recommendation. When he is informed, on the other hand, of the necessity of guarding himself in his turn against the same arts and professions in those around him, he is taught cunning and suspicion; two of the most hateful qualities that can infest the youthful mind. The world, as it is called, will soon have too much importance in his eyes. He will become so much attached to it, as to be attached to nothing else. The knowledge of it will be deemed a sufficient substitute for all other information. Its advantages will engage his whole attention; and its pleasures corrupt his heart. It has not yet been found practicable to unite in early youth the usual arts of favour and popularity with the necessary duties of innocence and piety; the manners of Chesterfield, with the morality of the gospel.

The first bad effect of this early introduction of our sons into the world is, that it generally retards or prevents their literary improvement. Books and study soon grow insipid and irksome. Pleasure fascinates the imagination, and engages the whole time and attention. The youth is no longer ambitious to excel in the proper objects of his pursuit, languages and science; but to shine in conversation, and to display his taste in the most fashionable amusements. The Graces are in their proper place and office, when they follow in the train of the Muses. But when the student has devoted his first attention to the former, the latter will rarely stoop from their elevation to listen to his addresses. It is frequently observed with sorrow and regret, that our schoolboys, in their holidays, talk of little else than the pleasures of company and public places; that the conversation of many of our youth from the universities might lead us to suppose they had studied only the ornaments of dress, and the sports of the field. That a spring without its proper cultivation should terminate in an autumn without its harvest, and its fruits, is equally natural and just. This dissipation in youth must be succeeded by an old age of contempt and wretchedness; contempt, for want of its proper ornaments, wisdom and virtue; and wretchedness, for want of its proper consolation, the remembrance of an useful life, and the hope of happiness after death.

Amongst the ill consequences resulting from the indiscriminate admission of boys into general society, must be reckoned its diminishing or destroying by familiarity that respect for age and rank, which was formerly and justly esteemed one of the most amiable sentiments of their minds, and one of the most valuable restraints upon their actions. How far the fashionable doctrines of equality and independence, and the fashionable declamation against the usurpations of custom and prejudice, may have been

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nstrumental in banishing that reverence, which was formerly felt by youth in general, for men exalted by their years, their experience, or their dignity; and whether the modern practice be the cause or the effect of modern philosophy, it is not so necessary to determine; as it is to lament, that the want of this reverence should form one of the most striking and most offensive features in the manners of the times.

When boys again are permitted to form part of a convivial company; they are not only allowed a larger portion of wine than is consistent with propriety and with their health; but they become acquainted with the weaknesses and vices of those, for whom they ought to entertain only sentiments of respect. They hear conversation, if not directly licentious and profane, at least unguarded and inconsiderate; and if they are not corrupted by examples of intemperance and intoxication, they at least catch the contagion of luxury and dissipation.

When boys are treated as men, the vices of men are naturally encouraged. When a youth is suffered to ramble in our cities without restraint; to spend at his discretion sums of money, with which he ought never to have been entrusted; and to frequent places of public amusement, without rendering any account of his company or his hours; what can be expected, but that he will indulge those passions, which such scenes are equally calculated to excite and to gratify? The probability is, that he will soon be immersed in those vicious excesses, which are not more opposite to his duty, than injurious to his health and fortune; and which, if they do not destroy his strength before it is established, and dismiss him prematurely to the grave, will certainly oppress the meridian of life with imbecility and pain; and leave to its decline the wretched and disgraceful task of lamenting a ruined estate, and nursing a broken constitution.

It is sometimes maintained, indeed, that if boys are kept too much in ignorance of the corruptions of the world, and too severely restrained from tasting its pleasures, they will plunge the more deeply in dissipation when the restraint is removed; when the recommendation of novelty shall be added to the natural allurements of vice, and its fascinations become too powerful for ordinary resolution to resist. I have known parents, who were even willing to connive at some juvenile excesses of their sons, rather than enforce those severer prohibitions, which, instead of preventing the excesses, would only, according to their mode of reasoning, impel the sons to employ agents of less prudence, or to practise more dangerous arts of concealment. But this opinion and this policy have always appeared to me not more detestable for their immoral tendency, than void of all foundation both in theory and expeperience. The confidence of the father may possibly, on some occasions, diminish the injury, which the health of the son might suffer from his vices; but let it be remembered, that such confidence

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in the first instance encourages the vices, by which the health is most likely to be injured. The fear of detection and displeasure from his parents is one of the most natural, and most efficacious restraints upon the passions of youth; and let not this salutary restraint be rashly withdrawn. The love of pleasure is not, like intellectual curiosity, satisfied and corrected, when its object is attained. It increases by gratification; like the motion of bodies, by the continuance of the force that impels them. Daily instances, indeed, of the want of intellectual improvement, and of broken constitutions, of mental dejection and premature age and infirmity, bear unanswerable testimony to the mischiefs of juvenile licentiousness. To whatever period of life our children can be restrained from the indulgence of vicious propensities, it is so much time gained to health, to science, and to virtue: and this time may surely be so far extended by skilful management, that their constitutions shall not be destroyed before they are established; or that their moral principles shall be so far confirmed, as either to guard them effectually from criminal excesses, or to enable them to recover from occasional and temporary transgression. *A youth not meanly bred,* says Rousseau, *who has preserved his innocence till the age of twenty, is at that period the most generous and affectionate, the best and the most amiable of mankind.* Ignorance of vice in our sons is cheaply purchased at the expense of knowledge of the world.

Nothing can be further from my intention, than to depreciate that knowledge of the world, which promotes a man's success in his profession without injury to his principles; or that elegance of manners, which, while it conciliates favour, adds new loveliness to virtue. But let them be estimated at their true value, and cultivated in their proper time and place. When the faculties have attained a good degree of maturity, and been enriched and enlarged by literature and science, and when sound principles of morality and religion have been firmly established in the mind; then may the youth be trusted to seek the knowledge of the world; because he may seek it with little danger; to study those graces of address and deportment, which sweeten the intercourse of society; and which that intercourse only can complete. The rustic management of the limbs and the tone of a provincial dialect are evils of trifling magnitude compared to ignorance and to vice. The former may occasionally excite ridicule; but they admit of an easy remedy: the effects of the latter are always to be lamented: but cannot always be removed. When the essential qualities of the heart and the understanding are attained, exterior decorations may be innocently and wisely sought. But it is folly to waste time and attention upon the setting and the polish, till the diamond itself is secured. The file can be used with good effect, and the lustre will be durable, only in proportion as the substance is valuable and solid. Let the parents themselves be the guardians

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of their son's introduction into society. Let them conduct him occasionally into such company, and such public amusements, as they can either approve or regulate. Their experience may soon enable him to distinguish what is innocent from what is criminal; what is dangerous from what is safe. By their warning and instruction he may be taught prudence without suspicion, and wisdom without cunning; to cultivate substantial excellence without despising fair appearance; to conciliate favour without the sacrifice of duty; and, in one word, to be a man of the world, without ceasing to be a man of virtue.

In this instance, as in almost every other, the folly or the wisdom of parents carries with it its own punishment or reward. Hardly any situation can be more wretched than that of him, who sees, in the decline of life, his children ignorant or abandoned, despised or detested, by his own negligence and misconduct; but a father enjoys, and deserves to enjoy, the most delightful of all sensations, when he has given a son to his country, whose talents and virtues render him an honour to his own ancestry, and a blessing to the society in which providence has placed him.

For the Port Folio.

## ANECDOTE OF ETHAN ALLEN.

Dr. Dwight relates the following anecdote of the celebrated Colonel Allen, who was an avowed Deist, and author of the first work published in this country against the Christian religion.

Dr. Elliot, who removed from Guilford, in Connecticut, to Vermont, was well acquainted with Colonel Allen, and made him a visit at a time when his daughter was sick, and near to death. He was introduced to the library, where the Colonel read to him some of his writings with much self-complacency, and asked, is not that well done? While they were thus employed, a messenger entered, and informed Col. Allen, that his daughter was dying, and desired to speak with him. He immediately went to her chamber, accompanied by Dr. Elliot, who was desirous of witnessing the interview. The wife of Col. Allen was a pious woman, and had instructed her daughter in the principles of Christianity. As soon as her father appeared at her bed-side, she said to him, "I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?" He became extremely agitated; his chin quivered; his whole frame shook; and, after waiting a few moments, he replied, "Believe what your mother has taught you."

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## THE YELLOW BIRD, OR GOLDFINCH.

From *Wilson's Ornithology.*

This bird is four inches and a half in length, and eight inches in extent, of a rich lemon yellow, fading into white towards the rump and vent. The wings and tail are black, the former tipt and edged with white, the interior webs of the latter are also white; the fore part of the head is black, the bill and legs of a reddish-cinnamon colour. This is the summer dress of the male; but in the month of September the yellow gradually changes to a brown olive, and the male and female are then nearly alike. They build a very neat and delicately formed little nest, which they fasten to the twigs of an apple tree, or to the strong branching stalks of hemp, covering it on the outside with pieces of lichen which they find on the trees and fences; these they glue together with their saliva, and afterwards line the inside with the softest downy substances they can procure. The female lays five eggs, of a dull white, thickly marked at the greater end; and they generally raise two broods in a season. The males do not arrive at their perfect plumage until the succeeding spring, wanting, during that time, the black on the head; and the white on the wings being of a cream colour.

In the month of April, they begin to change their winter dress, and before the middle of May they appear in a brilliant yellow: the whole plumage towards its roots is of a dusky bluish black. The song of the yellow bird resembles that of the goldfinch in Britain; but is in general so weak as to appear to proceed from a considerable distance, when perhaps the bird is perched on the tree over your head. I have however heard some sing in cages with great energy and animation. On their first arrival in Pennsylvania, in February, and until early in April, they associate in flocks, frequently assembling in great numbers on the same tree to bask and dress themselves in the morning sun, singing in concert for half an hour together; the confused mingling of their notes forming a kind of harmony not at all unpleasant.

About the last of November, and sometimes sooner, they generally leave Pennsylvania, and proceed south; some, however, are seen even in the midst of the severest winters. Their flight is not direct, but in alternate risings and sinkings, twittering as they fly, at each successive impulse of the wings. During the latter part of summer they are almost constant visitants in our gardens, in search of seeds, which they dislodge from the husk with great address, while hanging, frequently head downwards, in the manner of the titmouse. From these circumstances, as well as from their colour, they are very generally known, and pass by various names, expressive of their food, colour, &c. as Thistle-bird, Lettuce-bird,



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Sallad-bird, and Yellow-bird, &c. &c. The gardeners who supply the city of Philadelphia with vegetables often take them in trap cages, and expose them for sale in the market. They are easily familiarised to confinement, and feed with seeming indifference a few hours after being taken.

The great resemblance which the Yellow-bird bears to the Canary, has made many persons attempt to pair individuals of the two species together. An ingenious French gentleman, who resides in Pottsgrove, Pennsylvania, assured me, that he had tried the male Yellow-bird with the female Canary, and the female Yellow-bird with the male Canary, but without effect, though he kept them for several years together, and supplied them with proper materials for building. Mr. Hassey, of New York, however, who keeps a great number of native as well as foreign birds, informed me, that a Yellow-bird paired with a Canary in his possession, and laid eggs, but did not hatch, which he attributed to the lateness of the season.

These birds, as has been before observed, were seen by Mr. M'Kenzie, in his rout across the continent of North America, as far north as Lat. 54°; they are numerous in all the Atlantic states north of the Carolinas; abound in Mexico, and are also found in great numbers in the savannahs of Guiana.

The seeds of the lettuce, thistle, hemp, &c. are their favourite food, and it is pleasant to observe a few of them at work in a calm day, detaching the thistle down in search of the seeds, making it fly in clouds around them. The figure on the plate represents this bird of its natural size. [See *Wilson's* Ornithology.]

The American Goldfinch has been figured and described by Mr. Catesby,* who says that the back part of the head is a dirty green, &c. This description must have been taken while the bird was changing its plumage. At the approach of fall, not only the rich yellow fades into a brown olive; but the spot of black on the crown and forehead becomes also of the same olive tint. Mr. Edwards has also erred in saying that the young male bird has the spot of black on the forehead; this it does not receive until the succeeding spring. The figure in Edwards is considerably too large; and that by Catesby has the wings and tail much longer than in nature, and the body too slender; very different from the true form of the living bird. Mr. Penant also tells us, that the legs of this species are black; they are, however, of a bright cinnamon colour; but the worthy naturalist, no doubt, described them as he found them, in the dried and stuffed skin, shrivelled up and blackened with decay; and in this manner has too much of our natural history been delineated.

* Nat. Hist. Car. vol. i, p. 43.

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For the Port Folio.

## THE ALBUM.—No. IV.

THE following advertisement is copied from *Hall and Sellers' Pennsylvania Packet*, 14th Feb. 1771. "HISTORY. As the completion of the grand feast of Historical entertainment, by the publication of the third volume of Robertson's celebrated History of Charles the Fifth, is near at hand, all gentlemen that possess a sentimental taste, so as to wish for a participation of this elegant

XENOPHONTIC BANQUET,

at the moderate price of three dollars," &c.

*Education.*—An opulent citizen of Athens, applying to the philosopher Aristippus, desired to know, what he should give him to instruct his son? "A thousand drachmas," replied Aristippus, (about 32*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* ster.) "How!" said the Athenian, "I could purchase a slave with that money." "Do so," said the philosopher, "and thou shalt have two;" giving him to understand, that his son would have the manners and vices of a slave, if he made choice of an improper instructor, and did not bestow upon him a liberal education.—Ascham, who was Queen Elizabeth's preceptor, has the following passage, to the like effect. "Pity it is that commonly more care is had, yea, and that among men deemed wise, to find out rather a cunning man for their horses, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay, in word; but they do so in deed: for, to one they will give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and loath to offer the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality accordingly; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and, therefore, in the end, they find more pleasure in their horses, than comfort in their children."

In a volume of very sensible essays not long published, the author enters into a pretty minute investigation of the principles and manners of the times; and on the subject of education and the decline of useful literature, he makes the following remarks:

"Those who have made but the slightest estimate of the settled and incidental expenses attending music and dancing, perfections that are lodged in bones and nerves, will find that the charges of the schoolmaster for the superior advantages of learning and knowledge bear no comparative proportion. Even in boarding schools, for the incessant labour of regular and daily tuition, maintenance, lodging, and all the accumulated concomitant expenses, from which other masters in their line are wholly exempt, the stipend of the principal hardly amounts to what they are punctually

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and cheerfully paid for half an hour's listless attendance, restricted to a moment by the watch, three times a week; and this number some have curtailed one-third."

The Baroness de Staal thus records the loss of one of her lovers: "I discovered by slight proofs some diminution of his attachment. I often visited the Mademoiselles d'Espinay, at whose house he visited almost constantly. As they lived very near my convent, I generally returned on foot, and he never failed to be my attendant. There was a great square to be passed on our way home, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he chose our way by the side of it. I remarked afterwards that he crossed it, from which I judged that his regard was at least diminished, by the difference of the diagonal from the two sides of a square."

*M. de Launay*—Louis XIV.

Great kings and conquering nations have been the subject of these ancient histories, which have been preserved, and yet remain among us, and withall of so many tragical poets, as, in the persons of powerful princes and other mighty men, have complained against infidelity, time, destiny, and, most of all, against the variable success of worldly things and instability of fortune. To these undertakings these great lords of the world have been stirred up, rather by the desire of fame, which ploweth up the air and soweth in the wind, than by the affection of bearing rule, which draweth after it so much vexation and so many cares. And that this is true, the good advice of Cineas to Pyrrhus proves. And certainly as fame hath often been dangerous to the living, so to the dead it is of no use at all, because separate from knowledge: which were it otherwise, and the extreme ill bargain of buying this lasting discourse understood by them which are dissolved, they themselves would then rather have wished to have stolen out of the world without noise, than to be put in mind that they have purchased the report of their actions in the world by rapine, oppression, and cruelty, by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul to the idle and insolent, and by having emptied the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filled them again with so many variable sorts of sorrows. *Raleigh.*

Ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts but by power over their imaginations. *Steele.*

Never say that of another, at which you would blush when, through faithlessness, repeated to you. *Cicero.*

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It is death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abject, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it. O eloquent, just and mighty death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world has flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet.* *Raleigh.*

Not long since a celebrated society discussed the well-known and frivolous question, who was a greater man than Cæsar, Alexander, Tamerlane, or Cromwell. Some one replied, Isaac Newton, beyond a doubt. This man was right. If true greatness consists in having received from heaven a powerful genius, and employing it to enlighten himself and others, a man like Newton, such a man as scarce appears in ten centuries, is the truly great man, and those statesmen and conquerors, which are to be found in every age, are nothing commonly but illustrious villains. It is to him who governs our opinions by the force of truth, not to those who rule over slaves by violence, it is to him whose knowledge is coextensive with the universe, not to him who deforms it, that we owe the debt of gratitude.

In speaking of the great men who have adorned England, I will begin with the celebrated Lord Verulam, known in Europe by the name of Bacon, who was the son of a Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and was for a long time Chancellor under James I. Yet amidst the intrigues of the court and the occupations of his office, of themselves full employment for a common man, he found time to be a great philosopher, a good historian, and an elegant writer: and what is still more wonderful is, that he lived in an age when even the art of good writing was unknown, much less the true philosophy. He has been, as is usual among mankind, less esteemed while living than after his death. His enemies were at the court of London, his admirers were dispersed through the world. When the Marquis D'Effia took into England the princess Mary, daughter of Henry IV. who was to espouse King Charles, he paid a visit to Bacon, who being sick a-bed received him with his windows closed. "You resemble the angels," said D'Effia. "The world is continually talking of them, and believes them to be far superior to mankind; and yet we have never the consolation to see them." *Voltaire.*

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For the Port Folio.

## WAGER OF BATTLE IN NEW ENGLAND.

The conflicting claims of two towns in Connecticut,—Lyme and New London,—to certain lands, once gave rise to a mode of adjusting the title, of which we apprehend no trace can be found in the common law or the codes of the civilians. The land, says Dr. Dwight, though now of considerable value, was then regarded as a trifling object. The expense of appointing agents to manage the cause before the legislature, was considerable, and the hazard of the journey was not small. In this situation, the inhabitants of both townships agreed to settle their respective titles to the lands in controversy, by a combat between two champions, to be chosen by each for that purpose. New London selected two men, of the names of Picket and Latimer: Lyme committed its cause to two others, named Griswold and Ely. On a day, mutually appointed, the champions appeared in the field, and fought with their fists, till victory declared in favour of each of the Lyme combatants. Lyme then quietly took possession of the controverted tract, and has held it undisputed to the present day.

An incident somewhat similar to this, is said to have taken place between two individuals, in this state; but our information is not sufficiently accurate to enable us to relate the particulars; even if the personal nature of the controversy did not, for the present at least, forbid the disclosure.

For the Port Folio.

## INGENUITY OF THE SPIDER.

The following anecdote concerning this curious insect is introduced, by Mr. Knight, in his *Treatise on the Culture of the Apple and Pear:*—I have frequently placed a spider on a small upright stick, whose base was surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat were cut off, it ascends the point of the stick, and standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind readily carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects his escape, not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached to the opposite end. I do not know that this instance of sagacity has been noticed by any entomological writer, and I insert it here, in consequence of having seen in some periodical publication, a very erroneous account of the Spider's threads which are observed to pass from one tree or bush to another in dewey mornings.

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For the Port Folio.*

## HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.

**Great Britain, 1820.—Death of the King.—Plot of Thistlewood and others to assassinate the Ministers.—Disturbances in Yorkshire.—Rising at Glasgow.—Meeting and dissolution of the Parliament.—The new Parliament.—Mr. Brougham on the Education of the Poor.—The trial of the Queen. Withdrawal of the Bill against her.**

The death of George III, which occurred early in this year, was immediately followed by the accession of his son, which took place with all the usual formalities. The emotions, occasioned by these events, had scarcely subsided, when others, of a very different character, forced themselves on public attention. The discontent, which had so long been deeply fermenting, exploded with such violence, as to diffuse for some time a very serious alarm. The general distress of the labouring classes presented, as usual, a state of things highly favourable to the designs of the disaffected; while the disappointed and the sufferers in former abortive attempts, becoming always more fierce and embittered, threw aside at last that remnant of moderation to which they considered their former failures as imputable, and determined to proceed at once to the most violent extremities.

Thistlewood, who, by legal distinctions, rather than by any proof of innocence, had escaped the effects of a former tumult, emboldened by impunity, and at the same time rendered desperate by the state of his private affairs, formed a scheme the most daring which had been witnessed by England since the era of the Gunpowder Plot. From amidst the obscure recesses of the metropolis he collected a small band of individuals, not of the very lowest rank, but whose ruined circumstances caused them to "regard the world as not their friend, nor the world's law," and rendered them fit instruments for such a deed of darkness. To them he proposed to seize the occasion of a cabinet dinner—to which none but the members of that confidential body are admitted,—and assassinate all whom they might find thus assembled. A loft was procured in Cato Street, where the conspirators, amounting to twenty-five, were convened, and the instruments of death deposited. The 13th of February was appointed for the fatal onset. From the first, they were betrayed by Edwards, one of their own number; whom they afterwards denounced as having acted the part not only of a spy, but of an instigator. This change, however probable, as to the first part, was never investigated. Information, however, had been given to Lord Harrowby, by another, (Hyden,) who had for a moment been seduced, but whose better sentiments prevailed. Accordingly, at the moment when the con-

* Abridged, chiefly, from the Edinburgh Annual Register.

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spirators were about to issue forth to fulfil their fatal purpose, they were surprised by the police officers. The lights were hastily extinguished, and a desperate conflict ensued. Thistlewood thrust his sword into the body of one of the officers, who instantly expired. He escaped; but nine of his comrades were secured, and he, together with another, was arrested on the ensuing day. They were afterwards tried and found guilty of high treason. Thistlewood, Ings, Brunt, Davidson, and Tidd were executed; the rest had their sentence mitigated to transportation, with the exception of Gilchrist, who received a pardon.

What connection, or whether any, this daring attempt had with the discontents fermenting in the counties, does not seem very well ascertained. Certain it is, that at this time, the malcontents entered very extensively into the determination to throw off all appearances, and to raise the standard of open insurrection. The centre of disturbance, as to England, lay among the woolen manufacturers about Leeds, Wakefield, and Huddersfield. From the 31st of March to the 3rd April the inhabitants were disturbed by small armed detachments traversing the country, and even approaching the towns, though they did not venture to face the military. At Grangemoor, a number, amounting to between two and three hundred, actually assembled, with arms and standards. This force, however, was so much smaller than they had been taught to expect, as plainly to prove the delusion practised upon them. Long before the appearance of the military they threw down their weapons and fled in every direction. Twenty-two persons were arrested, and tried for high treason. They plead guilty, and mild punishments were inflicted upon them, according to the degrees of their guilt.

It was in Scotland that rebellion stalked with the most open front. A general rising had been determined on; but the measures adopted by the government, were so active and judicious, that but for a partial and accidental sally, not a drop of blood would have been shed. The authors of the commotion, sensible how ridiculously inadequate were the means with which they had hoped to effect the overthrow of a great empire, threw up the cause in despair; while the misled multitude saw the full depth of the abyss from whose brink they had barely time to shrink. This violent explosion was followed, almost instantaneously, by an universal tranquillity; the citizens resumed their pacific and industrious occupations, and earnestly sought readmission to those employments which they had so wantonly deserted; the yeomanry returned to their homes; and nothing remained, but to proceed according to the regular course of law, against those who had rendered themselves obnoxious to it during these violent proceedings.

The first meeting of Parliament this year was one of mere form. The constitution holds it indispensable that the great council of the nation shall meet on the day immediately following the death

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of the sovereign, even though that day should chance, as it now did, to be a Sunday. Short meetings were accordingly held on that and the two following days, when such members as attended took the oaths to the new sovereign. It was then prorogued till the 17th Feb. and on the 28th it was dissolved.

The new Parliament assembled in April, when it appeared that the opposition had gained some addition of strength. The address to the throne was voted unanimously, being very properly confined to expressions of condolence and civility. After settling the civil list, discussing the budget, and appointing committees to inquire into the agricultural and commercial interests, the house took up Mr. Brougham's plan for the national education of the poor. This gentleman stated that there were now educated at unendowed schools 490,000 children, and to these were to be added about 11,000, for 150 parishes, from which no returns had been made to the committee appointed to investigate the subject. In the endowed schools 165,432 children were educated; making a total, (exclusive of the 11,000,) of 655,432. In England it appeared, he said, that on the average, 1-14th or 1-15th of the whole population was educated. After giving a variety of curious particulars from the returns, he proceeded to submit a view of the provisions of the bill which he was to lay before the house. The determination when a school was necessary in any ecclesiastical district, was to be made by the quarter sessions, on complaint made by the grand jury, by the clergy of the district, or by five resident housekeepers. The salary of the master should in no case be less than 20*l.* per annum, nor more than 30*l.* It might be objected, that this was a great deal too little; but he did not wish for sinecurists, or to take from them the desire of obtaining day scholars. The qualification of the master should be a certificate from the clergyman and three householders of the parish in which he resided. He must be above 24, and under 40; boys of 15, and men of 70, had ruined more schools than any other cause. It appeared to Mr. Brougham, that the system of public education should be closely connected with the Church of England. When he came to consider the inestimable advantages of a system that would secure the services of such a body of men as the established clergy—when he looked to the infinite benefit that would arise from having the constant, the daily superintendance of such a character as a well-educated and pious English clergyman—when he became sensible how much the durability of the system would be increased by giving it that solidity, that deep root, that wide basis, which no new system could possess or acquire without being grafted on an old stock, he felt the full force of the argument. A religious education was most essential to the welfare of every individual. To the rich it was all but every thing,—to the poor, it might be said, without a figure, to be every thing. It was to them that the Christian religion was preached—it was their special patrimony; and if the legislature



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did not secure for them a religious education, they did not, in his opinion, half execute their duty to their fellow-creatures.

The tranquillity of the new reign was soon interrupted by a convulsion of the most violent description, which afforded an ample display of the genius and character of the nation. Impressions very unfavourable to the Queen had been received from the continent, and were generally credited among the higher circles. These impressions, according to one party, were derived from the uniform consent of every one who had possessed any opportunities of judging; while, according to others, they were studiously circulated by enemies, who scrupled at no means, however criminal, to gratify their animosity. According to these reports, however, this lady was represented to have renounced not the reality only, but even the appearance of the virtues becoming her sex. It was in these circumstances that measures were taken by ministry to establish and condense the facts belonging to this subject, so as to bring them to proof when the occasion should require. Upon this principle was formed the Milan Commission, the object of so much discussion and criticism. It appears that ministers believed themselves, from the result of these inquiries, to have derived a full proof of criminal and degrading conduct, such as would fully justify any extremity to which they might choose to proceed. They concluded to leave the Queen unmolested in a private station, and to continue her income, but to deprive her of every thing which belonged to the state and dignity of a Queen. The first public indication of this system was given by the exclusion of her name from the liturgy;—a measure of very doubtful propriety. The Queen immediately despatched a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, demanding its restoration, that instructions should be sent to all ministers and consuls abroad to pay her the respect due to her rank, and that a place should be prepared for her at home. On the 17th April, she gave an entertainment to her Italian friends, and took leave of them at her villa, near Pesaro. At St. Omers she was met by Lord Hutchinson, who had been despatched by the ministry for the purpose of effecting some arrangement, by which her return to England might be prevented. He was accompanied by Mr. Brougham, her official adviser. The terms offered could not be accepted without an acquiescence in the truth of the charges which an accompanying threat of a Parliamentary investigation implied. They were rejected with professions of the strongest indignation, and while the negotiators were planning other propositions, the Queen left the room unobserved, and, in a few minutes, was descried from the windows, on the road to Calais; from which place she immediately crossed over to Dover. The promptness and independence with which she had acted, had a prodigious effect upon the people. They regarded her as an injured and unprotected woman, returning to her rightful kingdom amid the most formidable dangers which stood there arrayed against her, and

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public enthusiasm not only acquitted her of all guilt, but invested her with every quality which romance bestows on its heroines. All the sufferings of the nation, though represented before as quite intolerable, seemed now unfelt. The courtiers of popular favour laid down their standing topics of radical reform, universal suffrage, and the downfall of the borough-mongers; and directed all their efforts to redress the wrongs of the Queen. In her triumphal journey from Dover to London, she was received everywhere with demonstrations of welcome. She entered the metropolis in the midst of a countless multitude, and, passing by Carlton-house, in an open carriage, seated between Lady Hamilton and Alderman Wood, she exhibited to the King his unwelcome spouse, proceeding in all the parade of popular triumph.

Before she reached London, ministers had submitted to both houses the documents respecting her conduct abroad, which had been collected. These were referred to a select committee.

The subject is not of sufficient interest in this country, to require from us, a minute detail of all the measures which were resorted to, in various quarters, to avert the scandal of a public inquiry. It is sufficient to say that after every effort of this description had failed, a Bill of Pains and Penalties was brought into the House of Lords, the object of which was to deprive her Majesty of the title, rights, &c. of Queen, and to dissolve the marriage between her and the King. We do not mean to insult our readers with the disgusting and licentious details of this trial. The friends of the Queen gained their point by a parliamentary manœuvre, which did very little service to her cause. The divorce clause was obnoxious to many from religious scruples; and they endeavoured to have it struck out. The opposition therefore determined to unite their strength, and vote for the retention of that clause, with the declared purpose of withdrawing from the support of the bill those who were otherwise favourable to it. The question of guilt or innocence was thus evaded. The majority for the third reading of the bill, being, by this trick, reduced to nine, Lord Liverpool declared that ministry had come to a determination not to proceed any further with it.

The friends of the Queen were prudent enough not to look very narrowly into the reasons of this measure, but accepted it as a full acquittal, although many of the peers who opposed the bill on grounds of political expediency or religious scruple, distinctly and unequivocally declared that they considered the charges fully substantiated by the evidence; and few, very few indeed, avowed their conviction of her innocence. The multitude indulged themselves without reserve in their usual tumultuary modes of displaying exultation. London was illuminated to a great extent during three successive nights. Every city and township throughout the kingdom had its jubilee. A new series of addresses was entered upon, in which her Majesty was congratulated on the glorious is-

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sue of the proceedings against her, and by which her innocence was declared to have shone forth brighter than noon-day. The streets of the metropolis continued covered with successive processions of lightermen, watermen, bricklayers, glassblowers, and other enlightened public bodies, proceeding to pay their homage at Brandenburg-house. Her Majesty's procession to St. Paul's might be considered as the zenith of her triumph, after which this vast and continued tide of popularity began sensibly to ebb. It was soon observed that the acquittal, as it was falsely called, had made no change in the feelings of the noble families of England, and that not a single female visiter of high rank had in consequence swelled the court of Brandenburgh-house. At the same time sober men, attached to the existing order of things, began to be struck with alarm at the aspect which matters were assuming. The public mind appeared to be in a ferment altogether unprecedented: the press teemed with the most indecent personal attacks upon the King; and the Queen, by placing herself at the head of the faction most eager for innovation, appeared likely to give it a new importance. But before the end of the year, a gradual change took place; and the enthusiasm in favour of the Queen suffered a remarkable abatement, while the popularity of the King began to advance.

## ON INDUSTRY.

From *Barrow's Sermons.*

Industry is a very eminent virtue, being an ingredient, or the parent, of all other virtues: of constant use, and having influence upon all our affairs. All the powers of soul and body are fitted for it, tend to it, require it for their preservation and perfection.

We were designed for it in our first happy state, and upon our fall from thence were further doomed to it as the sole remedy of the wants to which we became exposed.

Without it we cannot well sustain or secure our life in the enjoyment of any comfort. We must work to earn our food, our clothing, our shelter, and to supply every necessary of our craving nature.

To it God has annexed the best and most desirable rewards; success in our own undertakings, wealth, honour, wisdom, virtue, salvation: all which, as they flow from God's bounty, and depend on his blessing, so are they usually conveyed to us through our industry, as the ordinary channel and instrument of attaining them.

It is requisite to us, even for procuring ease and preventing the necessity of immoderate labour. It is in itself sweet and satisfac-

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tory, as freeing our minds from distraction and irresolution; as feeding us with hope, and yielding a foretaste of its good fruits.

It furnishes us with courage to attempt, and resolution to achieve things needful, worthy of us and profitable to us.

It is attended with a good conscience, and cheerful reflections of having well spent our time, and employed our talents to good advantage.

It sweetens our enjoyments, and seasons our attainments with a delightful relish.

It is the guard of innocence, and bars out temptations to vice, to wantonness, to vain curiosity, and officious interference with the business of other men.

It argues an ingenuous and generous disposition of soul; aspiring to worthy things, and pursuing them in the fairest way; disdaining to enjoy the common benefits, or the fruits of other men's labour, without deserving them and requiting them.

It is necessary for every condition and station, for every calling, for every relation; no man being able, without it, to deport himself well in any state, to manage any business, to discharge any sort of duty.

To industry is the world indebted for that culture which raises it above rude and sordid barbarism. Industry has contrived, industry has composed and framed whatever in common life is useful or becoming.

It is recommended to us by every example worthy our consideration. All nature is continually busy and active in tendency towards its proper designs; heaven and earth work in incessant motion; every living creature is employed in providing its sustenance; the blessed spirits are always on the wing in despatching the commands of God and ministering succour to us. God himself is ever watchful and ever busy in preserving the world and providing for every creature.

By *business*, we may understand any object of our care and endeavours which requires them and may deserve them; which by reason of its difficulty cannot well be accomplished without them; and which is productive of some fruit or recompense answerable to them; which has *operæ causam*, a need for labour, and *operæ pretium*, an effect worthy of our pains. If it be not such it is not an object of virtuous and laudable industry.

There are many things about which men with great earnestness employ themselves, which do not deserve the name of *business*; there are spurious kinds of industry which may not pretend to commendation, but rather merit blame. "Labour," says St. Chrysostom, "which hath no profit, cannot obtain any praise."

There is a vain industry, and a pernicious industry; both of which agree with genuine virtuous industry in the act, as implying careful and painful activity; but differ from it in object and design, and, consequently, in worth and moral esteem.

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To be impertinently busy, doing that which conduces to no good purpose is, in some respects worse than to do nothing; for it is a positive abuse of our faculties, and trifling with God's gifts; it is a throwing away of labour and care, things valuable in themselves; it is a running out of the way, which is worse than standing still, it is a debasing of our reason; nothing being more foolish than to be solicitous about trifles. For, who are more busy and active than children? who are fuller of thoughts and designs, or more eager in prosecution of them than they? but it is in pursuit of toys; of such industry it is, that the preacher has said: "The labour of the foolish fatigueth them."

It becomes us not, as rational creatures, to employ the excellent gifts of our nature, and noble faculties of our high born soul, the forces of our minds, the advantages of our fortune, our precious time, our care and labour, vainly and unprofitably upon any thing base or mean. Since our reason is capable of achieving great and worthy things, we must not debase it by stooping to toys and trifles, nor abuse it by working mischief.

If we consider, we shall find that the root and source of all the inconveniences, the mischiefs, the wants of which we are so apt to complain, is *sloth;* and that there is hardly any of them which we might not easily prevent or remove by *industry*. Why is any man a beggar, contemptible, ignorant, vicious, miserable? Why, but for this one reason, because he is *slothful;* because he will not *labour* to rid himself of those evils?

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For the Port Folio.

## A PANTHER HUNT IN PENNSYVLANIA.

[The following narration, from the pen of a correspondent, whose various productions in verse and in prose, have long and frequently delighted the readers of the Port Folio, was originally intended for our pages. But in one of those freaks, to which literary men, as well as lovers, ladies, and lunatics, are subject, it was put, some months ago, upon THE RECORD of our valued friend, Mr. Miner, of West Chester. It has thus, like the *Observers* of Mr. Cumberland, enjoyed the advantage of being "tried" in a village paper; and as a favourable verdict has long since been passed upon it, we presume that it may now be removed to the place of its first destination. It is, as it purports to be, a faithful relation of an actual adventure, taken from the lips of the hero of the tale; and so highly was it relished, by the readers of the journal just mentioned, that many names were added to the list of its patrons, shortly after the publication; each of the persons stipulating that his file should include the story of the panther-hunt. It arrested their attention as an accurate delineation of the prominent features of a huntsman of Pennsylvania; and we think that the citizen and the scholar will admire the perseverance and skill, and the contempt of toil and danger which it displays. Our foresters are not incited to daring exploits by the spirit of emulation, the glee of tumultuous revelry, the neigh-

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ing of generous steeds, the merry notes of the bugle mingling on the breeze with the deep-toned cry of the hounds,

"Opening in concerts of harmonious joy"

which thrill the bosom of an English hunter. They wander whole days with no other companion than a faithful dog, through the silent glen or over the craggy mountain, in search of game, or in pursuit of the destroyer of their flocks. In these lonely adventures they endure fatigue and privation, and encounter perils which would appal the hunter of the hare, surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance of the British sport; and they become inured to those toils, which distinguish the life of a backwoods-man.

The circumstance mentioned in the initial sentence will probably remind the reader of the scene in a late admirable romance, in which the heroine is rescued from an enraged animal by the rifle of one of these wild sons of the forest. We do not, by any means, accuse the ingenious author of poaching on our grounds for this incident, because similar instances of coolness and skill are familiar to every one who is acquainted with the habits of these men; and this might readily occur to so fertile a genius as that which could draw the materials of an interesting story, from the depths of an American forest.]

In one of the early volumes of the Port Folio, there is a print illustrating the killing of a panther, in which a heroine is represented kneeling down, while her husband, resting his rifle upon her shoulder to take a steady aim, shoots the monster. The scene is taken from Wilson's poem of "the Foresters," and is said to have occurred in the neighbourhood of a place, about thirteen miles from Wilkesbarre, which from the dense and lofty growth of pine and hemlock-spruce, is called 'The Shades.' A hunter, in the poem, named Sock, resided there; and told the tale which the poet has repeated.

Sock, as the poet calls him, or Conrad Sox, Esq. for he is now a justice of the peace, lives there still; but his hut has grown into a commodious tavern; and having become too old for hunting, he has handed over his rifle to his sons. When I passed that road, a short time ago, I was told, that I could get a cup of very good coffee at his house, and, probably, some game, if I wished it. I accordingly stopped there; but Conrad himself was absent, and the domestic arrangements appeared to have devolved on a son and daughter, who gave me some coffee which justified the character I had received of it, and some fish from a neighbouring stream, which the son had caught. I mentioned to them the tale in "The Foresters," which I did not recollect distinctly; but supposed that Mrs. Sock was the Amazon whose intrepidity was recorded by the poet.—This however, I was told was incorrect; and from the tone of denial, I had reason to think that Conrad would have considered any story which should imply that he found any aid requisite to kill a panther, as very derogatory from his character as a hunter.

I had heard that Sock, a short time before, had killed three pan-

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thers in one hunt; but on inquiry, I was told by the young man, that it was he himself who had killed them. "Upon my word," said I, "no one can call you a degenerate son of a great hunter. Come, sit down here, and while I take my coffee, do you tell me the whole story of that hunt from the beginning." "Oh," replied he, "there is not much to be said about it; so it won't take long to tell it.

"The settlement on the mountain here is very scattered, and there are no inhabitants for a considerable distance back from the road. I heard that a person had been hunting, and said he had seen three panthers; upon which I went to him, and he told me, that at a particular place on the Spring Brook, about ten miles from this, he had come across three panthers, and had tried to fire at them, but could not get his gun to go off. I thought the fellow was a coward, that only part of his story was true, and that he had been afraid to fire at them: but as I knew exactly the place which he described (for I had been frequently there a hunting) I thought I would go and see whether there had been any panthers there. So I started off next morning with my dog. You know what a terrible thicket of laurel, and spruce and hemlock there is about here; well, it is as bad all the way to the place where the fellow said he saw the panthers. At last, however, I got to it, and sure enough the panthers had been there. There was a little snow on the ground, and I found where they had killed a deer, and eaten part of it; but I knew that after I had been at the place, they would not go back to it again; for a panther will never touch his game a second time, if any thing else has been at it. So, I marked which way they went, and as it was two days since they had been there, and I did not know how long I might be in the woods in chase of them, I thought it would be best to go home and get a supply of provisions for a good long hunt, and then take a fresh start. But as it was almost night, I struck a fire, and laid down till morning. As soon as it was light I started off, taking my back track, to go home, and had got about half way; when, behold! I came right to the panthers' tracks. They had crossed the path I had made in the snow, the day before. I knew they had crossed in the day time, for it had been warm and the snow had melted a little, and I could easily tell that they had crossed my path before night. So I started on the tracks and followed till almost evening, when I saw a light place in the woods, and going to it, I found I was on a road, about three miles from home. I then concluded that it would be the best way for me to go home that night and get my knapsack of provisions, as I had intended; for I did not know but what the devils might keep me running after them a whole week; and I was determined, if I once started them, to give them no time to rest or kill game as long as I could see to follow them, let them go where they would—and sometimes they lead one an infernal long chase. So, home I went, filled my knapsack with provisions, and started

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out with that dog that is lying down by the stove there—not the white one—the spotted one. He is a good fellow for a panther, and likes hunting as well as I do. Well, as I said, as soon as it was day-light next morning, out I went, and got on the track again, where I had left it the evening before, and followed it all day long, up one valley, and down another, over hills and through laurel swamps, till just before sunset, when I came on a fine buck which the panthers had killed and partly eaten, and which was still warm. They had killed him where he lay. He had never got up. He had been lying behind a large hemlock tree, which was blown down, and it appeared by the marks in the snow, as if they had smelt him, crawled up close to him, jumped over the tree, and seized him in his bed. They always catch their game by surprise. They never make more than two or three jumps after it; if it then escapes, they turn off another way. They had eaten as much as they wanted of the buck and after getting their bellies full, they appeared to have been in a very good humour; for their marks showed where they had played about, and had jumped up and down the small trees all round. They did not know who was after them. I had not expected to come on them so soon, and had pushed ahead without any caution, so that they had heard my approach, and I soon found by the appearance of things, that they must have started away just when I came up; for instead of keeping together as they had done all day before, they had set off in different directions. I thought as it was just sun-set, that I had better encamp where I was; for they would hardly come back in the night to claim their buck; but first, I thought I would look a little more round to see which track would be the best to follow in the morning; and so just went a little way into the swamp, which was close by me; when, only think! one of the curses had been watching all the time, and I heard him start within ten rods of me; but the laurel was so thick that I could not see him. As soon as he started, away went the dog after him, full yelp. Well, I stood still, and there was a glorious threshing through the laurels; when all at once, I heard the panther take up a tree. I heard his nails strike the bark the first dash he made. It was a beautiful still evening; and I said to myself, I have one of you any way; and I ran as hard as I could through the thicket, tumbling over old logs, and scrambling through the laurels, till I came to where Toby was barking and jumping, and shaking his tail, and looking mightily tickled at having got one of them up a tree. Well, I soon saw the panther lying at his full length on a limb—it was on a very large hemlock. I did not know well what to do; for it was now so late that I could scarcely see the foresight of my rifle, and I could not see the notch in the hind sight at all: but as I knew my gun, I thought I had better venture a shot, rather than keep watch at the tree all night; and so I drew up, and took the best aim I could, and fired away. Well the devilish thing never stir-



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red. I said to myself I am sure I can't have missed you. In a short time, however, I saw a motion in his tail, which hung over the limb on which he lay, and directly after, I could hear his nails gritting on the bark and I saw his body begin to slide round the limb till at last, he slung fairly under it, suspended by his claws; and in a minute after, he let go his hold, and down he came, souse! so nearly dead, that when I ran up to keep Toby from laying hold of him—for they are devilish things to fight, and will tear a dog to pieces in no time—I found him unable to stretch out a claw. I knew that I could find the place again, and so, I just let him lie, where he fell, and went back to the buck and made a good fire and laid down there till morning. But first I cut some slices of the buck and roasted them for supper. He was a fine fat fellow, and killed as nicely as a butcher could have killed him. I don't like to eat a part of a deer which has been killed by the wolves—but a panther is a different thing.

Well, the next morning I started, bright and early, and I soon came on the tracks of the other two panthers. It appeared as if they had been tracing about separately, and had kept round the swamp nearly all night; but at last they got together, and started off. As soon as I got on their track, I followed it briskly, till about noon, when I started them a fresh, and letting out Toby, they and he, and I, all ran as fast as we could; but they got about a quarter of a mile a head of me, when dash! one of them took up a tree; which I soon knew by the manner of the dog's barking. Oh! said I, I've got another one. When I came up to the dog, sure enough, there was a panther up a tree, shaking his tail, and looking just like a cat when she is going to jump on a mouse: but says I, my fine fellow, I'll soon stop your jumping. So, I ups with my rifle, and down he came, as dead as if he had never been alive. Well, I skinned him, and fastened his skin to my knapsack, and away I started after the other one.

The last fellow did not like to travel without his companions. I suppose he wondered what had become of them.—He kept dodging about, first one way, then another, as if he expected them to come up with him: but he had another guess kind of a companion hunting for him. Well, as I said, after I had skinned the second one, I started after the third, and in about two hours, I roused him from behind an old log, and Toby and he had a fine run for about ten minutes. I stood still; for I thought may be the panther would take a circuit to hunt for the other ones, and so he did; but the dog was so close by him, that he thought it best to tree; in order, I suppose to see the better who, and how many were after him. As soon as I knew, by the barking, that he had tree'd, away I ran, and soon got on the track. I took notice of it on a leaning tree which I ran past to the dog, who was about ten rods further, looking up at a large hemlock, and making a great racket. I looked up, but I could see no panther. I went off a little distance where I

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could see every limb; but the d—l a panther was there. Why, said I, this can be no ghost, to vanish in this way—he must be on some of these trees—but let us go where I last saw the track. So I went back to the leaning tree where I had last seen it. It was a pretty large hemlock, which had fallen against another, and looking up, there I saw the fellow, sure enough, crouching, right in the crotch, where the leaning tree lay across the other, close down, so hidden by the limbs and green leaves of the hemlock, that I could see only a small part of his body. In running to the dog I had gone right under him, Although I could see but little of him, from the place where I stood, yet as I was sure that what I saw was his shoulder, I did not wait to see any more of him but took a fair sight, and drew my trigger. Well, he did not budge! I looked at him for some time; but he did not move. I was sure I had shot him through, and I thought it a pity to waste any more lead on him. His tail hung over the crotch of the large tree, and there was a smaller tree which grew up close to the crotch, and I thought I could climb up the little tree, so as to catch his tail and see whether he was dead or no: but just as I was about half way up, I saw his tail begin to move, and before I could get to the ground, his head and fore-parts slid over the crotch, and down he came as dead as a door nail. So I skinned him; and then went back to the one I had killed first, and skinned him; and got home that night. And I sent word to the fellow who saw them by the spring brook, that if he would come to me, I would show him the skins of his three panthers." PEREGRINUS.

## LITERARY INDOLENCE.

From the Life of the Rev. Mr. Buckminster.

There are some finely attempered spirits who, disgusted at the grossness of the common occupations of active life, are in danger of relinquishing its *duties* in the luxurious leisure of study.

The young man enamoured of literature, sometimes casts a disdainful look at the world. He finds it easier to read than to think, and to think than to act. This indisposition increases by indulgence. His learning becomes effeminate. He reads to furnish amusement for his imagination; not to provide materials for intellectual greatness. He goes to his books to enjoy a certain mild delirium of the mind, regardless of the claims of society, and of the account which he must, one day, give of his studies and advantages. He thinks he was not made for the world, and quits it in disgust, to seek relief in that sort of employment which Dr. Johnson in his Rambler has justly called "the invisible riot of the mind—the secret prodigality of being secure from detection and fearless of reproach." *Rambler*, No. 89.

The moral defects and faults of temper to which scholars are

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exposed, are not peculiar to any country. It is every where the natural tendency of a life of retirement and contemplation, to generate the notion of innocence and moral security; but men of letters should remember that, in the eye of reason and religion, simple unprofitableness partakes of the nature of crime. They should know too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination, not less fatal to the mind than the vices of society. Whoever, by his sober studies, only feeds his selfishness or his pride, may be more to blame than the pedant or coxcomb in literature, though he may be less ridiculous.

That learning, whatever it may be, that lives and dies with its possessor, is more worthless than his wealth which descends to his posterity; and where the *heart* remains uncultivated and the affections sluggish, the mere man of erudition may be indeed an object of popular admiration, like the palaces of ice in Russia, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited; and destined soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. Let all, then, who fell themselves sinking under the gentle, but fatal, pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security which is the reward of virtuous resolution alone, remember that they do not escape either temptation or responsibility by retiring to the repose and silence of a library. Though the pleasure is often, in itself, a sufficient motive and reward, yet must we not forget that we all owe something to society. The well-known tendency of men of letters to indolence and retirement must, therefore, be resolutely counteracted. Learning is not a superfluity, and *utility* must, after all, be the object of our studies.

For the Port Folio.

## PROGRESS OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

Among the benevolent institutions which do honour to the commencement of the nineteenth century, the propagation of none has been so rapid as that of the Bible Society. It took its rise in England nineteen years ago; and the zeal and generosity of its founders, and numerous associates, have extended its relations and resources over all quarters of the globe. Its sole object is the diffusion of the sacred writings; and, though many of its members contribute to other philanthropic acts of analogous description, the society, as such, does not co-operate therewith. In the report of M. de Stael, secretary to one of these societies, we find a complete narrative of its progress. Great Britain stands foremost on the list, and there the Parent Society exists, under the title of British and Foreign Bible Society. Conjoined with its auxiliary societies in the different British possessions, it distributes, annu-

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ally, more than two hundred and fifty thousand Bibles or New Testaments. After England, M. de Stael passes in review, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, where he finds no trace of any such association; but in other Christian states there are societies, as at Amsterdam, Basle, Lausanne, Marbourg, &c. And in Russia, one hundred and ten editions of the scriptures have been published, consisting of five hundred and thirty-seven thousand copies in thirty-six different languages. In the United States, besides the principal Society at New York, there are three hundred and forty seven auxiliary societies. From the strenuous exertions of that in London, the Bible has been translated into most of the known languages.

In the vast enumeration of M. de Stael, we find the universal and indefatigable charity of the institution penetrating the islands named the Oceanics. Some of these, as he observes, are but imperfectly known to us, and that from the recital of voyagers. We may add, as curious facts, that the Bible has been translated into the Chinese, into the Greenland dialect, into the Chappara, spoken by some tribes in North America, and into another spoken by the Indians in the forests of Guiana. A version of the Four Gospels has been also printed for the Society Islands, and the Gospel of St. John has been circulated in Otaheite. In France, the benevolent spirit and disposition of the Bible Society have been emulating its rivals. It is but of a few years standing; but there are one hundred and twenty auxiliary societies among the Protestant population, in connection with the one at Paris. The most considerable are at Strasbourg, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Lyons, Nismes, &c. In the year just elapsed there have been distributed four thousand six hundred and twenty-seven Bibles, and five thousand one hundred and ninety-six New Testaments. A new edition, the Version of Ostervald, is preparing. It had proposed a prize for the best Memoir on the Spirit, the Object, and the utility of Biblical Institutions, and the same has been accorded to M. G. de Felice, of Lisle, grandson of the celebrated de Felice, editor of the Cyclopedia of Yverdun. The labours of this Protestant association must have been unremitting to produce such efficacious results, its resources being comparatively scanty. Their monthly Bulletin contains many curious facts and incidents, derived from their agents and correspondents, abroad and at home.

The eighth anniversary of the American Bible society was lately celebrated in New York. The receipts for the last year amounted to forty-two thousand four hundred and sixteen dollars and ninety-five cents. In the same time the society printed seventy-six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five Bibles and Testaments: seven hundred Bibles and Testaments, in different languages have been received as donations from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and two thousand have been printed with stereo-

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type plates belonging to the society at Lexington in Kentucky—making a total of four hundred and three thousand, three hundred and fifty-two Bibles and Testaments, or parts of the latter, printed, or otherwise obtained, for circulation by the society during the first eight years of its existence.

The institution of SUNDAY SCHOOLS arose originally from the disinterested exertions of *Mr. Raikes* of Gloucester, England. The first consequences of his success are detailed in the homely strains of a cotemporary poet as follows:

> Informing then the clergy whom he knew,
> Of this successful issue of his schemes,
> He soon their friendly influence obtained,
> And kind co-operation in the work.
> For now the several parishes around
> Perceiv'd the beauties of this new design,
> And Sunday-Schools with peaceful sway controll'd
> The sev'ral parts of this capacious town,
> Whence, widely spreading o'er the British land,
> From place to place they rapidly advance.
> To tell of which and their important ends,
> Will in succeeding pages be my theme.

Further on, we are told,

> Instruction now her friendly guidance gave
> To eighteen hundred of the youth of Leeds,
> Thro' the sweet medium of the Sunday-Schools;
> And Stockport next a school did quickly raise,
> Which, since increasing to a large extent,
> Can boast the favour of a royal breast,—
> The patronage of Kent's illustrious Duke.

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For the Port Folio.

## PRIVILEGES OF THE BAR.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN the case of the Queen of England, Mr. Brougham, one of her counsel, stated one of the privileges of his profession in the following terms:—"An advocate," he said, "in the discharge of his duty knows but one person in the world, and that person is his client. To save that client by all means and expedients, and at all hazards and costs to other persons, and, among them, to himself, is his first and only duty; and in performing this duty he must not regard the alarm, the torments, the destruction which he may bring upon others. Separating the duty of a patriot from that of an advocate, he must go on reckless of consequences, though it should be his unhappy fate to involve his country in confusion."

I am not a professional man, Sir, but it appears to me that a

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more foolish and wicked declaration than this, was perhaps, never made in a court of justice, or, I might add, in the cells of a penitentiary. In principle it is false, and its utter want of policy would disgrace an attorney of six months' standing. It deprives the advocate of even the appearance of sincerity; we lose sight of the champion of right and think only of the retainer in his pocket, by the magical influence of which he is made to invoke all the powers of rhetoric in defence of shameless depravity and atrocious guilt. This speech was highly applauded in England as an oratorical performance; but there is a radical defect in commencing with an avowal which alarms the mind and provokes the strictest scrutiny into the arguments which may subsequently be urged by the speaker.

I shall not attempt to draw the line of a lawyer's privileges. Dr. Johnson, a rigid moralist, has given a charter to the profession sufficiently liberal for all proper purposes; but I hope it will never be maintained in an American court of justice, that the acceptance of a fee releases a man from the obligations of social virtue and future responsibility.

I beg leave to transcribe the opinion to which I have just referred.

"We talked of the practice of the law.—Sir William Forbes said, he thought an honest lawyer should never undertake a cause which he was satisfied was not a just one. 'Sir, (said Mr. Johnson,) a lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause, which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, Sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice? It is that every man may have his cause fairly tried, by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie: he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and of the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence—what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community, who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself, if he could. If by a superiority of attention, of knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or another; and it is better that advantage should be had by talents, than by chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though were it judicially examined, it might be found a very just claim.'

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"This was sound practical doctrine, and rationally repressed a too refined scrupulosity of conscience."

Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides.*

Your predecessor, Mr. Oldschool, frequently, and I believe with great truth, boasted of his obligations to the members of the bar for the contributions which their learning and genius enabled them to make to his pages. May I express a wish that the passages, which I have quoted, may induce some of them to consider the subject and afford your readers the benefit of their reflections?

A STUDENT.

## ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TEMPER.

Extract from a letter from Mr. Burke to Mr. Barry, the painter.

"That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities with which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves—which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for, nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species—if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you beforehand. You will come here, you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those who have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forth; you will shun your brethren, they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, from fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged, for a maintenance, to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined."

*Works of Barry*, vol. i, p. 87.

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For the Port Folio.

## ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

On the morning of the battle at Brandywine Creek, Col. Ferguson, of the British army, had the life of Gen. Washington in his power, as appears from the following extract from a letter of his to his brother, Dr. A. Ferguson. The circumstances related occurred while Ferguson lay with part of his riflemen on a skirt of a wood in front of Gen. Knyphausen's division. "We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, passed towards our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a good bay horse, with a remarkable large high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them and fire at them; but the idea disgusted me; and I recalled the order. The hussar in returning made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us; upon which I advanced from the wood towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made sign to him to stop, levelling my piece at him; but he slowly continued his way. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very cooly of his duty; so I let him alone. The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of our surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in and told us, that they had been informing him, that Gen. Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was." See *Bisset's Continuation*, vol. ii, p. 122: Note.

For the Port Folio.

## WASHINGTON AND HAMILTON.

The following anecdote is illustrative of the character of two of the most distinguished men of their time:

An unhappy difference had occurred in the transaction of business between the general and his much respected aid, which produced the latter's withdraw from his family. A few days preceding this period, Hamilton had been engaged all the morning in copying some despatches, which the general, when about to take his usual rounds, directed him to forward as soon as finished.



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Washington finding on his return the despatches on the table, renewed his directions in expressions indicating his surprise at the delay; and again leaving his apartment, found, when he returned, the despatches where he had left them. At this time Hamilton had gone out in search of the courier, who had been long waiting, when accidentally he met the Marquis La Fayette, who seizing him by the button (as was the habit of this zealous nobleman) engaged him in conversation; which being continued with the Marquis' usual earnestness, dismissed from Hamilton's mind for some minutes the object in view. At length breaking off from the Marquis he reached the courier, and directed him to come forward to receive his charge and orders. Returning he found the general seated by the table, on which lay the despatches. The moment he appeared, Washington, with warmth and sternness, chided him for the delay; to which Hamilton mildly replied, stating the cause; when the general, rather irritated than mollified, sternly rebuked him. To this Hamilton answered, "If your excellency thinks proper thus to address me, it is time for me to leave you." He proceeded to the table, took up the despatches, sent off the express, packed up his baggage, and quitted head-quarters.

Although Washington took no measures to restore him to his family, yet he treated him with the highest respect; giving to him the command of a regiment of light infantry, which now formed a part of La Fayette's corps. *Lee's Memoirs*, vol. ii, p. 341: Note.

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For the Port Folio.

## THE FINE ARTS.

*Illustrations of the Tragedy of Faustus*, by Goethe. Engraved and published by Henry Stone. Washington City, D. C. 1824. With an introduction.

The engravings executed by Mr. Stone, will probably not be duly appreciated by the majority of those who view them, the romance of Faust being not much known in this country, and the translations that have appeared in England, with the exception of Lord Gower's, recently published, being little calculated to convey a just idea of this astonishing production. The introductory notice to these engravings intimates the serious character of the book. In truth, Faust is led on to crime by so gentle a descent: his offences spring so entirely from the fatality that weighs him down: the miseries which he accumulates on the head of the unfortunate Margaret are, as it were, so little his fault: his love for her is so true: his interviews with Margaret both before and after their mutual fault so little resemble those of an abandoned seducer: his expressions of remorse flow in such a manner from the bottom of his soul, that it becomes necessary to recollect that the first error always leads to others, to be disposed to criminate Faust, who neither resembles Don Juan, nor Manfredi, nor Lewis's Monk,

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but as a poetical composition is *sui generis*. The introduction to the engravings affords no key to their meaning. Probably the author has omitted an explanation, that he might allow the spectator the pleasure of solving the subjects for himself, or to avoid exciting beforehand a curiosity in respect to a book which in his opinion we should hesitate before we read, criticise, or recommend. But, whatever were the writer's motives, in not giving an explanation of the plates, we shall state in a few words the principal scenes they represent.

In the first plate, God, surrounded by his angels, orders the genius of evil, (Mephistopheles,) to visit the earth. Mephistopheles begs to be excused from the mission. "Mankind is already so miserable," said he. But the orders of the Almighty are positive, and Mephistopheles descends to the terrestrial regions.

The second plate represents Faust and his fellow collegian, Wagner. Faust calls the attention of his companion to a dog which is crossing the field, whose sparkling eyes are fixed on him. This dog is Mephistopheles.

In the next plate, Mephistopheles appears in Faust's study, in the same shape.

In the fourth plate, the evil genius shows himself in the human form. Faust gives him a written instrument by which he sells himself to the perfidious distributor of earthly pleasures.

In the following plate he is seen beginning to enjoy these gifts. He has become young again. His student's robe is changed into the habiliments of an elegant youth.

In the sixth plate he is represented in company with Margaret, in front of the scene, while Mephistopheles appears in the back ground. Faust accosts Margaret and requests permission to conduct her home. It is necessary to understand how widely the different classes in Germany are separated by aristocratical ranks, to feel the charm of the *naive* answer of the poor Margaret to the title of "young lady," bestowed on her by her seducer. Margaret is that being endowed with all the attractions of beauty, whom Mephistopheles had shown to Faust in those scenes where he had displayed to him his supernatural powers.

Faust had requested of Mephistopheles some ornaments for his new acquaintance. The demon brings them, and conducts him into the bedchamber of Margaret.

In another plate the poor girl is exhibited as full of astonishment at finding a present on her table. The chamber, the furniture, a cross, and flowers, attest that she is yet innocent.

Margaret is afterwards seen with Faust in a garden, which she had visited, accompanied by her mother and Mephistopheles: the latter is drawing off the mother.

The plate in which Faust embraces Margaret scarce needs explanation: it is evidently "the first kiss:" yet it is horribly con-

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trasted with the infernal joy of Mephistopheles, who is regarding the scene at a distance.

In another plate, Margaret adores the Virgin Mary. Those who have read Goethe's romance will recollect with emotion the groans of the distressed suppliant.

At this crisis Margaret's brother arrives from camp, and engages Mephistopheles in single combat, under her windows. Faust comes to the assistance of Mephistopheles, and kills the brother on the spot.

The interior of a church is next seen. Margaret prays with fervour. Mephistopheles stands behind her. Goethe introduces here the chant of *miserere*, with which Margaret intermingles her lamentations. In no other poem is there a finer dramatic effect produced than in this passage of Faust.

But it is not Margaret alone that is seized with remorse. Faust begins to tremble before his inward monitor. He has recourse to Mephistopheles: but what can repentance expect from vice? The fruits of the first offence are beginning to appear. Margaret murders the pledge of their love. Faust hears of it and wishes to save her. He is seen moving about near the place of execution, with all the skill of the most accomplished cavalier, accompanied by Mephistopheles, who, overjoyed at these scenes of fear and of destruction, at this combination of human agony collected round the gibbet, appears balancing himself on his horse, which carries him at a short distance behind the impatient lover of the miserable Margaret.

The wild and infernal scenes represented in the succeeding plates are emanations of genius which cannot be explained by the pen. In the two last, Margaret is in prison and Faust busy to effect her escape. But she invokes death, and Mephistopheles calls for and carries off Faust.

Mad. de Stael has translated the last scene of this tragedy, in her work on "Germany;" but we should not advise any one in affliction to peruse it.

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## ON THE CULTURE OF THE VINE.*

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Adlum has been a zealous and successful cultivator of vines for several years past, first at Havre de Grace on the Susquehannah, and latterly near George Town in the district of Columbia; and having found that a considerable degree of attention has been excited to the subject, he has compiled the present little book from his own experience, and the information contained in some of the best practical works.—The object is truly patriotic, and we hope the well meant endeavours of the author will be attended with success.—Every farmer ought to have at least one or two vines near his house, to furnish grapes for his table, and to cool and refresh the parched and heated mouth in case of sickness in his family. It is indeed a source of regret, considering the ease with which vines are cultivated, that we so rarely find them in the gardens of farmers. Native grapes abound in every part of the United States; but few persons have attempted to transplant them from their native spots to a house, or to plant a cutting of them, while they will not hesitate to ruin a fine vine, which happens to be found in their fields, by destroying its attachments to a tree, merely for the purpose of procuring one feast from its luxuriant branches. It is a fact, that the native vines of our country are fast disappearing in consequence of this unpardonable devastation; and that certain "sections" of our land, which, forty years ago, abounded in fine grapes, are now from the cause mentioned, nearly destitute of them. The cultivation of a grape-vine would not only afford a luxury for the table, and a fine shelter from the rays of a summer's sun, but prove a source of amusement to a family, and even might be found an occupation as agreeable as attending to the training of game-cocks. It would be a more profitable, and certainly a more moral and rational occupation.

Mr. Adlum first treats, of the propagation of vines from the seeds. 2. Of the culture of grapes for the table. 3. On grafting vines. 4. On planting vineyards. 5. On making wine. 6. On making wine from grapes. 7. On making wine from immature grapes. 8. Do. from ripe grapes. An appendix is added, containing extracts of letters from the late *Joseph Cooper* of New Jersey, on making wine from native grapes. 2. An extract from one of the late Dr. *James Anderson* of Edinburgh, on wine from foreign grapes, and domestic fruits.—3. On matching for wine and cider: 4. Directions to press the vine. 5. Remarks by *Dr. Coxe* on keeping grapes on the

* A Memoir on the Cultivation of the Vine in America, and the best mode of making wine, by John Adlum, Washington [City;] Davis and Force, 1823—12mo: pp. 142.

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vines after frost, and in jars in dry sand. 6. On the vines of Spain. 7. On the cultivation of the vine, and the fabrication of wines, by *T. Coxe* Esq; and lastly a catalogue of the vines cultivated by the author near George Town.

On all these subjects, the reader will find plain and useful directions, and we earnestly recommend this performance to the public. As to the making of wine, it is questionable whether it would be judicious in our farmers to attempt it for some years on the Atlantic coast, because better wines than can be made, of foreign growth, are to be bought; but in the interior, it ought to be begun without delay. The way to proceed is, to fix on a lively and pleasant native grape,* and then to propagate it, by planting the cuttings as directed by Mr. Adlum, in his book: or in the "American Farmer:" vol. vi, p. 414.—That is, to lay in two cuttings of three eyes, in a horizontal position. A still better way would be to adopt the mode recommended and practised by Mr. *Timothy Matlack*, which we know will always insure success. His paper is contained in the third vol. of the Memoirs of "the Philadelphia Society, for promoting Agriculture;" and from a conviction of the importance of the directions given, we shall transcribe the process, as this may reach many who have not the work to which we refer.

"In February, take a single joint of the vine you choose; cut it off half an inch above the eye, and again at two inches below the eye; cover each end with sticking plaster of any kind, and set it in a pot of garden mould, above five or six inches diameter, and unglazed. The eye of the cutting must be covered with earth, and then watered to settle the ground: after this lay half an inch of horse manure on the surface to keep it from becoming dry and hard, and place the pot in a hot-bed prepared for raising cabbage-plants. If more than one shoot rises from the eye, rub off all but the strongest. About the first of June, turn out the vine from the

* The selection of a native grape is advised, because there is a greater prospect of success with it, than with many foreign grapes, for which the particular climate and soil they are to be placed in, may not be suitable; but if a well tasted native species cannot be procured, then let a foreign one of known good quality and a sure bearer be chosen. Alexander's or Tasker's grape, which *Mr. Legaux*, of Springmill, on the Schuylkill, calls "Constantia," is one of the surest bearers, and a hardy vine; and is well worth attention, as it improves very much by cultivation. These remarks apply equally to the *Vitis Sylvestris* or blue bunch grape, which when perfectly ripe, are excellent. They are still better after exposure to a slight frost.—They also form an agreeable material for pies. When insects are troublesome to grapes, they may be kept under by suspending wide mouthed mustard bottles half filled with molasses and water, from the branches. The sweet fluid will attract these enemies.—They may be also prevented from ascending from the earth, by smearing the lower part of the stem of the vine with molasses.—The dead bark on the stems and large branches of vines, harbours insects, and should be annually pulled off. The removal of this bark will also promote the health of the plant.

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pot, and set it in the garden, or at the east or north end of your house; wherever it can be protected from violence. It will grow in any soil, but like other plants it grows best in the best soil. When first removed, water it at a distance from the plant, so as to draw the earth toward the vine, instead of washing the ground from it. If you water it afterwards, pour the water into a trench at least eighteen inches from the plant: for unless this precaution be used, watering does more harm than good, and does most injury in the driest time. As the vine shoots, it must be prevented from falling. In November, a slight covering of straw is beneficial to prevent freezing and thawing of the vine: In February it must be trimmed by cutting it off at half an inch above the first or lowest clasper, leaving one strong full eye: all the eyes below are to be carefully rubbed off, as being imperfect.—The eye thus left will sometimes produce more than one shoot, in which case all but the strongest should be rubbed off.—In November, this shoot is again to be covered, and in the following February is to be again cut off above the second lowest clasper: that is leaving on *two eyes* to shoot this season, and again rubbing off all the eyes below the lowest clasper. Both these shoots should be permitted to grow to their utmost length; which if the soil be favourable, will be very considerable, and there will be reason to hope for fruit in the next season. In the third February cutting, three eyes upon each shoot may be left, and no more. From this time forward all the side branches from the shoots of the year are to be rubbed off, taking care not to injure the leaf whence they spring, which is the nurse of the bud at the root of its stem.

At the fourth time of cutting the vine, and from that time forward, it may be cut about the last of October; four eyes may then be left, and at the fifth cutting, five eyes may be left on each shoot, and never more, even in the most vigorous state of growth, for the injuries thereby done to the vine will be seen and lamented in succeeding years."

We recommend to those who intend to cultivate grapes, (and it is to be hoped that the taste for them will generally prevail,) besides reading Mr. Adlum's book, to consult the Domestic Encyclopædia for an abridgement of the paper by the late *Mr. Antil* of New Jersey, an experienced vigneron, which is contained in the first volume of the American Philosophical Society's Transactions; and for a paper on the vines of the United States, by the late eminent botanist, *William Bartram;* and for other useful information on the subject generally. The species of grape first enumerated by Mr. B., *Vitis sylvestris,* is the blue bunch grape, of the middle States, a variety of which, is the vine cultivated by the late *Joseph Cooper* of New Jersey, and mentioned by Mr. Adlum.

When *Mr. Adlum* again publishes, we would direct his attention to the papers from *Chaptal* on the vine, in the ninth and tenth volumes of Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine.

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For the Port Folio.

## SAGACITY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

WITH AN ETCHING BY BOYD.

At the Ferry-house, at Worcester, in England, was some time ago kept a Newfoundland dog, famous for having saved the lives of several people from drowning; and so fond was he of the water, that he seemed to consider any disinclination to it in other dogs as an insult on the species—at least if a dog was left on the bank by its master, with intent to oblige it to follow the boat across the river, and stood yelping at the bottom of the steps unwilling to take the water, the old dog would go down to him, and with a gasping noise, as if in mockery, take him by the back of the neck, and throw him in, in the manner attempted to be described in the annexed plate—which is a copy by *Boyd* from an original by *Howit*, an English artist who is remarkably successful in delineations of animals.

For the Port Folio.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE FAWN, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY SOME NEIGHBOURING SPORTSMEN.

Beneath the shade of sombre pines
Charissa's* graceful form reclines,
And thus she breathes her sighs:
"The fawn that my own hands had rear'd,
Which oft my hours so sweetly cheer'd,
Now cold and lifeless lies.

"Wo to the ruthless dogs of prey!
And men more savage yet than they,
Who did the barb'rous deed.
They had perform'd a kinder part,
Had first the weapon pierc'd my heart,
That made my Leila's bleed.

"If beauty e'er a shield could prove,
And huntsman's heart to pity move,
He sure had stay'd his hand.
But what could beauty's charm avail?
My fawn must die, lest sport should fail
These Nimrods of the land.

* Χαρις—Gratia—venustas—benevolentia—Gr: Lex.

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"Of all my knights* so true and brave,
Could none my lovely Leila save
From this untimely end?
To sally forth at cry of hound,
Not one of all the band was found—
A fav'rite has no friend.

"Life's morn how bright! from cares how free!
My fawn I now in fancy see
Light bounding through the grove;
And now by mute, yet fond caress,
Beyond the force of words, express
Its gratitude and love.

"She once, by fond affection led,
Her footsteps to my chamber sped,
And lick'd my fev'rish hand.
Then, steadfast gazing, seem'd to say,
The pleasures of a walk to-day,
How can you thus withstand?

"While o'er these quiet scenes we stray'd,
There never sure was fawn or maid,
From ills of life more free:
And hence when us'd abroad to roam,
My mind, still bent on joys of home,
Turn'd, Leila, e'er to thee.

"Of all the blessings mortals know,
There's nought like warm affection's glow,
To give our bosoms peace:
It finds its way to every heart—
Of bitterest griefs it sooths the smart,
And bids light troubles cease.

"Why have I met with cold disdain,
Not only flatt'rers, weak and vain,
But some, reputed clever?
In one stream flow'd affection's tide,
My fawn all other pets supplied,
And now she's gone forever!

"Of life's best solace thus bereft,
What pleasures or what hopes are left,
To cheat its weary hour?

*These are a band of gallant cavaliers, who, under the name of "Knights of the order of St. Frances," have enlisted themselves in the service of the fair soliloquist.



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From mem'ry's tablet to erase
The image fancy loves to trace,
No time can have the pow'r."

But heaven's behests must be obey'd—
Thy gen'rous tears then, lovely maid,
Permit not thus to flow.
Know all of bliss the world contains,
Is follow'd by its kindred paine—
With joy e'er mingles wo.

'Tis true, to vie with pity's tears
There's neither gem that ocean bears,
Nor product of the mine:
And woman's eyes ne'er beam so bright,
Or shed so soft and sweet a light,
As when through tears they shine.

But feelings tender, warm, and pure,
To act a higher part were sure
By God and nature given:
To bless some heart in love allied,
Its joys augment, its cares divide,
And give foretaste of heav'n.

*Washington, 23d April,* 1824.

## SONNET.

### THE LEAVES ARE FALLING.

The leaves are falling fast;—and they declare
That summer days will shortly have an end;
That soon the winter's stormy blast will bend
The naked trees, that once, in the mild air,
Wav'd their wide branches, while the sun's fair face
Beam'd on their foliage, and the warbling race
Chaunted melodiously a grateful song.
And cannot all the art of man prolong
Their stay? Ah no!—And he like them must fall:
Yes, he—perhaps before his summer's turn—
Must yield him up to death's despotic call,
Leaving his friends to follow and to mourn.
Life passes like the season we deplore,
And birds, and trees, and sky, for us shall soon be o'er.

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FROM THE ILLINOIS GAZETTE.

LADY "thy vows were traced in sand,"
With pencil light, and careless hand,
And every idle wind that blew,
Declared the feeble lines untrue;
Trembling I saw thy plighted faith,
The sport of every vagrant breath,—
Yet lingered still, like one who stands,
To view the flight of golden sands.

Thy heart was like the sweetest flower,
That blossoms in a lady's bower;—
And like the bird of golden wing,
That sips the honied dews of spring,
Light fancy loved to hover near,
The nectar'd leaf that glittered there;
Deceptive leaf! so bright to view,
So sweet to taste! so trifling too!

Lady resume thy pencil now,
And write thy cruel vows *in snow;*
For that is cold as maiden's heart,
And frail as sand, will soon depart;
And glist'ning as the maiden's tear,
When Hymen's burning torch is near,
But when 'tis brightest, feeblest proves,
Decaying by the warmth it loves!

But while along the faithless line,
New loves, and hopes, and raptures shine,
To 'guile some raw enamoured youth,
That recks not of a woman's truth;—
Forget the promise pledged to me;
Forget thy heart's inconstancy;
Nor let a darken'd hour like this,
Intrude to blight thy transient bliss.

For shouldst thy truant fancy rove,
Back to the vernal days of love,
When new-born hope thy bosom thrill'd,
And vows were sworn, by kisses seal'd,
The blush of shame would brightly glow,
Along the chilly page of snow,
And melting tablets far and wide,
Display thy faithless maiden pride!

ORLANDO.

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For the Port Folio.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Sir Richard Phillips, in an advertisement prefixed to the March number of his Monthly Magazine, says that "the very name" of that Journal "is synonymous with all that is liberal, enlightened, and useful, in the pursuits of man!"

It is asserted, in the prospectus of one of the recent English Journals, that "with a very few exceptions the London press is subservient, crouching, base, and even dishonest, to a degree beyond all conception." The conductors of this press are the virtuous wights who are so dreadfully shocked by the accounts of American profligacy which are detailed by Faux and others.

Regulators have been invented in England to ascertain the number and velocity of the rotations made by the wheel of the treadmill, and the degree of animal strength expended upon it. From data furnished by these regulators, they calculate the strength of the prisoners, and fix the maximum of labour at one time to be 12000 feet in ascent. A day's work at this rate is said to be more than equal to the ascent of Mont Blanc, from the valley of Chamouny; and equal to the ascending seventy-two times to the top of St. Paul's.

Certain Discourses of Philo the Jew, hitherto unknown in Europe, and considered by the learned as destroyed by time, have been lately published at Venice. These consist of "Sermones, 1 and 2 de Providentia," and "3 de Animalibus;" and were translated from the original Greek text into a very ancient Armenian MS. Philo was well acquainted with all the philosophical systems on the universe; he combats them with arguments, and obviates their objections to a general and particular Providence. He quotes frequently from Plato, Hesiod, Homer, Eschylus, Pindar, and others; and makes mention of many Greek philosophers, poets, and historians.

Sir William Temple, among other interesting particulars with which he has diversified the graver matter of his Memoirs, takes occasion to insert the following remark: "The excise in Holland is great, and so general, that I have heard it observed at Amsterdam, that when, in a tavern, a certain dish of fish is eaten with the usual sauce, thirty several excises are paid for what is necessary to that small service."

Mr. Miller has opened a Public American Library in New-Bridge Street, London.

The following exhibits the present state of periodical literature in Philadelphia:

Newspapers—Philadelphia Gazette, Grotjan's Sale Report, Saturday Evening Post,* United States Gazette, Aurora, City Register,* Democratic Press, Columbian Observer,* Philadelphia

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Recorder, Poulson's Daily Advertiser, Christian Gazette or Youth's Herald, National Gazette, Freeman's Journal, American Sentinel, Christian, Franklin Gazette, Statesman—17.

MAGAZINES—Port Folio, Christian Advocate, Museum, Journal of Foreign Medicine, Medical Journal, Reformer,* Political Economist, Medical Recorder, American Monthly Magazine, Law Journal, Wesleyan Repository,* Advocate of Peace—12.*

All these publications are to be found on the tables of our Athenæum, excepting those marked with an asterisk. The Columbian Observer, a daily vehicle of factious and frothy declamamation, a sewer of egotism, malignity, and impudence, has never been allowed admission to that repository of literature. The Statesman, notwithstanding its magnificent title, is merely a servile echo of the last, being in fact another edition from the same types; the name only being changed. It is sent to the rooms without order and received without notice.

The United States Literary Gazette is a new weekly journal, just commenced at Boston. It contains a review of two of Mr. Neal's mad rhapsodies, entitled "Randolph," and "Errata," which appears to have been written by one who is personally acquainted with him. The writer says there exists some question about the authorship of Randolph, and endeavours to ascertain the fact from internal evidence. We are not put to that trouble, in this quarter, since his publishers here use his name with as little hesitation as if it had been printed in the title page. His affectation of concealment only excites a smile. It is alleged, in this article, that he has been "much beaten in Baltimore." We are no very warm admirers of the club law of that renowned city, but in the present instance we must admit that Mr. Neal has always appeared to us a fit subject for the strait waistcoat or a cowskin.

In a letter from an American gentleman, now in London, it is stated that the splendid speech in favour of the Greeks, which Mr. Webster delivered during the late session of Congress, is about to be distributed throughout that country, in the idiom of the descendants of Demosthenes.

Mr. Small has published, in a neat pocket volume, Prose by a Poet, by Mr. Montgomery, of which some account was given in our last number.

We have seen proposals for publishing an abridgment of the quarto volumes of the Port Folio. The reasons assigned for this enterprise are, that "these volumes have frequently been inquired for, but no copies can be found exposed for sale." If the anonymous person, who has, somewhat unceremoniously as we think, undertaken to publish and vend an abridgment of our work, will inquire at the proper place—i. e. the Publication Office of the Port Folio,—he will learn that no demand for the whole or any

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part of it, has ever been unsuccessfully made at that place. Some years ago proposals for publishing a selection from this magazine were issued by the present editor; but the execution of his design was postponed on account of the effect which it might have on the sale of the back volumes, of which a large quantity were, *and still are*, on hand. It was a favourite scheme with Mr. Dennie; and we have in our possession, an *Editor's copy* in which are marked, those articles which he wished to preserve in this form; numerous corrections of the text have been made, and, in some instances, the names of authors are disclosed. We have also had access to several copies in the libraries of gentlemen who were intimate with him and contributed largely to his journal. From these sources, it is our intention to publish a volume of selections, with a life of Mr. Dennie, some of his private letters, and biographical notes respecting some of his anonymous correspondents.

Mr. Small has in press,

1. A History of the Colonies planted by the English on the continent of North America, from their settlement to the commencement of that war which terminated in their independence, which is understood to be from the pen of *Chief Justice Marshall.*

2. A dissertation on the nature and extent of the jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States, by *Peter S. Duponceau, Esq.* with an introduction and an appendix in which will be contained a sketch of the national and judiciary powers exercised in the United States, from the settlement of the Colonies to the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, by *Thomas Sergeant, Esq.*

3. A treatise on the principles of Pleading in Civil Actions; comprising a summary view of the whole proceedings in a suit at law, by *Henry John Stephen, Esq.*

4. A compendium of the Law of Evidence, by *Thomas Peake,* Sergeant at Law, 5th edition, with the addition of notes and references to all the American Authorities, by *Joseph P. Norris, Jr. Esq.*

5. A Treatise on the Law of Partnership, by *Neil Gow, Esq.* with the addition of American notes and references, by *Edward D. Ingraham, Esq.*

6. Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, vol. 2, new series, quarto, with several plates.

7. Conversations on Chemistry, in 1 vol. 12mo. with the notes of Professors *Cooper* and *Keating.*

Mess. Carey and Lea have in press, A Narrative of an Expedition to the source of the St. Peters, Lake Winnepeck, Lake of the Woods, &c. performed in the year 1823, by order of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the direction of Stephen H. Long, Major of the United States' Engineers.—Compiled

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from the notes of Major Long, Messrs. Say, Keating, Calhoun, and other gentlemen of the party, by William H. Keating, A. M. &c. &c. Professor of Mineralogy and Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and Geologist and Historiographer to the expedition. In 2 vols. 8vo with plates.

We are glad to observe that "The Albion" pursues its course successfully notwithstanding the obstacles which prejudice and illiberality endeavoured to throw in its way. This is a weekly gazette, published at New York ($6,) and devoted almost exclusively to selections from the English newspapers, which are made with discrimination and taste.

Jacob Wagner, Esq. proposes to publish, in Philadelphia, a weekly journal of politics and literature. This gentleman has been so long and so advantageously known to the public, that we shall only add our cordial wishes for his success.

Peter Force has published the 5th vol. of his National Calendar and Annals of the United States. This is an annual publication, in which the purchaser will find much matter for a small consideration. It contains a very comprehensive view of the whole organization of the government of this country—the names of all public agents of every description, from the president down to the watchmen—their duties, compensations, mode of appointment or election, the judiciary, the army, the navy, &c. &c. Great care, no doubt, has been taken, to make it accurate; yet we have observed one or two errors. Thus the termination of the presidency of Mr. Adams is stated to have occurred in 1810, instead of 1801; and the commencement of that of his immediate successor is dated 1806.

F. and R. Lockwood, of New York, have nearly ready for the press a new edition of Lempriere's Biographical Dictionary, which comprises an addition of upwards of 800 American names. We saw a list of the new articles some time ago, and we remarked a few deficiencies in it; but as the paper was in our hands but a moment, we are not now able to state what they were. If copies of this list were more extensively circulated, it is presumed that much curious and important information might be collected.

John V. N. Yates, Esq. and Joseph W. Moulton, Esq. have issued proposals for publishing a History of the State of New York from the arrival of the first Dutch Colony to the present time. The New York Historical Society has lately received many important papers from the son of the late Judge Smith, the author of a history of that state.

Col. Laporte has invented a bag for carrying the mail, which is made of chain web-work. Dr. Mitchill, who seems to be a sort of general voucher in New York, certifies that it is an "impassable net, resembling that with which Vulcan surrounded Mars!"

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On the subject of mail robberies, we are inclined to believe that more loss has accrued from dishonesty within doors than from depredations on the highways.

Mr. Small has reprinted Miss Aikin's Memoir of *John Aikin*, M. D.—one of those writers who without attaining splendid eminence, are of more utility to the cause of letters than a whole Parnassus of Byrons. His several works on education ought to be in the hands of every parent; and all who are emulous of a pure taste should peruse his critical disquisitions on Spencer, Milton, Davenant, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Cowper, Armstrong, Green, Somerville, and Goldsmith. His *Life of Agricola*, and the *Manners of the Germans* from Tacitus, are models for translators. "All his works," says the Monthly Review, in which he was one of the labourers, "breathe a spirit of religious tolerance, of sincere patriotism, and of liberal morality; while they display calm good sense, and inculcate real virtue."

For the Port Folio.

## ABSTRACT OF PRINCIPAL OCCURRENCES.

*New York.* In the case of *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, the Supreme Court decided that this state had no right to prohibit vessels licensed according to the laws of the United States, from navigating the waters of New York by means of fire or steam.

The legislature has dismissed Mr. Clinton from the office of Canal Commissioner. No reason has been assigned for this act, which has excited much indignation, not only in this state, but in all sections of the union. In reply to an address of condolence delivered to him by a committee from New York, Mr. Clinton expatiated, in glowing terms, on the advantages which will flow from this magnificent undertaking. "The Champlain," he said, "and the greater part of the Erie canal are now in a navigable state, and in less than a year the whole, comprising an extent of about four hundred and twenty-five miles, will be finished. Every year's experience will enhance the results in the public estimation, and benefit will be unfolded which we can now hardly venture to anticipate. As a bond of union between the Atlantic and western states, it may prevent the dismemberment of the American empire. As an organ of communication between the Hudson, the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, the great lakes of the north and west, and their tributary rivers, it will create the greatest inland trade ever witnessed. The most fertile and extensive regions of America will avail themselves of its facilities for a market. All their surplus productions, whether of the soil, the forest, the mines, or the waters, their fabrics of art, their supplies of foreign commodities, will concentrate in the city of New York, for transportation abroad or consumption at home. Agriculture, manufacture, commerce, trade, navigation and the arts, will receive a correspondent encouragement. That city will, in the course of time, become the granary of the world, the emporium of commerce, the seat of manufactures, the focus of great monied operations, and the concentrating point of vast disposable, and accumulating capitals, which will stimulate, enliven,

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extend and reward the exertions of human labour and ingenuity, in all their processes and exhibitions. And before the revolution of a century, the whole island of Manhattan, covered with habitations and replenished with a dense population, will constitute one vast city."

From the Annual Report of the Regents of the University, we learn —that in Columbia College, the degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred, at the last commencement, on twenty-nine students; and that the number of students, composing the several classes in that institution, is one hundred and thirty:—that in Union College, the degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred, at the last commencement, on sixty-six students; and that two hundred and nine are matriculated for the current year:—that the trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in the city of New York, have recommended forty-five students, as qualified for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and state the number of matriculated students, to be two hundred and one—that in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western District, ninety-six students have attended this year—eight of whom have been recommended for graduation.

Reports have been received from thirty-six Academies, showing an aggregate of 2,677 students, of whom 851 were engaged in classical studies. Among these Academies, 5,000 dollars, from the funds of the regents, have been apportioned and ordered to be paid. The regents have, during the present session, authorised the incorporation of two additional Academies.

One of the last acts of the legislature was virtually to abolish imprisonment for debt in the city of New York, by extending the prison limits as far up the island as a line drawn from river to river across from Love Lane.

Lieut. Weaver, of the U. S. navy, has been suspended, in consequence of the charges made against him on the late trial before Chancellor Sandford. Mr. Tibbetts of New York, one of the merchants who contracted with Lieut. Weaver to take charge of their ship for the port of Lima, has published a reply to the Lieutenant's statement, in which the proof appears conclusive that the Lieut. knowingly and deliberately agreed to represent the ship as a store ship of the Franklin 74, Com. Stewart, so that she might thus evade the blockade of Lima, for the profit of Weaver and his associates. Lieut. Weaver is to be put on his trial when Com. Stewart returns to this country.

*Pennsylvania.* The General Board of Guardians in Philadelphia, presented to Dr. J. K. Mitchell, a piece of plate of the value of $100, in testimony of their sense of his attention to the poor, suffering with the small-pox at Bushhill.

Patrick Hagan was sentenced, by the Mayor's Court of Philadelphia, to pay $20, and to be imprisoned three months, for carelessly driving his cart, whereby a gig was overturned and broken.

Robert Wharton, Esq. having resigned the office of Mayor, which he had held at different periods for upwards of twelve years, Joseph Watson, Esq. was elected for the unexpired part of his term.

The corner stone for a Mariner's Church in Philadelphia was laid 27th April, by the Rev. Joseph Eastburn.—The noted Ann Carson died in prison, of typhus fever, aged 38 years.

*Maryland.* The steamboat Eagle, captain Weems, on her first trip this season from Annapolis to Baltimore, and about 6 o'clock on Sunday, (18th Ap.) when entering the mouth of the river, her boiler burst with a tremendous explosion, by which one of the passengers was killed, and four others much scald-



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ed—among the latter was Henry H. Murray, Esq. of Baltimore. The whole crew, including captain Weems, were injured. Three of the passengers escaped without hurt. The explosion set the Eagle on fire, but it was soon extinguished. The son of captain Weems, a youth of 12 or 13 years was literally blown through the sky-light from the cabin, and yet without any very serious injury. While the Eagle was in this situation, the steam boat Constitution, on her evening route to Philadelphia with the mail, saw her enveloped in smoke, with a signal of distress, and bore away to her assistance. When the Constitution reached the Eagle the latter was on fire and a complete wreck. Capt. Robinson, of the Constitution, took the boat in tow, and returned to Baltimore for medical aid. Had not the Constitution fortunately fell in with this vessel, the great probability is, that in less than an hour she would have burnt to the water's edge, and every soul on board perished, as it was nearly dark when this circumstance occurred. Much credit is due to the captain and crew of the Constitution in lashing her alongside, (as it blew a gale of wind at the time,) as also in extinguishing the flames. The Eagle had cast iron heads in her boilers—the after head of the starboard boiler burst into atoms—a piece of the cast iron went though the after cabin as far as the ladies' cabin, tearing every thing away before it; the main body of the boiler went forward to her very bows, which killed a soldier in the forward cabin.

*Virginia.* That a convention will be called in Virginia to amend the constitution of that state, appears now almost certain. At the late elections for the legislature, the votes of the freeholders were generally taken on the question of a convention, and a majority in most places were in its favour. Those who are not freeholders and who are denied the right of suffrage are almost or quite unanimous for a convention.

It would be well if the constitution-menders throughout the union would bear in mind the reasons which were assigned by Governeur Morris for opposing an amendment to the great Federal Instrument: "I am opposed," said he, "to amendments, on the general ground, that changing the articles of a constitutional compact, lessens that respect for it, which is a main support of free governments.—I am opposed, because it is, generally speaking better to bear an evil, which we know, than hazard those, which we are unacquainted with.—I am opposed, because the present mode seems preferable to that which is proposed." (See his *Letter to the Assembly of New York, on voting against the proposition to designate the persons voted for as President and Vice President.* Port Folio, 19th Feb. 1803.)

*North Carolina. Spontaneous combustion.*—An instance of spontaneous combustion lately occurred in a house near Milton, N. C. The wife of Mr. W. B——, discovered about ten o'clock in the morning, an unusual and very pungent smell, which was likewise inhaled by several of the family. It excited considerable uneasiness, as it seemed to increase; and a general search took place to find out the cause. The unusual and certainly peculiar smell, soon directed them to the spot—it was found in a quantity of hops, that had been gathered of the last crop, and after being well dried, and put into a striped *homespun* cotton gown, moderately pressed in, and laid on the top of a pile of cotton seed, was discovered to be on fire, and by a gradual heat had almost mouldered into ashes—on raising it and admitting the air it was soon in a blaze. The cotton seed were likewise partly consumed.

At a meeting of the Board for internal improvement, it was agreed

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to subscribe, on behalf of the state, for $25,000 of additional stock in the Cape Fear Company, and to commence improvements on that river below Fayetteville.

There was shown lately a lump of gold which is as pure as any that has ever been found in North Carolina; it weighs about 110 pennyweights, and it evidently appears to have been acted upon by a convulsion of nature. It was found in Mecklenburg county, near the waters of Richardson's Creek, by a negro girl of Mr. T. Doster's, while ploughing in the field.

*South Carolina.* An action has been tried at Cheraw, in which the defendant was prosecuted as a common carrier, for damages sustained by the plaintiff for the loss of goods, in consequence of the steamboat being lost in the Pee Dee river, by running foul of a *snag* It was proved that the boat at the time of the accident, was in the middle of the river, and that the existence of the snag was unknown. The accident was therefore held *as an act of God*, and the jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

*Georgia.* In the case of the State v. Doctor Walsh, who was indicted for a homicide, the jury did not bring in the verdict until after 12 o'clock at night, when the court was no longer in session. It was ruled that it could not be received, and a new trial was ordered. The same point occurred in New York, in the case of Goodwin, who was indicted for the murder of Staughton, and it was decided in the same manner.

*Ohio.* An enumeration has been made of the white male population, from which it appears that this state contained in 1823, 124,624. exclusive of one county and one town, from which no return had been received. In 1819, it contained 98.780: There are, according to the same return, 428 deaf and dumb persons in Ohio.

*Indiana.* The Indiana Gazette, published at Indianopolis, of March 30, gives the particulars of one of the most outrageous transactions that has occurred in our country for several years. The deed was done by white men; and equals in treachery, and cold-blooded cruelty, almost any transaction of a similar character, recorded of the Indians since the days of King Philip. The following are the particulars given by the Gazette, as furnished by a man who had just passed through the neighbourhood, and in whose veracity the utmost confidence may be reposed.

"It seems that a party of Indians, ten in number, consisting of three men, three women, two girls about half grown, and two small boys, were encamped on Fall Creek, in Madison County, about eight miles above the Falls, and thirty-five miles above this place, for the purpose of hunting. On Monday, the 22nd instant, a party of five white men and two boys went to the camp and decoyed the three men away from the camp, for the ostensible purpose of assisting them to hunt some cattle. After they had gone some distance from the camp, two of the Indians were shot dead;—the third made his escape, badly wounded. In the evening of the same day, the same party returned to the camp, and after making some professions of friendship, murdered the whole of the women and children. Their bodies were most shockingly mangled, for the purpose of producing an impression that it was the work of Indians, and thrown into a hole of water, occasioned by the falling of a tree. One of the men killed one of the children by taking it by the heels and beating its brains out against a tree. On Tuesday, the place was visited by a party of men, when one of the women was found still alive, but died on the evening of the next day. At the time the

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camp was first visited, after the massacre, the property of the Indians, consisting of guns, skins, furs, &c. was still at the camp, and was left there unmolested; but on the succeeding day, when the place was visited by a party of men from the falls of Fall Creek, the bodies were found entirely stripped, and every species of property carried away."

The editor of the Gazette says he is further informed "that one of the lads concerned in the murder (and who was compelled to assist, by the threats of his father,) soon after the transaction gave information, and five of the party concerned were arrested, and are now in custody at the falls of Fall Creek; one made his escape, and the youth who gave the information is said to be at liberty in the neighbourhood Since their arrest, it is said that the persons have made a full confession. All the families composing the settlement, in the neighbourhood of the scene of this horrible transaction, have removed to the mills, at the falls on Fall Creek, to avoid the retaliatory vengeance of the Indians."

*Illinois.* A letter from this state says:—

"With us, the convention is the most interesting subject. It is a dish which is daily, nay hourly served up. It furnishes all our food for conversation, for reading and for newspaper scribbling. Party feeling is carried further here than it ever was in Massachusetts. It destroys, in a great degree, all social intercourse between persons of different parties, in every part of the state, in order to promote unanimity in their plans and designs. The slave party feel confident of success, the free party are equally sanguine. It is a question which concerns the whole Union. * *

"I have just returned from a wolf hunt. We found a wolf's den, and caught six young ones, two of which I am raising. The Indians frequently employ wolves in hunting, instead of dogs. You may smile at our amusements, but we have nothing better, and habit renders them pleasant." * * *

*Florida.* It is stated that in this territory there is not a single house of protestant worship. An association of pious individuals has been formed for the purpose of erecting one at St. Augustine.

## OBITUARY.

28th January last, at Cooperstown, New York, Mrs. Sarah Stranahan, wife of —— Stranahan, Esq. and daughter of the late Col. Charles Stewart of New Jersey. A protracted illness had concurred with an enlightened understanding, and a pious heart, to prepare this excellent lady for her removal to a happier state long before her summons came. She departed, therefore, with cheerful composure, in the full assurance of Christian faith. It is common to say of the loss of very estimable persons, that their death has left a void in society. If this is ever true in fact, it is when a village like those of our interior is deprived of one, who, like Mrs. Stranahan, had fulfilled her relative and social duties in such a manner as to win the affections of all around her, of one whose virtue and discernment gave vigour and utility to her actions,—and whose good sense and kind temper had made her conversation desirable. It may then be very truly said of the subject of this brief notice, that where she was best known she is most affectionately remembered and lamented.

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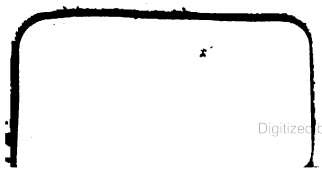

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